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MANCE OF LONDON:

STRANGE STORIES,

SCENES AND REMARKABLE PERSONS OF

THE GREAT TOWN.

BY

JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'A CENTURY OF ANECDOTE' ETC. ETC.

'T was strange, 't was passing strange.—SHAKSPEARE.

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A MEMORABLE EXPLOSION . . . . . .
EARTHQUAKES IN LONDON . . . . . .
THE NEW ZEALANDER VISITING THE RUINS OF LONDON

Sheriffs of London and Middlesex are chosen by very, but are presented for the approval of the gn on the morrow of the Feast of St. Michael, ber 30th.

was formerly the custom for the newly-elected s to proceed on this day to the Court of Ex- r, at Westminster, accompanied by the Lord and Aldermen, when the Recorder introduced heriffs, and detailed their family history, and the or-Baron signified the sovereign's approval; the and appearances were read, recorded, and filed, the Sheriffs and senior under-sheriff took the oaths; the late Sheriffs presented their accounts. The r of the court then made proclamation for one who homage for the Sheriffs of London to "stand forth l do his duty;" when the senior Alderman below the ir rose, the usher of the court handed him a bill- k, and held in both hands a small bundle of sticks, ich the Alderman cut asunder, and then cut another ndle with a hatchet. Similar proclamation was then de for the Sheriff of Middlesex, when the Alderman unted six horse-shoes lying upon the table, and sixty- e hob-nails handed in a tray; and the numbers were clared twice. The sticks were thin peeled twigs, tied a bundle at each end with red tape; the horse-shoes re of large size, and very old; the hob-nails were pplied fresh every year. By the first ceremony the

Alderman did suit and service for the tenants manor in Shropshire, the chopping of sticks betok the custom of the tenants supplying their lord wi The counting of the horse-shoes and nails was suit and service of the owners of a forge in St. C Danes, Strand, which formerly belonged to th but no longer exists. A century and a quart Sheriff Hoare said, "where the tenements an are situated, no one knows, nor doth the City any rents or profits thereby."

The presentation is now made in a more manner.

LORD MAYOR'S FOOL.

THE *Lord Mayor's Fool* was a distinguished ch of his class; and there was a curious feat which bound by his office to perform, in the celebrati Lord Mayor's Day. He was to leap, clothes an into a large bowl of custard, at the Inauguration di and this was a jest so exactly suited to the taste o lower class of spectators, that it was not easily n stale by repetition. It is alluded to by Shakspeare Ben Jonson, as follows:—

"You have made shift to run into 't, boots and sp and all, like him that leapt into the custard." (*All's Well that Ends Well.*)

> He may, perchance, in tail of a Sheriff's dinner,
> Skip with a rime o' the table, from new nothing,
> And take his Almain leap into a custard,
> Shall make my Lady Mayoress and her sisters
> Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.—*Devil's an Ass*

Custard was "a food much used in City feast (*Johnson's Dict.*)

Now may'rs and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay;
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day.—*Pope.*

Perhaps it is this custard which, in the *Staple of News*, is called "the custard politick, the Mayor's." We have all heard the vulgar comparison—"You are like my Lord Mayor's Fool, who knows what is good."

Here may be mentioned a surmise, that the low humour of "the Judge and Jury Club" of our days has precedent of nearly two centuries. William Mountfort, the actor, and also a clever mimic, was retained for some time in the family of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, "who," says Sir John Reresby, "at an entertainment of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, in the year 1685, called for Mr. Mountfort to divert the company, as his Lordship was pleased to call it. He being an excellent mimic, my Lord made him plead before him in a feigned cause, in which he aped all the great lawyers of the age, in their tone of voice, and in their action and gesture of body, to the very great ridicule, not only of the lawyers, but of the law itself; which to me [says the historian] did not seem altogether prudent in a man of his lofty station in the law: divertive it certainly was; but prudent in the Lord High Chancellor I shall never think it."

KING GEORGE III. AND THE BARCLAY FAMILY.

In the year 1861, the house No. 108 Cheapside, opposite Bow Church, was disposed of by auction, to be taken down, when the finely-carved room on the first floor excited considerable interest, from the Sovereign and the Royal Family having been accustomed

formerly to view from its windows the processi
Lord Mayor's show. The carving was purchase
Mr. Morris C. Jones for the sum of 72*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.*, inc
ing cost of removal to Mr. Jones's house at Gungro
in North Wales, where it has been fitted to one of t
rooms.

This apartment has considerable historic interest.
It appears to have been customary from an early
period for members of the Royal Family to witness the
civic procession on Lord Mayor's Day, either from the
leads of Whitehall, as it passed on the Thames; or from
balconies in the city, as it returned by land. From the
time of the Great Fire, the house above named, built
by Sir Edward Waldo, it is believed, was visited by
six reigning sovereigns—from Charles II. to George
III.—on the occasion of civic festivities Sir Edward
Waldo was knighted here by King Charles, 29
October 1677. James II. did not view the process
as his predecessor had done; William and Mary
1689, saw the Show from a balcony prepared for t
in Cheapside, though Waldo's house is not specifi
Queen Anne, according to Maitland, beheld the p
cession "from a balcony opposite Bow Church," cle
Sir Edward Waldo's house; George I. and George
viewed the procession from the usual place; as
George III., in 1761, from the house of Mr. Barc
opposite Bow Church. Barclay, who was the only s
viving son of Robert Barclay, author of the fam
Apology for the Quakers, was then eighty-one y
of age; he had lived many years in Waldo's hou
and had here received the three Georges, at t
accession. At the latter visit, the house was alm
filled with *friends*. Their Majesties came without

quette. The Queen entered first; the King followed, and permitted the Barclay family to kiss his hand without kneeling. The King's example of kissing all the fawn-coloured ladies was followed by the princes, his brothers, and by his royal uncle. A little granddaughter of Mr. Barclay was introduced to the Queen in a retiring apartment, and kissed hands with so much grace, that the Queen remarked it to his Majesty; when the little lady was sent for to the drawing-room, and, in true Quaker simplicity, said that, though she must not love fine things, yet she loved the King, and apologised for not making a curtsey, stating that her grandpapa would never permit her to do so. The King did not sit down, nor would he take any refreshment; the Queen took tea, which the family handed to the lady-in-waiting, and who knelt in presenting it to Her Majesty; thus gratifying the Quakers, and absolving their consciences from "bending the knee to Baal." The civic procession being very late, their Majesties did not leave for the banquet in Guildhall till seven o'clock; and on returning they did not forget their primitive friends in Cheapside, but looked for the Barclay family, who were still waiting, and paid them the most marked personal attention.

In a letter from a daughter of David Barclay, the royal visit is pleasingly described; as, the reception of [illegible] Royal Family in the counting-house, which was [illegible]nsformed into a parlour; the arrival of their Ma[illegible]ies, who alighted in the street upon a platform, [illegible]ch the Barclay brothers spread with a carpet; [illegible] procession upstairs—the Queen first, handed by [illegible]r chamberlain; the King, and the rest of the Royal [illegible]amily; the master and mistress of the house, and

then the quality. On the second flight of stairs were their own company, chiefly of the Puritan order, and all in their orthodox habits. Then, the royal pair appeared at the balcony, and having shown themselves to the people, the Barclay family were introduced to their Majesties in the drawing-room, and the kissing of hands commenced. Then, the fair correspondent describes the young Queen, with her coronation ringlets and circle of diamonds; her clothes as rich as gold and silver and silk could make them; her scarlet and silver train borne by a page; and the lustre of the diamond stomacher; amidst all which the Quaker ladies looked "like a parcel of nuns." "The same ceremony was performed of kissing the hand with the Princess Dowager, Amelia, Augusta, and the Dukes of Cumberland and York and the other princes, who followed the King's example, in complimenting each of us with a kiss, but not till their Majesties had left the room." "The Queen was upstairs three times, and one of the opportunities was made use of for introducing my little darling, Lucy Barclay, with Patty Barclay and Priscilla Bell, who were the only children admitted." "My girl kissed the Queen's hand with such a grace that I thought the Princess Dowager would have smothered her with kisses." Then, her scene with the King; and "her sweet face made such an impression on the Duke of York, that I rejoiced she was only five instead of fifteen." The presenting of tea to the Queen is [illegible] forgotten. The kitchen was turned into a room for [illegible] and coffee and chocolate; in the little parlour w[illegible] fruit and sweetmeats, served by men as valets, for [illegible] servants in livery were suffered to appear. The lett[illegible] concludes with telling us that the twenty-four Li[illegible]

Guards, who were drawn up during his Majesty's stay in Bow Churchyard, were placed opposite Barclay's house, lest the mob should pull down any of the canopy, in which there were one hundred yards of silk damask.

It should be added that Mr. Barclay's house was secured beforehand by the Committee appointed to manage the entertainment of their Majesties; and in the Report of the Committee to the Court of Commissioners, held June 17, 1762, the following passage occurs:—"Their Majesties having expressed their royal inclinations to see the Procession of the Lord Mayor to Guildhall, your Committee obtained Mr. Barclay's house in Cheapside for the purpose, where proper refreshments were provided, and every care taken to accommodate their Majesties with a full view of the whole cavalcade."*

There is another account of the King inviting David and Robert Barclay to the next levée at St. James's; and that, soon after, David Barclay, who was the linendraper in Cheapside, established Robert as a banker in Lombard Street; and he thus became "the intelligent founder of one of the most flourishing banking firms of the period." Mr. Lawson, who has written a History of Banking, was fifteen years clerk in this banking-house; he had just left the Bluecoat School, when, wandering in Lombard Street, he was attracted by the bustle at Barclay's,—entered, and asked if they wanted a clerk: he was shown into the partners' room, where he answered questions so shrewdly, that in a week afterwards he was appointed clerk in the banking-house at 70*l.* per annum. An old clerk, who died a few years since, used to relate that, in his time, the staff con-

* Malcolm's *Londinium Redivivum*, vol. x. p. 243.

sisted of three clerks only, and on a third coming to the office for the first time, he wore a long-flapped coat, with large pockets, something like the coats of the Greenwich pensioners at the present day; an embroidered waistcoat, reaching nearly down to his knees, with a large bouquet in the button-hole; a cocked hat; powdered hair with pigtail, and a bag-wig; and carried a gold-headed cane.

CARLTON HOUSE AND THE REGENCY.

CARLTON HOUSE, as a royal palace, existed for nearly a century, and was the scene of many important state events, as well as of much prodigality and bad taste. The house, which fronted St. Alban's Street and St. James's Park, was originally built by Henry Boyle, Baron Carlton, on a piece of ground leased to him by Queen Anne, in 1709, at 35*l.* a year; it is described as "parcel of the Royal Garden, near St. James's Palace," and "the wood-work and wilderness adjoining." From Lord Carlton the house and grounds descended to his nephew, Lord Burlington, the architect: he bestowed it, in 1732, upon his mother, the Countess Dowager of Burlington, who, in the same year, transferred it to Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III. The House was a building of red brick, with wings, and was afterwards cased with stone by Sir Robert Taylor. In Lord Burlington's time, the grounds, which ran westward as far as Marlborough House, were laid out by Kent, in imitation of Pope's garden at Twickenham. There is a large and fine engraving of the grounds by Woollett; bowers, grottoes, and terminal busts abounding.

When, in 1783, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was allowed a separate establishment, Carlton House was assigned for his residence, and Holland, the architect, was called in, and added the chief features,—the Ionic screen and the Corinthian portico, fronting Pall Mall. Walpole writes to the Countess of Ossory, in the autumn of 1785: "We went to see the Prince's new palace in Pall Mall; and were charmed. It will be the most perfect in Europe. There is an august simplicity that astonished me. You cannot call it magnificent: it is the taste and propriety that strike. Every ornament is at a proper distance, and not one too large, but all delicate and new, with more freedom and variety than Greek ornaments; and, though probably borrowed from the Hotel de Condé and other new palaces, not one that is rather classic than French. As Gobert, who was cook, and who was going to play the devil at Chatsworth, and painted the old pilasters of the court there pea-green, designed the decorations, I expected a more tawdry assemblage of fantastic vagaries than in Mrs. Cornelys's masquerade-rooms. I beg his pardon—the Black Prince would not have blushed to banquet his royal prisoner in so modest a dwelling. There are three most spacious apartments, all looking on the lovely garden, a terrace, the state apartment, and an attic. The portico, vestibule, hall, and staircase will be superb, and, to my taste, full of perspectives; the jewel of all is a small music-room, that opens into a green recess and winding walk of the garden. In all the fairy tales you have been, you never was in so pretty a scene, Madam: I forgot to tell you how admirably all the carving, stucco, and ornaments are executed; but whence the money is to

come I conceive not—all the tin mines of Cornwall would not pay a quarter. How sick one shall be after this chaste palace, of Mr. Adam's gingerbread and sippets of embroidery!"

The estimate of our time hardly come up to Walpole's: the conservatory, imitated from Henry VII.'s Chapel, was a failure; and the blue velvet draperies were heavy and dark; and the Gothic dining-room was poor. The armoury was, perhaps, the most curious collection of arms in the world, and filled four rooms. Here was John Hampden's sword, said to be the work of Cellini; and a golden throne of the King of Candy was backed with a *sun* of diamonds and precious stones. Here, too, were arms from all nations—caps, boots, spurs, turbans, shields, bows, dresses, models of horses, helmets, sabres, swords, daggers, canopies, palanquins, guns, coats of mail, and other costly presents from all parts of the world. In the plate-room were some fine specimens of King Charles's plate; other plate was disposed in the centre of the room, in columns of gold and silver plates, and dishes, and drawers filled with gold and silver knives, forks, spoons, &c.; and services of plate were ranged in cases, the plate-glass of which cost 30*l.* or 40*l.* a square. The palace was superbly fitted for the Prince's marriage: 26,000*l.* was voted for furnishing, 28,000*l.* for jewels and plate, and 27,000*l.* for the expense of the marriage. Here was born the Princess Charlotte, January 16, 1796, and the baptism took place on February 11; here, also, the Princess was married, May 2, 1816.

The most magnificent State event of the Regency was the fête given at Carlton House on June 19, 1811,

being then the only experiment ever made to give a supper to 2,000 of the nobility and gentry. Covers were laid for 400 in the palace, and for 1,600 in the pavilions and gardens. The fête was attended by Louis XVIII. and the French princes then in exile; and a vast assemblage of beauty, rank, and fashion. The saloon at the foot of the staircase represented a bower with a grotto, lined with a profusion of shrubs and flowers. The grand table extended the whole length of the conservatory, and across Carlton House to the length of 200 feet. Along the centre of the table, about six inches above the surface, a canal of pure water continued flowing from a silver fountain, beautifully constructed at the head of the table. Its banks were covered with green moss and aquatic flowers; gold and silver fish swam and sported through the bubbling current, which produced a pleasing murmur where it fell, and formed a cascade at the outlet. At the head of the table, above the fountain, sat His Royal Highness the Prince Regent on a plain mahogany chair with a feather back. The most particular friends of the Prince were arranged on each side. They were attended by sixty servitors; seven waited on the Prince, besides six of the King's and six of the Queen's footmen, in their state liveries, with one man in a complete suit of ancient armour. The public were subsequently admitted to view the sumptuous scene, when several persons were injured by the pressure of the crowd; and, according to the newspapers of the day, heaps of shoes, bonnets and shawls, hats and coats, which had been lost in the crowd, were carted away.

At Carlton House, with the portico seen through the screen (where the first public application of the

newly-invented lighting by gas was made), the effect must have been worthy of admiration in those days. Bonomi made the screen the subject of an epigram, thus done into English by Prince Hoare:—

Dear little columns, all in a row,
What *do* you do there?
Indeed, we don't know.

The memory of "Big Sam," the gigantic royal porter, has not been so cleverly embalmed.

Carlton House having grown dingy in its fittings, and its history prompting many disagreeable associations, the King projected the enlargement and eventually the rebuilding of Buckingham House; Carlton House was taken down in 1826; the columns of the portico have been transferred to the National Gallery. The exact site of this palace of a century is now the opening between the York Column and the foot of Regent Street.

THE PRINCE REGENT AND THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

ONE of the most convivial nights—"the feast of reason and the flow of soul"—ever passed in Carlton House is thus described by Lockhart, in his *Life of Sir Walter Scott*:—

"Towards midnight, the Prince called for a bumper, with all the honours, to 'the Author of Waverley,' and looked significantly, as he was charging his own glass, to Scott. Scott seemed somewhat puzzled for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, and filling his glass to

the brim, said, 'Your Royal Highness looks as if you thought I had some claim to the honours of this toast. I have no such pretensions, but shall take good care that the real Simon Pure hears of the high compliment that has now been paid him.' Scott then drank off his claret, and joined in a stentorian voice in the cheering, which the Prince himself tuned. But, before the company could resume their seats, His Royal Highness exclaimed, 'Another of the same, if you please, to "the Author of Marmion,"—and now, Walter, my man, I have checkmated you for *once*.' The second bumper was followed by cheers still more prolonged; and Scott then rose, and returned thanks in a short address, which struck the Lord Chief Commissioner as 'alike grave and graceful.' This story has been circulated in a very perverted shape; I now give it on the authority of my venerated friend, who was—unlike, perhaps, some others of the company, at that hour—able to hear accurately, and content to *see single*. He adds, that having occasion, the day after, to call on the Duke of York, his Royal Highness said to him, 'Upon my word, Adam, my brother went rather too near the wind about *Waverley*; but nobody could have turned the thing more prettily than Walter Scott did, and upon the whole I never had better fun.'

"The Regent, as was his custom with those he most delighted to honour, uniformly addressed the Poet, even at their first dinner, by his Christian name, 'Walter.'

"Before he left town, he again dined at Carlton House, when the party was a still smaller one than the above, and the merriment, if possible, still more free.

That nothing might be wanting, the Prince sang several capital songs in the course of the evening, as witness the lines to *Sultan Serendib*:

> I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,
> Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass,
> In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,
> Keep up the jest, and mingle in the lay.
> Such monarchs best our freeborn humour suit,
> But despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

"Before he returned to Edinburgh, the Regent sent him a gold snuff-box, set in brilliants, with a medallion of His Royal Highness' head on the lid, 'as a testimony' (writes Mr. Adam) in transmitting it) of the high opinion His Royal Highness entertains of your genius and merit."

THE CORONATION STONE AND CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE famous stone, which forms the seat of the chair in which our sovereigns have been crowned for many centuries, has a curious history: it was brought in 1297 by King Edward I. from the abbey of Scone, with the sceptre and gold crown of the Scottish sovereigns. It is called the Prophetic or Fatal Stone, from the ancient belief of the Scots, that whenever it should be lost, the power of the nation would decline. It was also superstitiously called "Jacob's pillow." It is of reddish-grey sandstone, 26 by 16¾ inches, and 10½ inches thick. Mr. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A., in a communication to the Archæological Institute, in 1856, stated, it appeared, from a document which had recently been found among the records of England, that King Edward had treated this relic with all the veneration due to it. With the

intention of employing it for the same august purpose in England as it had been used for in Scotland, he proposed to make it a part of a throne or royal chair, and gave orders to his goldsmith to have a copper chair made for it. After the work had been proceeded with, he changed his mind, and ordered instead a chair of wood to be made for it; and it is in connection with this wooden chair that it now exists. To show the estimation in which he held the stone, he had it placed in the most sacred situation in all England—near the altar and shrine of St. Edward—where it still remains, with the chair of wood which he ordered to be constructed. Mr. Cosmo Innes said he found, from the chronicles of the period, that King Edward had intended to return the stone to Scotland, and had made arrangements to that effect with reference to a treaty on the subject, when the citizens of London, who had come to feel a great interest in the preservation of the stone amongst them, remonstrated against its restoration, and King Edward did not follow out his intention. This is not the only instance of a stone being used as a coronation-seat in this country.* There is another on which Saxon kings had been crowned, almost similar to the Scone stone. Mr. Robert Chambers considers there to be good reason to believe that the kings did not sit upon the stone, but that they stood upon it when they were crowned. There is one in Sweden, on which it is ascertained that the kings stood during the ceremony of coronation.

Mr. Joseph Robertson, referring to a query of Mr. Hunter, as to what became of the ancient Regalia of

* At Kingston, in Surrey, where the stone is carefully preserved.

Scotland carried off by King Edward, said that on the flight of Baliol from the court of Edward and his capture at Dover, the crown was found amongst his baggage, and it was then deposited at St. Thomas à Becket's shrine at Canterbury; and it was probable that, with other things, it was carried away and destroyed at the Reformation. The supposition that the crown in the Tower is the ancient crown of Scotland is a modern tradition without any foundation.

The chivalrous and dignified office of Champion of England at our coronations is conferred by the feudal manor of Scrivelsby, about two miles south of Horncastle, on the road towards Boston in Lincolnshire. By the holding of this manor, the ancient family of the Dymokes have derived the office of champion to the sovereigns of England by the marriage of Sir John Dymoke with Margaret de Ludlow, daughter of Joane (youngest of the four daughters and co-heirs of Philip de Marmion, Baron Marmion), who married Sir John Ludlow. On the death of her only brother John, Margaret became sole heiress, and brought into the family of her husband, Sir John Dymoke, the manor of Scrivelsby, which was granted by the Conqueror to Robert de Marmion (Lord of Fontenoy, in Normandy), to be held by grand sergeantry, "to perform the office of champion at the King's coronation." The Marmions, it is said, were hereditary champions to the Dukes of Normandy prior to the conquest of England.

Sir John Dymoke, a knight of ancient Gloucestershire family, being thus invested with the championship, executed that high office at the coronation of Richard II. Having chosen the best charger save one in the King's stables, and the best suit of harness save

one in the royal armoury, he rode in armed to the teeth, and challenged, as the King's champion, all opposers of the young monarch's title to the crown: whence to this time the Dymokes have enjoyed the estate, and performed the duties its tenure enjoins.

Sir Robert Dymoke officiated at the coronations of Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.; and Sir Robert's son, Sir Edward Dymoke, was champion at the coronations of Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth.

Sir Henry Dymoke, the 17th of his family who inherited the ancient office, and who died in 1865, had been champion at three coronations. His grandfather, John Dymoke, was champion at the coronation of George III., and his second son, the Rev. John Dymoke (father of the late baronet), was called upon to officiate as champion at the coronation of George IV. He was obliged, owing to his clerical character, to act by deputy, and appointed his eldest son, the late Sir Henry, who fulfilled the duties of the office accordingly. Sir Henry also officiated as champion at the coronations of William IV. and our present most gracious Sovereign; but the ceremony was then shorn of its ancient chivalric state.

Sir Henry Dymoke received, in 1841, a baronetcy, which became extinct at his death; the hereditary office then devolved upon his only brother, John.

The entry of the champion at the close of the Banquet in Westminster Hall, at the coronation of George IV., was a splendid spectacle. Haydon, the historical painter, thus describes this ancient feudal ceremony which he witnessed: "The hall-doors were opened, and the flower-girls entered, strewing flowers. The distant

trumpets and shouts of the people, the slow march, and at last the appearance of the King, crowned and under a golden canopy, and the universal burst of the assembly at seeing him, affected everybody. . . . After the banquet was over, came the most imposing scene of all, the championship. Wellington, in his coronet, walked down the hall, cheered by the officers of the Guards. He shortly returned, mounted, with Lords Anglesey and Howard. They rode gracefully to the foot of the throne, and then backed out. The hall doors opened again; and outside, in twilight, a man in dark-shadowed armour appeared against the shining sky. He then moved, passed into darkness under the arch, and suddenly Wellington, Howard, and the champion stood in full view, with doors closed behind them. This was certainly the finest sight of the day. The herald then read the challenge; the glove was thrown down. They all then proceeded to the throne."

Sir Walter Scott, in his letter describing the coronation, says, "The Duke of Wellington, with all his laurels, moved and looked deserving the baton, which was never grasped by so worthy a hand. The Marquess of Anglesey showed the most exquisite grace in managing his horse, notwithstanding the want of his limb, which he left at Waterloo. I never saw so fine a bridle-hand in my life, and I am rather a judge of horsemanship. Lord Howard's horse was worse bitted than those of the two former noblemen, but not so much as to derange the ceremony of returning back out of the hall. The champion was performed (as of right) by young Dymoke, a fine-looking youth, but bearing, perhaps, a little too much the appearance of a maiden knight to be the challenger of the world in a

King's behalf. He threw down his gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and showed as much horsemanship as the crowds of knights and squires around him would permit to be exhibited. On the whole, this striking part of the exhibition somewhat disappointed me, for I would have had the champion less embarrassed by his assistants, and at liberty to put his horse on the *grand pas;* and yet, the young Lord of Scrivelsby looked and behaved extremely well."

Thus have the Dymokes enjoyed, for nearly five centuries, this singular and important estate, and have continuously performed the duties its tenure enjoined. It falls not, however, within our province here to narrate the distinguished achievements of the successive Lords of Scrivelsby; to tell how they maintained in splendour and dignity the ancient office they inherited, or to chronicle their gallant services on the battle-field of the Plantagenets, in the Wars of the Roses, and at the siege of Tournay.

The greater part of Scrivelsby Court, the ancient baronial seat, was destroyed by fire towards the close of the last century; and in the portion consumed was a very large hall, in the panels of which were emblazoned the various arms and alliances of the family through all its numerous and far-traced descents.*

The annexed version of an Anglo-Norman ballad describes, with perspicuity and truth, the transmission of the lands of Scrivelsby:—

The Norman Barons Marmyon
At Norman Court held high degree;
Knights and Champions every one,
To him who won broad Scrivelsby.

* Sir Bernard Burke's Visitation of Seats and Arms, vol. i. pp. 188, 189.

Those Lincoln lands the Conqueror gave,
That England's glove they should convey,
To knight renowned amongst the brave,
The Baron bold of Fonteney.

The royal grants, through sire to son,
Devolved direct *in capite*
Until deceased Phil Marmyon,
When rose fair Joan of Scrivelsby.

From London City on the Thames,
To Berwick Town upon the Tweed,
Came gallants all of courtly names,
At feet of Joan their suit to plead.

Yet, maugre all this goodly band,
The maiden's smiles young Ludlow won,
Her heart and hand, her grant and land,
The sword and shield of Marmyon.

Out upon Time, the scurvy knave,
Spoiler of youth, hard-hearted churl;
Hurrying to one common grave,
Good wife and ladie—hind and earl.

Out on Time—since the world began,
No Sabbath hath his greyhound limb,
In coursing man—devoted man,
To age and death—out, out on him.

In Lincoln's chancel, side by side,
Their effigies from marble hewn:
The *anni* written when they died,
Repose de Ludlow and Dame Joan.

One daughter fair, survived alone,
One son deceased in infancy;
De Ludlow and De Marmyon,
United thus in Margery.

And she was woo'd as maids have been,
And won as maids are sure to be,
When gallant youths in Lincoln green,
Do suit, like Dymoke, fervently.

Sir John de Dymoke claim'd of right,
The Championship through Margery,
And 'gainst Sir Baldwin Freville, knight,
Prevail'd as Lord of Scrivelsby.

And ever since, when England's kings,
Are diadem'd—no matter where,
The Champion Dymoke boldly flings,
His glove, should treason venture there.

On gallant steed, in armour bright,
His visor closed, and couched his lance,
Proclaimeth he the Monarch's right
To England, Ireland, Wales, and France.

Then bravely cry, with Dymoke bold,
Long may the King triumphant reign!
And when fair hands the sceptre hold,
More bravely still—Long live the Queen!

MUSICAL CELEBRATION OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

It is in 1683 that we have the first authentic record of a musical celebration on St. Cecilia's Day in this country. That "musick feasts" were held at earlier periods on that particular day is very probable, but the meeting of 1683 has always been considered the first regular celebration in England. On that occasion the composer of the music for the Ode was Henry Purcell. The words were the production of Christopher Fishburn, of whom little is recorded, nor does this piece raise curiosity to know more. The closing lines of his production will indicate the style and purport of the whole of the poetry written for these celebrations, with the exception of the odes of Dryden and Pope, and a few others that are preserved in our literature:—

"Beauty, thou source of love,
And virtue, thou innocent fire,
Made by the Powers above
To temper the heat of desire;
Music that fancy employs
In raptures of innocent flame,
We offer with lute and with voice
To Cecilia, Cecilia's bright name:
In a concert of voices, while instruments play,
With Music we'll celebrate this holiday;
In a concert of voices we'll sing, Iô Cecilia!"

In the following year Purcell published his work, with this title, "A Musical Entertainment, performed on November xxii. 1683, it being the festival of St. Cecilia, a great Patroness of Music; whose Memory is annually honoured by a Public Feast made on that Day by the Masters and Lovers of Music, as well in England as in Foreign Parts." This seems to show that the celebration was not new, though the title of the Ode of the next year, "A Second Musical Entertainment performed on St. Cecilia's Day, November 22, 1684," confirms the statement that Purcell's was the first formal celebration of the kind in London. This second Ode was written by John Oldham, and the music composed by Dr. John Blow. In 1687, Giovanni Baptista Draghi was the composer, and Dryden wrote his grand Ode, commencing "From Harmony, from Heavenly Harmony," second only to the grander lyric which "glorious John" prepared for the celebration in 1697. In that year the stewards applied to Dryden to furnish them with an Ode, and he produced 'Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music.' The music was composed by Jeremiah Clarke, and the performance took place "at Mr. Hickman's dancing-school in Panton Street, or in James's Street, over against the Tennis Court, there being a door out of each street

to the room; beginning at 8." A second performance was given in York Buildings, Villiers Street, where, or at Stationers' Hall, the celebrations were generally held. Clarke's composition does not seem to have attracted much attention, nor indeed was it till Handel linked the Ode to his magic strains that Alexander's Feast became celebrated in the annals of music. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Dryden*, gives the following anecdote:—

"Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him in an unusual agitation of spirits, even to a trembling. On inquiring the cause, 'I have been up all night,' replied the old bard; 'my musical friends made me promise to write them an ode for their feast of St. Cecilia: I have been so struck with the subject that occurred to me, that I could not leave it until I had *completed* it; here it is, *finished* at one sitting."

It is very probable that the ode was struck off at a heat, but longer labour was doubtless bestowed on its correction and emendation.*

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

ONE of the most memorable successes of the English stage was the production of the *Beggar's Opera*, in the spring and early summer of 1728, at the Theatre in Portugal Row, afterwards Street, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This was the third theatre built upon the spot, and taken down in 1848.

* From the *Athenæum*.

The origin of the piece is stated to have been as follows:—Upon the accession of George II. to the throne, the poet Gay was offered the place of Gentleman Usher to the then youngest Princess Louisa; a post which Gay thought beneath his acceptance; and, resenting the offer as an affront, in ill humour with the Court, he wrote the Beggar's Opera as a satire upon the Italian Opera, which was then in high favour with royalty.

Spence, in his *Anecdotes*, however, gives a different version of the origin, with the signature P. (Pope). "Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay, what an odd pretty sort of thing a Newgate Pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing, for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to the Beggar's Opera. He began on it, and when he first mentioned it to Swift, the Doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed what he wrote to both of us; and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice: but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, said, 'It would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly.'"

Gay, who was in his fortieth year, and had hitherto but moderately succeeded in his attempts to please the public, offered the *Beggar's Opera* to Colley Cibber for Drury Lane Theatre. Cibber, however, rejected it. Gay then took it to Rich, at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, where it was produced on the 27th of January, 1727-8. "We were all," continues the account in Spencer's *Anecdotes*, "at the first night of it in great uncertainty of the event; till we were being

much encouraged by overhearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the box next to us, say, 'It will do,—it must do! I see it in the eyes of them.' This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for the Duke, besides his own good taste, has a more particular knack than anyone now living, in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this, as usual; the good nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended with a clamour of applause." Its success was determined when Polly, the heroine, sang her most pathetic appeal:—

Oh, ponder well, be not severe,
To save a wretched wife,
For on the rope that hangs my dear
Depends poor Polly's life.

The songs and fifty beautiful airs to which they were sung, had much to do with the above success. Rich, the manager, did not accept the piece without hesitation: it ran for sixty-two nights (not sixty-three nights, as sometimes stated); of these thirty-two nights were in succession; and the author, according to usage, got the entire receipts of the third, sixth, ninth, and fifteenth nights, amounting in the aggregate to 693*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* In a letter to Swift, Gay takes credit for having "pushed through this precarious affair without servility or flattery;" and when the play was published, Pope complimented him on not preparing it with a dedication, thus foregoing the sixty guineas, the established return in those days made by a patron to a dedicating author. So early as the 20th of March, when the piece had only been acted thirty-two times, the receipts had been 5,351*l.* 15*s.* Hence it was said that the play had made Rich *gay*, and Gay *rich*. There

was a sad decline in the receipts at the Italian Opera, which Gay had all along meant to rival: it was said—*that* should be called the Beggar's Opera.

The King, Queen, and Princesses were present on the twenty-first night of the performance. On another night among the audience was the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole, whose bribery in managing the House of Commons is satirised in the dialogue of Peacham and Lockit, Walpole and his colleague, Lord Townsend. Sir Robert laughed heartily at Lockit's song:—

> "When you censure the age,
> Be cautious and sage,
> Lest the courtiers offended should be;
> If you mention vice or bribe,
> 'Tis so fit to all the tribe,
> Each cries—That was levelled at me."

The piece was played next season with like success: it spread into all the great towns in England, and was performed in many places thirty and forty times; at Bath and Bristol fifty. It made its progress in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; and lastly was acted in Minorca. The ladies carried about with them the favourite songs from the *Beggar's Opera* in fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens. The fame of the piece was not confined to the author. Miss Lavinia Fenton, who personated Polly, was young, of elegant figure, but not striking beauty; she was a good singer, and of agreeable manners. Her performance of Polly brought her into much note; her portrait was published in mezzotint, and sold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verses to her printed, and pamphlets of her sayings and jests. The Duke of Bolton, then in the prime of life, living apart from his wife, became enamoured with Miss Fenton, who, at the end of the first season, left the stage to live with the Duke; and

when the opportunity arrived, he married her. Warburton testifies to her wit, good manners, taste, and intelligence: "her conversation," he says, "was admired by the first characters of the age, particularly the old Lord Bathurst and Lord Granville." There is a large print, by Hogarth, of the Prison scene, in the *Beggar's Opera*, where groups of persons of fashion are seen in the stage-boxes: the Duke of Bolton is the nearest on the right, dressed in wig, ribbon, and star, and with his eyes fixed on Polly on the stage.*

The Duke died in 1754, without legitimate issue, though Miss Fenton had brought him, before marriage, several children, one of whom, a clergyman, was hung in 1809. The Bolton peerage became extinct in 1794.

Gay tried a sequel to the *Beggar's Opera*, under the title of *Polly;* but as it was suspected of containing sarcasms on the Court, the Lord Chamberlain prohibited its representation. The poet, however, published *Polly*, which produced him a profit of 11,000*l.* or 12,000*l.*: the Duchess of Marlborough gave 100*l.* as her subscription for a single copy.

The *Beggar's Opera* was also acted by children, "Lilliputians," and the Prince of Wales commanded its performance more than once. The popularity lasted to our time, when Lord Byron designated it a "St. Giles's Lampoon." Of its immoral effect formerly, there cannot be any doubt. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Sept. 15, 1773, we find this evidence: "This day, Sir John Fielding informed the bench of justices that he had last year written to Mr. Garrick concerning the impropriety of performing the *Beggar's Opera*, which never was represented on the stage without creating an

* Hogarth's picture, in the original frame, is in the possession of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street.

itional number of real thieves; he begged, therefore, the gentlemen present would join with him in requesting Mr. Garrick to desist from performing that opera on Saturday evening. The bench immediately consented to the proposal; and a polite card was despatched to Mr. Garrick for that purpose. To which Mr. Garrick returned for answer, that his company was so imperfect and divided (many of the performers being yet in the country), that it would be exceedingly inconvenient, if not impossible, for him to open with any other piece than that he had already advertised; but added, that he would, in future, do everything in his power to oblige them."

THE OPERA IN 1747.

WALPOLE, writing to Sir Horace Mann, describes the drama of *Fetonte*, written by Vaneschi, and just then produced, "in what they call the French manner, but about as like it as my Lady Pomfret's hash of plural persons and singular verbs or infinitive moods, was to Italian. They sing to jigs, and dance to church music. Phaeton is run away with by horses that go a foot's pace, like the Electress' coach, with such long traces, that the postillion was in one street, and the coachman in another; then comes Jupiter with a farthing candle, to light a squib and a half, and that they call fireworks. Reginello, the first man, is so old and so tall, that he seems to have been growing ever since the invention of operas. The first woman has had her mouth let out to show a fine set of teeth, but it lets out too much bad voice at the same time. Lord Mid-

dlesex, for his great prudence in having provided such very tractable steeds to Prince Phaeton's car, is going to be Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales; and for his excellent economy in never paying the performers, is likely to continue in the Treasury."

This is piquant criticism; but Dr. Burney's is equally so: "The best apologies for the absurdities of an Italian opera, in a country where the language is little understood, are good music and exquisite singing; unluckily, neither the composition nor the performance of Phaeton had the siren power of enchanting men so much, as to stimulate attention at the expense of reason."

A FASHIONABLE ROUT IN THE LAST CENTURY.

FROM the *Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany*, edited by Lady Llanover, one of her ablest reviewers has grouped the following picture of the fashionable eccentricities of that period. The good old widow Delany, after the Doctor's death, lived in Catherine-wheel Lane, behind the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street; and some of her fashionable friends resided in Dean Street, Soho. "Now," says the reviewer, "there sweep by us a whole bevy of ladies, with hoops, to run round which thrice would be good exercise for a stout man before breakfast, and head-dresses that come into collision now and then with the chandeliers. There is Mrs. Vernon, who has just discarded her husband for making a visit without asking her leave,—and Lady Falmouth, talking aloud of "parting with her lord," as though he were merely

her groom of the chamber;—there is Lady Onslow, with *her* lord, elated at the idea of owing 100,000*l.*; they are not such mean people as the Townsends, who, after spending nearly the whole of a capital which brought them 18,000*l.* a year, retired to the country, and lived in great distress, but honestly, on *one* thousand. Again, there is Lady Duncan, whose husband told her an hour ago that a wife was "only good to hold a candle,"—and near her the Duchess of Northumberland, who, at the last election, hired a house in Covent Garden, and addressed the mob from the windows. She was only less audible than Lord Mahon, who could be heard from the Piazza to Southampton Street, but who is so silent in company that women, like Miss Seymour even, cannot encourage him to be bold. Why does Miss Seymour—whose powdered headdress almost touches the ceiling, and who rattles away in three or four languages, without well understanding either—why does she blush angrily? Because that impudent young fellow, with pink heels to his shoes, has just said, as he stared at her, "Madam, I have seen the Tower of Babel and heard the Confusion of Tongues." Further on is a group of hoops around that pompous ass, Sir Noah Thomes—one of the "physical people" who frightened Mrs. Boyle to death yesterday, by telling her that her daughter would have "scarlet fever and putrid sore throat before night;"—and there is the girl herself, as well as ever she was, shaking the powder from her hair by the *crispations* of her laughter. But the group around Sir Noah is as nothing for loudness, and laughing, and roasting, and questioning, compared with that crowd of stupendous petticoats and radiant faces around poor Admiral Forbes. How they rally the old sea-warrior!—and we may well

guess what the bold beauties are saying, from the well-known circumstance that Lady Blessington has just bequeathed to the hardy and ancient sailor her diamond ear-rings and two complete sets of *child-bed linen*!

Apart from these groups may be noticed solitary figures:—There is Lady Mansfield, whose lord's house was burnt down, the other day, in the famous riots. Her ladyship is still angry with the rude sweep who danced in front of the fire, with her best hoop on! And there is Lady Cecilia Johnstone, who, to keep her daughter out of mischief, never allowed her to keep company with other girls; and the young minx has recently run off with a penniless ensign! In another way, that serious-looking Duchess of Chandos has also lost a daughter,—a baby, for whom His Majesty stood sponsor in person. The precious infant was fairly smothered under mountains of lace. To have relieved her, it appears, would have disturbed the King, and, to preserve etiquette inviolate, the baby became so ill that she died the day after the baptism! One other lady comes dancing before us, in a sedan-chair, at five o'clock in the morning, in a droll plight. It is Lady Derby; she has been at Mrs. Onslow's ball; and as her chairmen and chair fail to fetch her according to order, Lord Lindsey and Mr. Storer are gallantly carrying her up St. James's Street in Mrs. Onslow's chair. Many a bump, and a swing, and a swaying has the Countess to endure on the way; but presently the bearers meet the Countess's tardy and tipsy chairmen, from whom they take the bearing-straps, and thus steadying the load, run her ladyship through the streets, up the steps of her mansion, and

into her hall, where they deposit her with a slap, a bang and a crash! As they take their leave, they make a leg and utter a compliment, during which they twist their mouths to show their white teeth, which proceeding was "quite the *bon ton*." *

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

NEARLY two centuries of gay existence had Vauxhall Gardens, notwithstanding the proverbial fickleness of our climate, and its ill adaptation for out-door amusements. The earliest notice of Vauxhall occurs in Evelyn's *Diary*, 2nd July 1661, when he went to see "the New Spring Garden at Lambeth; a pretty-contrived plantation. Sometimes they would have music, and sit on barges on the water." Balthazar Monconys, who visited England early in the reign of Charles II., describes the Gardens as then much frequented, and having grass and sand walks; and squares of roses, beans, and asparagus, divided by gooseberry-hedges. Sir Samuel Morland, in 1675, obtained a lease of the place; King Charles had made Morland his "Master of Mechanics," and here he built a fine room, the inside all of looking-glass, and fountains very pleasant to behold; and grave old Mr. Bray, the historian of Surrey, adverts to the probability of this room having been built by Morland, for the reception of Charles II. and his ladies. Now, the embellishments of the Gardens have, from very early date to our own time, consisted of whimsical mechanisms, such as Mor-

* From the *Athenæum*.

land excelled in. The model pictures in the Gardens had to our day their mechanism of an artificial cascade, a water-mill, and a bridge with a mail coach and a Greenwich long stage passing over; a cottage scene, with animated figures drinking and smoking by machinery, were in existence in 1820; broken and subterraneous musical sounds were among the attractions; the tinkling of the streams of block-tin is in our ears;—all partaking of Morland's taste, which in the present day would be termed polytechnic; so that Charles II.'s "Master of Mechanics" may have originally set the fashion of the curiosities of Vauxhall Gardens, which existed more than a century and a half after Morland's death.

Pepys, an excellent authority upon the gaieties of his day, has in his *Diary* entries, in 1665-8, of his visits to Fox Hall and the Spring Garden; and of "the humours of the citizens, pulling off cherries, and God knows what; to hear the nightingale and the birds, and *here* fiddlers, and there a harp, and *here* a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty diverting." Pepys also tells us of "supper in an arbour;" ladies walking "with their *masks* on," &c.; and, "July 27, 1688.—So over the water, with my wife and Deb and Mercer, to Spring Garden, and there eat and walked, and observed how rude some of the young gallants of the town are become, to go into people's arbours, where there are not men, and almost gore the women,—which troubled me to see the confidence of the vice of the age; and so we away by water, with much pleasure, home." Tom Brown, a dozen years later, speaks of the close walks and little wildernesses, which "are so intricate, that

the most experienced mothers have often lost themselves looking for their daughters."

The Gardens flourished in the reign of Queen Anne, when Addison carried Sir Roger de Coverley to spend an evening there. The reader will remember (*Spectator*, No. 383; May 20, 1712) the passage by water, from the Temple Stairs to Spring Garden, "which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year," and indicates this to be the fashionable way of going to the Gardens, still called Spring Garden, by which name the license was granted annually so long as the place lasted. Then is there the mask tapping Sir Roger on the shoulder, and asking him to drink a bottle of mead with her; and the *Spectator's* rhapsody upon "the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sing upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades;" and his comparison of the place to "a sort of Mahometan paradise." A glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef was the supper of that period; cheesecakes and syllabub were earlier fare in Wycherley's day; punch and ham were not yet heard of.

The place, however, resembled a tea-garden of our early days till the year 1728, when Tyers took a lease of the Spring Garden. In 1732 he opened the season with a *Ridotto al fresco*; instrumental music, and a masquerade. Frederick, Prince of Wales, came with his attendants: about 400 persons in masks, dominos, and lawyers' gowns, were present; 100 foot-guards were posted about the Gardens. Tyers's success induced him to open them, with music, every evening, during summer; he decorated the grounds with paintings, and set up an organ, and statues of Handel and Milton. For the season of 1739, were struck silver tickets, from

designs by Hogarth, who was then in summer-lodgings at Lambeth Terrace, where the house, and a vine which he planted there, are pointed out. He had grown intimate with Tyers, whom he recommended to embellish the Gardens with paintings; and for the pavilions which Tyers had built Hogarth drew "The Four Times of the Day," which were copied by Hayman, the scene-painter at Drury-lane Theatre. Hogarth painted for the vestibule portraits of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn—said to be Frederick Prince of Wales and Lady Vane. The print bears the lines, by Allan Ramsay:

Here struts old pious Harry, &c.

A proof has been sold for 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* For this assistance Tyers presented Hogarth with a gold ticket of perpetual admission for six persons, or "one coach." It bears on its obverse "Hogarth," and beneath it, "*In perpetuam benificii memoriam;*" on the reverse are two figures, encircled with the motto, "*Virtus voluptas felices una.*" After Hogarth's decease, the gold ticket remained in the hands of his widow, and was by her bequeathed to a relative. It was last used in the season of 1836, and is now in the possession of Mr. Frederick Gye, who purchased it for 20*l.*

In 1745, Tyers added vocal to his instrumental performances, Mrs. Arne being principal singer; Dr. Arne composed ballads and duets; and Lowe, Reinhold, and Beard, are among the early singers. Fielding, in his *Amelia*, describes the Vauxhall of 1751, and the company coming in coaches to the water-side, and then getting into one boat to proceed to the Gardens. A print of this date shows the gay throng—the ladies

in their hoops, sacques, and caps, as they appeared in their own drawing-rooms; and the gentlemen in their grotesque hats, and wearing swords and bags.

Walpole, in a letter of 1750, gives a piquant account of the frolics of a fashionable party at the Gardens, which we shall here quote: "I had a card from Lady Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house, and found her and the little Ashe, or the Pollard Ashe as they call her: they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. . . . . We marched to our barge, with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Vauxhall. . . . . Here we picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from Jenny Whim's (a tavern between Chelsea and Pimlico). At last we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the visor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring and rattling and laughing, and we every minute expecting the dish to fly about our ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries, from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by herself at a little table. . . . In short, the air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the Gardens; so much so, that from eleven o'clock to half an hour after one, we had the whole concourse round our booth.

At last they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper, and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home."

Five years later (1755), we find the *Connoisseur* making merry with the imitative finery: "At Vauxhall the artificial ruins are repaired, the cascade is made to spout with several additional streams of block-tin, and they have touched up all the pictures which were damaged last season by the fingering of those curious connoisseurs who could not be satisfied without feeling whether the figures were alive." Then follows the story of a parsimonious old citizen going there with his wife and daughters, and grumbling at the dearness of the provisions and the wafer-like thinness of the slices of ham. At every mouthful the old fellow exclaims: "There goes twopence! there goes threepence! there goes a groat!" Then there is the old joke of the thinness of the slices of ham, and the expert *cutter* who undertook to cover the Gardens—eleven acres—with slices from one ham.

It is curious to find Sir John Fielding commending the Vauxhall of 1757 for "its elegant eatables and drinkables, in which particular Vauxhall differs widely from the prudish and abstemious Ranelagh, where one is confined to tea and coffee."

Goldsmith, in the *Citizen of the World*, is enraptured with "the lights glimmering through the scarcely moving trees; the full-bodied concert bursting on the stillness of night; the natural concert of the birds in the more retired part of the grove, vying with that which was formed by art; the company gaily dressed,

looking satisfied; and the tables, spread with various delicacies, all conspired to fill my imagination with the visionary happiness of the Arabian lawgiver, and lifted me into an ecstacy of admiration. 'Head of Confucius,' cried I to my friend, 'this is fine! This unites rural beauty with courtly magnificence.'" The last gay scene in Goldsmith's life was his accompanying Sir Joshua Reynolds to Vauxhall.

Tyers died in 1767. So great was the delight that he took in this place, that, possessing his faculties to the last, he caused himself to be carried into the Gardens a few hours before his death to *take a last look at them.* The property remained in Tyers's family until 1821, when it was sold to Bish, Gye, and Hughes. Their most profitable season was 1823: 133,279 visitors; receipts, 29,590*l.* In 1841, there was a sale of moveable property, including the pictures by Hogarth and Hayman, painted a century before; they brought but small sums. The Gardens were finally closed in 1859.

Very little alteration in the arrangement of the walks or the position of the buildings had been made since they were originally laid out or constructed by the elder Tyers, as may be seen by comparing the different views of the Gardens. One of the earliest representations, dated 1737, shows the seats and supper tables in the quadrangle surrounding the orchestra, together with a perspective of the Long Walk, and an Herculean statue at its extremity. About sixty visitors are seen; and in front of the orchestral band is a prominent figure, wearing a cocked hat and playing the trumpet, supposed to be intended for the celebrated Valentine Snow (afterwards sergeant-trumpeter), of whom Dr. Burney says, he was "justly a favourite here, where

his silver sounds in the open air, by having to expand, never arrived at the ears of the audience in a manner too powerful or piercing."

The general plan of the Gardens was a quadrangular grove, with the orchestra near its centre, and surrounded by broad covered walks, from the roofing of which were suspended by wire illumination "bucket-lamps:" the earlier lamps resembled the street-lamps of the last century.

The number of lamps upon extra gala nights exceeded 20,000. Fireworks (first occasionally exhibited in 1798) were discharged from a lofty tower, at the end of a long walk; whence Madame Saqui descended along a rope several hundred feet in length in a shower of fire, or Il Diavolo Antonio swung by one foot on the slack-rope, pealing from a silver trumpet as he slung the overture to *Lodoiska*.

Though the old place retained its plan to the last, the lamps had long fallen off in their golden fires; the punch got weaker, the admission-money less; and the company fell in a like ratio of respectability, and grew dingy, not to say raffish—a sorry falling-off from the Vauxhall crowd of a century since, when it numbered princes and ambassadors, "and on its tide and torrent of fashion floated all the beauty of the time; and through its lighted avenues of trees glided cabinet ministers and their daughters, royal dukes and their wives, and all the red-heeled macaronies." Even fifty years ago, the evening dress of the company was elegant: head-dresses of flowers and feathers were seen in the promenade, and the entire place sparkled as did no other place of public amusement. But low prices brought low company. The conventional wax-lights got fewer;

the punch gave way to fiery brandy or doctored stout. The semblance of Vauxhall was still preserved in the orchestra printed upon the plates and mugs; and the old fire-work bell tinkled as gaily as ever. But matters grew more seedy; the place seemed literally worn out; the very trees were scrubby and singed; and it was high time to say, as well as see, in letters of lamps, "Farewell for ever!" *

The humours of Vauxhall were thus pleasantly sung, some forty years ago, in a Lyric of the *London Magazine* of that period:—

Well! Vauxhall is a wondrous scene!
Where cits in silks admirers glean
Under innumerable lamps—
Not safety-lamps by Humphry made;
By these full many a soul's betray'd
To ruin by the damps!

Here nut-brown trees, instead of green,
With oily trunks and branches lean,
Cling to nine yellow leaves;
Like aged misers that all day
Hang o'er their gold and their decay,
"'Till Death of both bereaves."

The sanded walk beneath the roof
Is dry for every dainty hoof,
And here the wise man stops;
But beaux beneath the sallow clumps
Stand in the *water* with their *pumps*,
And catch the oiled drops.

Tinkles the bell!—away the herd
Of revellers rush, like buck or bird;
Each doth his way unravel
To where the dingy Drama holds
Her sombre reign, 'mid rain and colds,
And tip-toes, and wet gravel.

* Abridged from *Walks and Talks about London*, by the Author of the present work. One of the best illustrations of Vauxhall Gardens is a large print by Rowlandson.

The boxes show a weary set,
Who like to get serenely wet
  Within and not without;
There Goldsmith's Widow you may see
Rocking a fat and frantic knee
  At all the passing rout!

Yes! there she is!—there—to the life,
And Mr. Tibbs, and Tibbs's wife,
  And the good man in black.
Belles run, for, oh! the bell is ringing:
But Mrs. Tibbs is calmly singing,
  And sings till all come back.

By that high dome, that trembling glows
With lamps, cock'd hats, and shivering bows,
  How many hearts are shook!
A feather'd chorister is there
Warbling some tender, grove-like air,
  Compos'd by Mr. Hook.

And Dignum, too—yet where is he?
Shakes he no more his locks at me?
  Charms he no more night's ear?
He who bless'd breakfast, dinner, rout,
With "linked sweetness long drawn out;"
  Why is not Dignum here?

Oh! Mr. Bish!—oh Mr. Bish!
It is enough, by Heaven! to *dish*
  My garden dinner at ten!
What hast thou done with Mr. D.?
What's thy "Wine Company," thy "Tea,"
  Without that man of men?

Yet, blessed are thy suppers given
(For money) something past eleven!
  Lilliput chickens boil'd;
But, Pallas, warm from Vauxhall ice,
And hams, that flit in airy slice,
  And salads scarcely soil'd.

See!—the large, silent, pale-blue light
Flares, to lead all to where the bright
Loud rockets rush on high,

Like a long comet roaring through
The night, then melting into blue!
And starring the dark sky!

And Catherine-wheels, and crowns, and names
Of great men, whizzing in blue flames;
Lights, like the smiles of hope;
And radiant, fiery palaces,
Showing the tops of all the trees;
And Blackmore on the rope!

Then late the hours, and sad the stay,
The passing out, the wits astray,
The *row*, and riot call!
The tussle, and the collar torn,
The dying lamps, the breaking morn!
And hey for Union Hall!

A RIDOTTO AT VAUXHALL.

WALPOLE, in a letter of 1769, describes with much humour what they called a *ridotto al fresco* at Vauxhall, for which, he adds, "one paid half a guinea, though, except some thousand more lamps, and a covered passage all round the Gardens, which took off from the gardenhood, there was nothing better than on a common night. Mr. Conway and I set out from his house at eight o'clock; the tide and torrent of coaches was so prodigious that it was half an hour after nine before we got half-way from Westminster Bridge. We then alighted; and, after scrambling under bellies of horses, through wheels, and over posts and rails, we reached the Gardens, where were already many thousand persons. Nothing diverted me but a man in a Turk's dress, and two nymphs in masquerades without masks, who sailed amongst the company, and, which was surprising, seemed to surprise nobody. It had been given

out that people were to come in fancied dresses, without masks. We walked twice round, and were rejoiced to come away, though with the same difficulties as at our entrance; for we found three strings of coaches all along the road, who did not move half a foot in half an hour. There is to be a rival mob in the same way at Ranelagh to-morrow; for the greater the folly and imposition, the greater is the crowd. I have suspended the vestments, &c., that were torn off my back to the god of repentance, and shall stay away."

Lord Byron, in his *Beppo*, sings of such a fête:—

> They went to the Ridotto—'tis a hall
> Where people dance, and sup, and dance again;
> Its proper name, perhaps, were a masqued ball,
> But that's of no importance to my strain;
> 'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,
> Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain;
> The company is "'mix'd"—the phrase I quote is
> As much as saying, they're below your notice.

It is curious to find Vauxhall, in its glory, made the subject of exhibition at another place of entertainment; unless we are to regard it as treating the Clerkenwell sight-seers with a notion of the fashionable Garden at Vauxhall. Thus, we read: "At the New Wells, near the London Spaw, Clerkenwell, the diversions will begin this day, at five o'clock in the afternoon, consisting of a great variety of new humorous songs, serious and comic dances; together with the grand views of Vauxhall, and the celebrated entertainment of that place, called 'A Hint to the Theatres, or Merlin in Labour; with the Birth, Adventures, Execution, and Restoration of Harlequin.' The whole will conclude with a new whimsical, chymical, pantomimical amusement, called 'The Sequel.' N.B. The first view of Vauxhall will be opened at six."

MARYLEBONE GARDENS.

THE recreative character of Marylebone appears to date from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Park was a hunting-ground. In 1600, we read of the ambassadors from Russia, and their retinue, riding through the City to hunt in Marylebone Park; and here Sir Charles Blount, afterwards Earl of Devonshire, (one of the challengers in the Field of the Cloth of Gold,) tilted with the Earl of Essex, and wounded him. After the ground was disparked, it was let on leases, upon the expiry of which it was laid out by Nash, and named the Regent's Park. Bowling-greens were among the attractions of Marylebone, where, in John Locke's time, 1679, "a curious stranger might see several persons of quality bowling, two or three times a week, all the summer." The bowling-green of the Rose Tavern, and the gaming-house in High Street, are referred to in Lady Mary Wortley Montague's oft-quoted line—

Some Dukes, at Marybone, bowl time away.

Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, was a frequent visitor here; he describes it as "a place of air and exercise;" and, at the end of the season, the Duke gave a dinner to the chief frequenters of the place, drinking the toast, "May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring meet here again." The Gardens are the scenes of Captain Macheath's debaucheries, in the *Beggar's Opera*: "the Captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Mary-bone and chocolate houses are his undoing." Then, Macheath says: "There will be deep play to-night at Mary-bone, and consequently money may be picked up on the road. Meet me there,

and I will give you the hint who is worth setting." Of this neighbourhood, in 1774, J. T. Smith has left a minute picture. The houses of the north end of Newman Street then commanded a view of the fields, over hillocks of ground, now occupied by Norfolk Street; and the north and east outer sides of Middlesex Hospital garden wall were entirely exposed. A cottage with a garden and a rope-walk were here; and under two magnificent rows of elms Richard Wilson, the landscape-painter, and Baretti, might often be seen walking. To the right of the rope-walk was a pathway on a bank, which extended northward to the Farthing Pie House, now the sign of the Green Man; it was kept by Price, the famous player on the salt-box, of whom there is an excellent mezzotinto portrait. It commanded views of the distant hills of Highgate, Hampstead, Primrose, and Harrow; and Mr. Smith, then a boy eight years old, frequently played at trap-ball beneath the elms. The south and east ends of Queen Anne and Marylebone Streets were then unbuilt, the space consisted of fields to the west corner of Tottenham Court Road; thence to the extreme end of High Street, Marylebone Gardens, Marylebone Basin, and another pond called "Cockney Ladle," which were the terror of many a mother. Upon the site of the Ladle is Portland Chapel.

The Rose and an adjoining bowling-green were thrown together in forming Marylebone Gardens; upon the site is now built Beaumont Street, part of Devonshire Street, and part of Devonshire Place. The carriage and principal entrance was in High Street; the back from the fields, through a narrow passage, flanked with small gardens, called "the

French Gardens," from their having been cultivated by refugees of the Edict of Nantes period. Mr. Smith's chronicles of the Gardens commence with Pepys's entry:

"1688. Then we abroad to Marrowbone, and there walked in the Gardens; the first time I ever was there, and a pretty place it is."

"1691. Long's bowling-green at the Rose, at Marylebone, half a mile distant from London, is mentioned in the *London Gazette*, January 11."

Then, from the *Daily Courant*, 1718, "all persons of quality, ladies and gentlemen," are informed that there having been illuminations in Marybone bowling-green on his Majesty's birthday, with "a *consort* of musick," &c.

The Gardens were first opened gratuitously; but in 1738-9, they were enlarged, an orchestra built, and silver tickets for two, issued at twelve shillings for the season; or sixpence from each person without a ticket; or, later in the season, one shilling for a lady and gentleman; hours, six till ten.

1740. An organ was added.—1741, May 23. A grand martial composition of music performed, in honour of Admiral Vernon, for taking Carthagena.

1753. The *Public Advertiser* states that the Gardens were enlarged; that lights had been erected on the coach-way from Oxford Road, and also on the foot-path from Cavendish Square to the Gardens, and that the fireworks were splendid beyond conception. A large sun was exhibited at the top of a picture, a cascade and shower of fire; and grand air-balloons, perhaps the first in England; also, red fire.

Balls and concerts were charged extra; and Trusler,

the proprietor of the Gardens, being a cook, gave dinners and breakfasts.

1760. The Gardens opened every Sunday evening, and genteel company admitted to walk gratis, and were accommodated with coffee, tea, cakes, &c. In this year, too, Miss Trusler, the proprietor's daughter, advertised fruit tarts, rich cakes, and almond cheese-cakes; the fruit fresh gathered in the gardens; and "none but loaf-sugar used, and the finest Epping butter." New and rich seed and plum cakes were sent to any part of the town. Coffee, tea, and chocolate at any time of the day.

1761. An engraving of this date shows the Gardens in their fullest splendour; the centre walk had rows of trees, with irons for the lamps in the stems; on either side, latticed alcoves; and on the right, the bow-fronted orchestra with balustrades, supported by columns; with a projecting roof, to keep the musicians and singers free from rain; on the left is a room for balls and suppers.

1762. The Gardens visited by the Cherokee Kings.

1763. The Gardens taken by the famous Tommy Lowe. Among the singers were Nan Cattley. This year Storace had a benefit here.

1766. Subscription for two persons for the season, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* An exhibition of bees in the Gardens; and tea at eightpence per head.

1769. Lowe conveyed his property in the Gardens to trustees, for the benefit of his creditors.* From the deed we learn that the premises of Rysbrack, the sculptor, were formerly part of the Gardens.

* We remember to have seen the deed of conveyance in the late Mr. Sampson Hodgkinson's collection, at Acton Green.

James Hook, father of Theodore Hook, composed many songs for the Gardens; and Dr. Arne catches and glees; and under his direction was played Handel's music, followed by fireworks; and in 1772, a model-picture of Mount Etna, in eruption. Burlettas from Shakspeare were recited here in 1774. In 1775, Baddeley, the comedian, gave here his "Modern Magic Lantern," including "Punch's Election;" next, George Saville Carey his "Lecture on Mimicry." In 1776, Fantoccini, sleight of hand; representations of the Boulevards at Paris and Pyramids of Egypt.

1777–8. The Gardens suppressed, and the site let to builders.

JUBILEE MASQUERADE AT RANELAGH.

THE Peace of 1749 was celebrated in London by "a Jubilee Masquerade in the Venetian manner" at Ranelagh, which had then been opened about seven years. The fête had nothing Venetian in it; but Horace Walpole says of it:—"It was by far the best understood and prettiest spectacle I ever saw: nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. One of the proprietors, who is a German, and belongs to Court, had got my Lady Yarmouth to persuade the King to order it. It began at three o'clock; at about five people of fashion began to go. When you entered, you found the whole garden filled with marquees and spread with tents, which remained all night *very commodely*. In one quarter was a May-pole dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabour and pipe, and rustic music, all masked, as were all the various bands of music that were disposed in different parts of the garden; some like huntsmen with French-horns, some like peasants, and a troop of har-

lequins and scaramouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags and streamers, and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops, filled with Dresden china, japan, &c., and all the shopkeepers in mask; the amphitheatre was illuminated, and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high; under them, orange-trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots; and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches, too, were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables, and dancing, and about two thousand persons. In short, it pleased me more than the finest thing I ever saw.

"The next day were the fireworks, which by no means answered the expense, the length of preparation, and the expectation that had been raised: indeed, for a week before, the town was like a country fair, the streets filled from morning to night, scaffolds building wherever you could or could not see, and coaches arriving from every corner of the kingdom. This merry and lively scene, with the sight of the immense crowd in the Park, and on every house, the guards, and the machine itself, which was very beautiful, was all that was worth seeing. The rockets, and whatever was thrown up into the air, succeeded mighty well; but the wheels, and all that was to compose the principal part, were pitiful and ill-conducted, with no changes of coloured fires and shapes: the illumination was mean, and lighted so slowly, that scarce anybody had patience to wait the finishing; and then what contributed to

the awkwardness of the whole was the right pavilion catching fire, and being burnt down in the middle of the show. The King, the Duke, and Princess Emily, saw it from the Library,* with their courts: the Prince and Princess, with their children, from Lady Middlesex's; no place being provided for them, nor any invitation being given to the Library. The Lords and Commons had galleries built for them and the chief citizens along the rails of the Mall: the Lords had four tickets a-piece, and each Commoner, at first, but two, till the Speaker bounced and obtained a third. Very little mischief was done, and but two persons killed. At Paris, there were forty killed, and near three hundred wounded, by a dispute between the French and the Italians in the management, who, quarrelling for precedence in lighting the fires, both lighted at once, and blew up the whole.

"Our mob was extremely tranquil, and very unlike those I remember in my father's time, when it was a measure in the opposition to work up everything to mischief, the Excise and the French players, the Convention and the Gin Act. We are as much now in the opposite extreme, and in general so pleased with the Peace, that I could not help being struck with the passage I read lately in Pasquier, an old French author, who says, that in the time of Francis I., the French used to call their creditors 'Des Anglais,' for the facility with which the English gave credit to them in all treaties, though they had broken so many."

* "The Queen's Library," so called after Queen Caroline, by whom it was built. It was pulled down by Frederick Duke of York, (second son of George III.,) when he built his new house (now Stafford House), in the Stable Yard St. James's.—*Cunningham.*

"On the following Monday there was a subscription masquerade. The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cups as they were drinking tea. The Duke had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. The Duchess of Richmond was a Lady Mayoress in the time of James I.; and Lord Delawarr, Queen Elizabeth's Garter, from a picture in the Guard-chamber at Kensington: they were admirable masks. Lord Rochfort, Miss Evelyn, Miss Bishop, Lady Stafford, and Mrs. Pitt, were in vast beauty; particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare. Mr. Conway was the Duke in *Don Quixote*, and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh was Iphigenia, but so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda. [Mrs. Montagu says: Miss Chudleigh's dress, or rather undress, was remarkable: she was Iphigenia for the sacrifice, but so naked, the high priest might easily inspect the entrails of the victim. The Maids of Honour, (not of maids the strictest,) were so offended they would not speak to her. Pretty Mrs. Pitt looked as if she came from heaven, but was only on her road thither in the habit of a chanoiness.] Lady Betty Smithson [Seymour] had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head, that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon in Grammout."

In the same month, (May,) Walpole describes a firework given by the Duke of Richmond "a codicil to the Peace." He bought the rockets and wheels that remained in the pavilion which miscarried, and took

the pretence of the Duke of Modena being here to give a charming entertainment. The garden (on the site of what is now Richmond Terrace) lies with a slope down to the Thames, on which were lighters, from whence were thrown up, after a concert of water-music, a great number of rockets. Then, from boats on every side, were discharged water-rockets and fires of that kind; and then the wheels which were ranged along the rails of the terrace were played off; and the whole concluded with the illumination of the pavilion on the top of the slope, of two pyramids on each side, and of the whole length of the balustrade to the water. You can't conceive a prettier sight: the garden filled with everybody of fashion, the Duke, the Duke of Modena, and two black Princes; the King and Princess Emily were in their barge under the terrace; the river was covered with boats, and the shores and adjacent houses with crowds; the Duke of Modena afterwards played at brag, and there was a fine supper for him and the foreigners.

There was another jubilee masquerade, by the King's command, for Miss Chudleigh, the Maid of Honour, with whom our gracious monarch had a mind to believe himself in love; so much in love, that at one of the booths he gave her a fairing for her watch, which cost him thirty-five guineas—actually disbursed out of his privy purse, and not charged on the civil list.

About this time died Lord Conway's sister, Miss Jenny, suddenly, with eating lemonade at the last subscription masquerade. "It is not quite unlucky for her," says Walpole, "she had outlived the Prince's love and her own face, and nothing remained but her love and her person, which were exceedingly bad." The scan-

dal-mongers commemorated the event in these doggrel lines:

Poor Jenny Conway,
She drank lemonade
At a masquerade,
And now she's dead and gone away.

THE BOTTLE CONJUROR.

THIS foolish experiment on the credulity of the public is said to have originated as follows:—The Duke of Montague being in company with some other noblemen, proposed a wager, that let a man advertise to do the most impossible thing in the world, he would find fools enough in London to fill a playhouse, who would think him in earnest. "Surely," said Lord Chesterfield, "if a man should say that he would jump into a quart bottle, nobody would believe that!" The Duke was somewhat staggered; but for the sake of the jest, determined to make experiment. Accordingly, it was advertised that the next day, (Jan. 10, 1749,) a person would, at the Haymarket Theatre, "play on a common walking-cane the music of every instrument then used, to surprising perfection; that he would, on the stage, get into a tavern quart bottle, without equivocation, and while there, sing several songs, and suffer any spectator to handle the bottle; that if any spectator should come masked, he would, if requested, declare who he was; and that, in a private room, he would produce the representation of any person dead, with which the person requesting it should converse some minutes, as if alive." The prices of admission were—gallery, 2*s.*; pit, 3*s.*; boxes, 5*s.*; stage, 7*s.* 6*d.*

At night the house was crowded with curious people, many of them of the highest rank, including no less eminent a person than the Culloden Duke of Cumberland. They sat for a little while with tolerable patience, though uncheered with music; but by-and-by, the performer not appearing, signs of irritation were evinced. In answer to the continued noise of sticks and catcalls, a person belonging to the theatre came forward and explained that, in the event of a failure of performance, the money should be returned. A wag then cried out, that, if the ladies and gentlemen would give double prices, the conjuror would go into a pint bottle, which proved too much for the philosophy of the audience. A young gentleman threw a lighted candle upon the stage, and a general charge upon that part of the house followed. According to a private letter—it was written by a Scotch Jacobite lady—"Cumberland was the first that flew in a rage, and called to pull down the house..... He drew his sword, and was in such a rage, that somebody slipped in behind him and pulled the sword out of his hand, which was as much as to say, 'Fools should not have chopping sticks.' This sword of his has never been heard tell of, nor the person who took it. Thirty guineas of reward are offered for it. Monster of Nature, I am sure I wish he may never get it.

"The greater part of the audience made their way out of the theatre; some losing a cloak, others a hat, others a wig, and others, hat, wig, and sword also. One party, however, stayed in the house, in order to demolish the inside; when, the mob breaking in, they tore up the benches, broke to pieces the scenes, pulled down the boxes, in short dismantled the theatre en-

tirely, carrying away the particulars above mentioned into the street, where they made a mighty bonfire: the curtain being hoisted in the middle of it by way of flag."

The proprietor of the theatre afterwards stated that, in apprehension of failure, he had reserved all the money taken, in order to give it back; and he would have returned it to the audience if they would have refrained from destroying his house. It therefore would appear that either money was not the object aimed at, or, if aimed at, was not attained, by the conjuror. This corroborates the above statement—that the object was only to make an experiment on the public credulity.

The Bottle-hoax proved an excellent subject for the wits, particularly those of the Jacobite party. In *Old England* appeared this advertisement: "Found entangled in a slit of a lady's demolished smock petticoat, a gilt-handled sword of martial temper and length, not much the worse of wearing, with the Spey curiously engraven on one side, and the Scheldt on the other; supposed to be taken from the fat sides of a certain great general in his hasty retreat from the Battle of Bottle Noddles, in the Haymarket. Whoever has lost it may inquire for it at the sign of the Bird and Singing Land, in Rotten Row."

MRS. CORNELYS AT CARLISLE HOUSE.

STRANGE are the mutations in the fortunes of those persons whose business it is to provide pleasures for "the gay, licentious, proud," and to enable the idle

and the dissipated to while away their useless existence. The fate of these caterers is usually to participate for a time of the ecstasies they are so ingenious in providing for others; and then to slink into some obscure corner of the world, and there, bankrupt alike of fortune and life, pass away.

To this class belongs Teresa Cornelys, "the Heidegger of the Age," as Walpole called her, and who, in the second half of the last century, provided for people of quality, fashion, and loose morals, a series of balls, concerts, and masquerades unparalleled in the annals of London life. Teresa, by birth a German, and during many years a public singer in Italy and Germany, settled in London about the year 1756, and for twenty years entertained "the votaries of fashion of both sexes" with great success. For this purpose Mrs. Cornelys obtained possession of Carlisle House, in Soho Square, formerly the mansion of the Earl of Carlisle. It was taken down in 1803 or 1804, and two houses were built upon its site, now Jeffrey's Music Warehouse, and Weippert's Quadrille Office. Carlisle House was of considerable extent: the Catholic chapel in Sutton Street was the banqueting-room, and the connecting passage between it and the house in Soho Square was called "the Chinese Bridge." The arched entrance below the chapel was exclusively for *chairs*, or *sedans*.

Our *entrepreneur* soon proved herself a woman of tact; for February 18, 1763, we read: "On Saturday last, Mrs. Cornelys gave a ball at Carlisle House to the upper servants of persons of fashion, as a token of the sense she has of her obligations to the nobility and gentry for their generous subscription to her assembly.

The company consisted of 220 persons, who made up fourscore couple in country-dances; and, as scarce anybody was idle on this occasion, the rest sat down to cards."

The nobility and gentry had the *entrée* of Carlisle House by payment of an annual subscription, for which they received a ticket of admission to all the entertainments given there. They had the privilege of lending their tickets to friends, provided they wrote "the name of the person upon the back of the said ticket to whom they have lent it, to prevent any mistake." Mrs. Cornelys had great success; but she had her troubles in powerful competitors; for we find her issuing this advertisement: "Whereas, it has been industriously reported, to the disadvantage of Mrs. Cornelys, that she has expressed herself dissatisfied with a subscription now on foot to build a large room in opposition to her; she esteems it her duty, in this public manner, to declare that she never once entertained a thought so unjust and unreasonable. She humbly hopes she has not been wanting in duty and gratitude to her protectors, and cannot sufficiently be thankful for the comfort she enjoys in this happy country, which she hopes never to leave." The "large room" here referred to in opposition is thus referred to by Horace Walpole, in a letter dated Dec. 16, 1764: "Mrs. Cornelys, apprehending the future assembly at Almack's, has enlarged her vast room, and hung it with blue satin, and another with yellow satin; but Almack's room, which is to be 90 feet long, proposes to swallow up both hers, as easily as Moses's rod gobbled down those of the magician's." However, Mrs. Cornelys made additions to Carlisle House, with new

embellishments, furniture, and decorations, which in the year 1765 cost some 2,000*l.* The accounts of the day state that to one of the rooms was added "the most curious, singular, and superb ceiling that ever was executed or even thought of;" to obviate "complaints of excessive heat," she had "tea below stairs and ventilators above;" subscribers are assured there is not "the least danger of catching cold;" and there was added "a new gallery for the dancing of cotillons and allemandes, and a suite of new rooms adjoining;" in consequence of which she was compelled to charge subscribers an additional guinea.

Her patrons rallied round her; for, on Feb. 26, 1770, Mrs. Cornelys gave a magnificent fête to some 800 maskers. Walpole devotes great part of a long letter to a description of this masquerade, at which he was present. He wrote on the following day: "Our civil war has been lulled asleep by a Subscription Masquerade, for which the House of Commons literally adjourned yesterday. Instead of Fairfaxes and Cromwells, we have had a crowd of Henry the Eighths, Wolseys, Vandykes, and Harlequins; and because Wilkes was not mask enough, we had a man dressed like him, with a visor in imitation of his squint, and a Cap of Liberty on a pole. In short, sixteen or eighteen young lords have given the town a masquerade; and politics, for the last fortnight, were forced to give way to habit-makers. The ball was last night at Soho; and, if possible, was more magnificent than the King of Denmark's. The Bishops opposed: he of London formally remonstrated with the King, who did not approve it, but could not help him. The consequence was, that four divine vessels belonging to the holy

fathers, alias their wives, were at this masquerade. Monkey again! A fair widow, who once bore my whole name, and now bears half of it, was there, and with one of those whom the newspapers call *great personages*—he dressed like Edward IV.; one like Elizabeth Woodville, in grey and pearls, with a black veil. Methinks it was not very difficult to find out the meaning of these masks." (Upon this Walpole notes: "Maria Walpole, Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, married William Henry Duke of Gloucester. Edward IV. married the widow of Lord Gray.")

"As one of my ancient passions formerly was masquerades, I had a large trunk of dresses by me. I dressed out a thousand young Conways and Cholmondeleys, and went with more pleasure to see them pleased than when I formerly delighted in that diversion myself. It has cost me a great headache, and I shall, probably, never go to another. A symptom appeared of the change that has happened in the people.

"The mob was beyond all belief: they held flambeaux to the windows of every coach, and demanded to have the masks pulled off and put on at their pleasure, but with extreme good humour and civility. I was with my Lady Hertford and two of her daughters in her coach: the mob took me for Lord Hertford, and huzzaed and blessed me! One fellow cried out, 'Are you for Wilkes?' Another said, 'D—n you, you fool, what has Wilkes to do with a masquerade?'"

Among the company were Lady Waldegrave, Lady Pembroke, the Duchess of Hamilton, Mrs. Crewe, Mrs. Hodges, Lady Almeria Carpenter, &c. The characters assumed were very eccentric. Sir R. Phillips appeared as "a double man," half-miller, half-chimney-

sweeper. The Earl of Carlisle figured as a running footman; Mr. James, the painter, as Midas. The Duke of Devonshire was "very fine, but in no particular character." And, "Lord Edg——b, in the character of an old woman, was full as lovely as his lady." The ladies were superbly dressed. "The Countess Dowager of Waldegrave wore a dress richly trimmed with beads and pearls, in the character of Jane Shore." "The Duchess of Bolton, in the character of Diana, was captivating." "Lady Stanhope, as Melpomene, was a striking fine figure." "Lady Augusta Stuart, as a Vestal, and Lady Caroline, as a Fille de Patmos, showed that true elegance may be expressed without gold and diamonds." "The Countess of Pomfret, in the character of a Greek Sultana, and the two Miss Fredericks, who accompanied her, as Greek slaves, made a complete group;" and, to eclipse all, "Miss Monckton, daughter to Lord Galway, appeared in the character of an Indian Sultana, in a robe of cloth of gold, and a rich veil. The seams of her habit were embroidered with precious stones, and she had a magnificent cluster of diamonds on her head: the jewels she wore were valued at 30,000*l*."

These brilliant achievements were, however, soon to come to an end. In the following year, 1771, Mrs. Cornelys got embroiled in an opera strife. Walpole writes, Feb. 22, 1771: "Our most serious war is between two Operas. Mr. Hobart, Lord Buckingham's brother, is manager of the Haymarket. Last year he affronted Guadagni, by preferring the Zamperina, his own mistress, to the singing hero's sister. The Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Harrington, and some of the great ladies, took up the brother, and without a license

erected an opera for him at Madame Cornelys's. This is a singular dame, and you must be acquainted with her. She sung here formerly by the name of the Pomepeiati. Of late years she has been the Heidegger of the Age, and presided over our diversions. Her taste and invention and decorations are singular. She took Carlisle House, in Soho Square, enlarged it, and established assemblies and balls by subscription. At first they scandalised, but soon drew in both righteous and ungodly. She went on building, and made her house a fairy palace, for balls, concerts, and masquerades. Her opera, which she called *Harmonic Meetings*, was splendid and charming. Mr. Hobart began to starve, and the managers of the theatres were alarmed. To avoid the Act, she pretended to take no money, and had the assurance to advertise that the subscription was to provide coals for the poor, for she has vehemently courted the mob, and succeeded in gaining their princely favour. She then declared her masquerades were for the benefit of commerce. I concluded she would open another sort of house next for the interests of the Foundling Hospital, and I was not quite mistaken, for they say one of her maids, gained by Mr. Hobart, affirms that she could not undergo the fatigue of managing such a house. At last, Mr. Hobart informed against her, and the Bench of Justices, less soothable by music than Orpheus's beasts, have pronounced against her. Her opera is quashed, and Guadagni, who governed so haughtily at Vienna, that, to pique some man of quality there, he named a minister to Venice, is not only fined, but was threatened to be sent to Bridewell, which chilled the blood of all the Cæsars and all the Alexanders he had ever

represented; nor could any promises of his lady patronesses rehabilitate his courage: so for once an Act of Parliament goes for nothing."

Mrs. Cornelys's masquerades were characterised not only by indecency, but also by mockery of solemn feelings and principles, as may be seen by the accounts in the *Oxford Magazine*, 1770; and *London and Country Magazine*, 1770–1774. The lessees of the theatres, injured by her popularity, opposed her; and she was convicted before Sir John Fielding for performing dramatic entertainments without a license. Then, the Pantheon, or winter Ranelagh, in the Oxford Road, was opened in 1772, with competitive attractions. Next, bills of indictment were preferred to the grand jury, insinuating of Mrs. Cornelys "that she does keep and maintain a common disorderly house, and did permit and suffer divers loose, idle, and disorderly persons, as well men as women, to be and remain during the whole night, rioting and otherwise misbehaving themselves." In November following, appeared in the bankrupt list of the *London Gazette*, "Teresa Cornelys, Carlisle House, St. Anne, Soho, dealer." In December following, this temple of festivity, and all its gorgeous contents, were advertised to be sold by auction, in one lot, including "all the rich and elegant furniture, decorations, china, &c., thereunto belonging, too well known and universally admired for their aptness and taste to require any public and extraordinary description thereof." "The curiosity of many to see the house, to prevent improper crowds, and the great damage that might happen therefrom, (and the badness of the season,) by admitting indifferent and disinterested people, must

be an excuse to the public for the Assignees ordering the Catalogues to be sold at *5s.* each, which will admit two to see the house, &c." But the concern rallied.

In December 1774, the nobility and gentry were informed, by advertisement, that "the Assemblies at Carlisle House will commence soon, under the conduct and direction of a *New* Manager." Nevertheless, Mrs. Cornelys resumed her revels here with great spirit in 1776. Two years later, Carlisle House was again advertised to be sold by private contract, or "to be hired as usual;" and subsequently, after having been used as a common exhibition-room of "Monstrosities," a "School of Eloquence," and an "Infant School of Genius," it closed its public career, through the interference of the magistracy, in 1797.*

The allusions to Mrs. Cornelys in the literature of her day are frequent: Murphy, in his Epilogue to *Zobeide*, 1771, refers to her popularity:

> Oh, farewell!
> For her each haunt that charms a modern belle!
> Adieu, Almack's! Cornelys'! Masquerade!
> Sweet Ranelagh! Vauxhall's enchanting shade!

Combe, in his satire, *The Diobalady*, 1777, thus severely castigates the licentiousness of the amusements:

> The ready ministers of hell's commands,
> Obedient fly, and take their several stands
> At Court, *Cornelys'*, and the Coterie;
> Where vice, more vicious by effrontery,
> Fearless, unblushing, braves the eternal laws
> Of God and man, to aid the devil's cause.

After her bankruptcy, Mrs. Cornelys attempted to retrieve her fortunes in various places; one being in

* Dr. Rimbault: *Notes and Queries*, No. 28.

a large detached mansion, known as Knightsbridge Grove, in Porter's Lane, approached through a fine avenue of trees from the highway. At length, in 1785, Mrs. Cornelys gave up her precarious trade. "Ten years after," says Davis's *Memorials of Knightsbridge*, "to the great surprise of the public, she reappeared at Knightsbridge as Mrs. Smith, a retailer of asses' milk. A suite of breakfast-rooms was opened; but her former influence could not be recovered." The speculation failed; and at length she was confined in the Fleet Prison, where she died August 19, 1797.

Some curious records of Mrs. Cornelys's career have been collected. Mr. Mackinlay, of the firm of Dalmaine & Co., Soho Square, privately printed, about 1847, a full and particular account of the Carlisle House entertainments; and the late Mr. Fillinham, of Walworth, made a collection of prints, pamphlets, bills of performances, and other data of Mrs. Cornelys; which assemblage is now in the print-room of the British Museum. When Carlisle House was taken down, some curiously painted banquetting-scenes were carefully preserved, from the ceilings and walls.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

THIS famous Fair, formerly held every year in Smithfield, at Bartholomewtide, and within the precinct of the Priory of St. Bartholomew, originated in a grant of land from Henry I., to his jester Rahere,* who, disgusted by his manner of living, repented him of his sins, and undertook a pilgrimage to Rome. Here, attacked by sickness, he made a vow, that if he recovered his

* Rayer, when a monk, and "the skin of his tabernacle dilated."

health, he would found a hospital for poor men. Being reinstated, and on his return to England to fulfil his promise, St. Bartholomew is said to have appeared to him in a vision, and commanded him to found a Church in Smithfield, in his name. Rahere promised compliance, and having reached London, he readily obtained the royal consent, as the spot pointed out was the King's Market. The site, which had been previously pointed out in a singular manner to Edward the Confessor, as proper for a house of prayer, was a mere marsh, for the most part covered with water; while on that portion which was not so, stood the common gallows—"the Elms," in Smithfield, which for centuries after continued to be the place of execution. To show the nature of the ground, Osier (corrupted to Hosier) Lane marks the site of a small brook lined with *osiers*, which emptied itself into the Fleet River. The marsh was drained, and the monastery founded here in 1123; and Rahere having gathered together a number of pious men, established them in buildings which he had erected adjoining the Church, and became their Prior. The King granted to the priory, by charter, many immunities and privileges. According to the MS., many miracles were wrought in the monastery during the life of Rahere: if the wind went down as sailors far at sea were praying to the denuded saint, they presented in procession a silver ship at his Smithfield shrine; even after his death the blind were restored to their sight, and the sick were made well by a visit to the spot.

The Prior, however, looked to temporal as well as spiritual aid, for his foundation; and, therefore, obtained a royal charter to hold a Fair annually at Bartholomewtide, for three days—on the eve, the fête-day

of the saint, and the day after; "firm peace," being granted to all persons frequenting the Fair of St. Bartholomew. This brought traders from all parts, to Smithfield: thither resorted clothiers and drapers, not merely of England, but of all countries, who there exposed their goods for sale. The stalls or booths were erected within the walls of the priory churchyard, the gates of which were locked each night, and a watch was set in order to protect the various wares; the street on the north side of the church is still called *Cloth Fair*. During the Fair, a Court of Pie-Poudre was erected within its verge, for the necessary enforcement of the laws of the fair, of debts, and legal obligations. In this court offences were tried the same day, and the parties punished, in the stocks or at the whipping-post, the minute after condemnation. The name is supposed to have been derived from *pied* and *poudre* (having reference to the dusty feet of the suitors); or from *pied puldreaux*, a pedlar in old French, and therefore expressing the court of such as resort to fairs.

At the dissolution of religious houses, the privilege of the Fair was in part transferred to the Mayor and Corporation; and in part to Richard Rich, Lord Rich, who died 1560, and was ancestor of the Earls of Warwick and Holland. It ceased, however, to be a cloth fair of any great importance in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The drapers of London found another and more extensive market for their woollens; and the clothiers, in the increase of communication between distant places, a wider field for the sale of their manufactures. It subsequently became a Fair of a very diversified character. Monsters, motions, drolls, and rarities were the new attractions to be seen; and the Fair was converted into

a kind of London carnival for persons of every condition and degree of life. The Fair was proclaimed by the Lord Mayor, beneath the entrance arch of the priory; and its original connexion with the cloth trade was commemorated in a mock proclamation on the evening before, made by a company of drapers and tailors, who met at the Hand and Shears, a house of call for their fraternity in Cloth Fair, whence they marched, and announced the Fair opened, and concluded with shouting and the "snapping of shears."

Hentzner describes the Fair of 1598, when the Mayor and twelve Aldermen proclaimed in a neighbouring field—the Mayor in his scarlet gown and gold chain; and in a tent wrestling was provided for their amusement; then a parcel of live rabbits were turned loose, and hunted by boys, &c.

Ben Jonson wrote a play called *Bartholomew Fair*, in which he pictures the humours and abuses of the carnival. He makes a showman say: "Oh, the motions that I, Lanthorn Leatherhead, have given light to in my time." He then enumerates several, adding, "The Gunpowder Plot—there was a getpenny! I have presented that to an eighteen or twentypence audience nine times in the afternoon. Your home-born projects prove ever the best—they are so easy and familiar; they put too much learning in their things now-o'-days." Another of the characters in this play says: "I have been at the Eagle and the Black Wolf, and the Bull with the Five Legs, and the Dogs that dance the Morrice, and the Hare of the Tabor."

With respect to the tolls, Strype tells us that "Each person having a booth, paid so much per foot for the first three days. The Earl of Warwick and Holland

is concerned in the toll gathered the first three days in the fair, being a penny for every burthen of goods brought in or carried out; and to that end there are persons that stand at all the entrances into the Fair; and they are of late years grown so nimble, that these blades will extort a penny if one hath but a little bundle under one's arm, and nothing related to the Fair." Lord Kensington, to whom the tolls descended, sold his right to the Corporation of London in 1830. In the Guildhall Library, is the official record of the Fair, kept by the officers of the Pie-Poudre Court, from about 1790 until its close.

In 1641, appeared a curious tract, now extremely rare, "printed for Richard Harper, at the *Bible and Harpe*, in Smithfield," entitled "Bartholomew Faire; or, Variety of Fancies, where you may find a Faire of wares, and all to please your mind, with the severall enormityes and misdeameanours which are there seene and heard." Here we are told: "the Faire is full of gold and silver drawers; just as Lent is to the fishmonger, so is Bartholomew Faire to the pick-pocket; it is his high harvest, which is never bad, but when his cart goes up Holborne."

In the reign of Charles II., as might be expected, the Fair was extended from three to fourteen days, when all classes, high and low, visited the carnival. Thus we find Pepys recording:—"30th August, 1667. I to Bartholomew Fayre, to walk up and down; and there, among other things, find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-play (Patient Grizell), and the street full of people, expecting her coming out." On this very day, August 30th, 1667, the Great Seal was taken from Lord Clarendon, more by the means of Lady

Castlemaine than, perhaps, of any other person. Next year, 1668, we read of Pepys going to the fair with Lord Brouncker and others, "to see the mare that tells money, and many things to admiration, and then the dancing of the ropes, and also the Irish stage play, which is very ridiculous." Then we read of the Ladies Russell, Northumberland, and Shaftesbury returning from Bartholomew Fair in 1670, loaded with fairings for themselves and children.

Mat Coppinger was a "Bartholomew hero" of this period: he was long a player, and then turned thief and bully, and finished his days upon Tyburn Tree. Joe Haines, the droll-player, and Tom Dogget, who danced the Cheshire Round, were of this period.

About 1689, a Dutch woman danced and vaulted on the rope, when "the spectators beheld her with pleasure mixed with pain, as she seemed every moment in danger of breaking her neck:" the hand-bills describe "her side-capers, upright-capers, cross-capers, and back-capers, on the *tight* rope. She walks, too, on the *slack* rope, which no woman but herself can do."

Jacob Hall, "the sword servant to His Majesty Charles II.," took foremost rank in dancing and vaulting on the rope, "somersets and flip-flaps, flying over rapiers and men's heads, and through several hoops."

Ben Jonson, the actor (says Dr. Rimbault), was connected with the booth before 1694, in which year he joined Cibber's company; he was celebrated as the grave-digger in *Hamlet*, in which character he introduced the song preserved in Durfey's *Pills*. Tom Walker, the original Macheath, was discovered in the fair by Booth, the actor, while he was performing Rabris, in the droll of the *Siege of Troy*; and he wrote

two ballad operas especially for the Fair. Bullock had here his "great theatrical booth, the largest in the Fair," noted for its harlequinades. Theophilus Cibber came here in 1733, and played Bajazet, in Rowe's *Tamerlane*. The doings of the companies in the Fair of 1731 are well sung in a rhyming enumeration, printed in the *Memoirs of the Grub Street Society*, which tells us, that at Bullock's—

> You may see, display'd in tragic state,
> The London merchant, or George Barnwell's fate.*

Ned Ward, in 1699, philosophised on the fair, as he sat smoking his pipe at a window of the public-house near the hospital gate: "The first objects," he says, "when we were seated, that lay within our observation, were the quality of the fair, strutting round the balconies in their tinsel robes, and golden leather buskins, expressing such pride in their buffoonery stateliness, that I could but reasonably believe they were as much elevated with the thought of their fortnight's pageantry, as ever Alexander was with the thought of a new conquest; looking with great contempt on their split-deal thrones upon the admiring mobility, geering in the dirt at our ostentatious heroes, and their most superci.ious doxies, who looked as awkward and ungainly in their gorgeous accoutrements, as an Alderman's lady in her stiff-bodied gown, upon a Lord Mayor's festival."

Here were motions or puppet-shows of Jerusalem, Nineveh, and Norwich; and the Gunpowder Plot played nine times in an afternoon; wild beasts, dwarfs, and other monstrosities; operas and tight-

* Dr. Rimbault, in *Notes and Queries*.

rope-dancing, and sarabands; dogs dancing the morris; the hare beating the tabor; and drolls of every degree.

Powel, too, the "puppet-show man," was a great card at the fair, especially when his puppets played such incomparable dramas as Whittington and his Cat, the Children in the Wood, Dr. Faustus, Friar Bacon, Robin Hood and Little John, Mother Shipton, "together with the pleasant and comical humours of Valentini Nicolini, and the tuneful warbling pig of Italian race." No wonder that such attractions thinned the theatres, and kept the churches empty.

Steele makes mention of "Powel's *books*." If they were books of his performances, what a treasure they would be in our day! A representation of his *puppet-show* is given as a frontispiece to a *A Second Tale of a Tub*, 1715, said to be written "by Judge Burnett."*

The fourteen days were found too long, for the excesses committed were very great; and in the year 1708, the period of the Fair was restricted to its old duration of three days. The amusements were wrestling and shooting, motions, puppets, operas, tight-rope dancing, and the exhibition of dwarfs, monsters, and wild beasts. Among Bagford's collection in the British Museum, is a Bartholomew Fair Bill of the time of Queen Anne; the exhibition at Heatly's booth of "a little opera called the *Old Creation of the World newly revived*, with the addition of the glorious battle obtained over the French and Spaniards by His Grace the Duke of Marlborough!" Between the acts, jigs, sarabands, and antics were performed; and the entertainment concluded "with the humours of Sir John Spendall and Punchinello, with several other things

* Old MS. note on the title of a copy in Joseph Lilly's Catalogue, 1865.

not yet exposed." This curious medley was, we are told, "completed by an entertainment of singing and dancing, with several naked swords, performed by a child of eight years of age." In another bill we find the addition of "the Ball of Little Dogs;" and these celebrated performers we are told, had danced before the Queen (Anne) and most of the quality of England, and amazed everybody. Heatley is supposed to have had no better scenery than the pasteboard properties of our early theatres.

> The shows, too, he had described
> And seen quite through—or else he died;
> Nor that of pasteboard which men show
> For groats, at Fair of Bartholomew.
>
> *Hudibras*, Canto i.

Roasted pigs were among the chief attractions of this Fair: the Puritans railed against it; "the very calling it a Bartholomew Pig, and to eat it so, is a species of idolatry," occurs in Ben Jonson's play of *Bartholomew Fair*, where Ursula, the pig-woman, tells us the price of the pigs: 5*s.*, 5*s.* 6*d.*, or even 6*s.*, surely as dear in James the First's time as a guinea lately. In a description of the Fair in 1641, we read of "the pig market, alias pasty-nook, now *Pie Corner*, where pigs are all hours of the day on the stalls, piping-hot, and would cry (if they could speak), 'Come eat me!'"—Pig was not out of fashion when Ned Ward wrote his *London Spy*, in Queen Anne's time. Another luxury was the Bartholomew Fair ox, roasted whole. Dr. Johnson fell into a mistake as to the Bartholomew pigs: he thought them paste pigs, set upon sticks for legs, filled with currants, and having currants for eyes. Such pigs we remember to have seen upon

old London Bridge; but the Bartlemy pigs were the real swine, roasted, or rather baked, and sold piping-hot, with savoury cracklin: the paste pigs were for children—the roasted porkers were temptingly displayed to excite the adult appetite. An ox roasted whole was a stupendous Bartholomew wonder: F. Osborn says, with gusto, "Huge volumes, like the ox roasted at Bartholomew Fair, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savoury, and well concocted, than smaller pieces."

Before the year 1600, there was published a black-letter tract of a few leaves, entitled, *Newes from Bartholomew Fayre*, in the tone of a proclamation, telling its wonders in quaint rhymes, sometimes of the measure of Skelton: a perfect copy of the *Newes* is now very rare.

A great celebrity of the "rope" was Cadman, the famous *flyer*, immortalised by Hogarth. Cadman was a constant exhibitor at Bartholomew and Southwark Fairs from 1720 to 1740, the period of his death, when he broke his neck descending from a steeple in Shrewsbury. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Mary Friars, where, on a little tablet let into the church-wall over his grave, is inscribed:—

> Let this small monument record the name
> Of *Cadman*, and to future times proclaim
> How, by an attempt to fly from this high spire,
> Across the *Sabrine* stream, he did acquire
> His fatal end. 'Twas not for want of skill,
> Or courage, to perform the task, he fell:
> No, no,—a faulty cord, being drawn too tight,
> Hurried his soul on high to take her flight,
> Which left the body here beneath, good night.'

The grave John Evelyn records his having seen the "celebrated follies," as he calls them, of Bartholomew Fair. The rarities in the way of natural history attracted Sir Hans Sloane; and, to give an enduring remembrance to what he had seen, he employed a draughtsman to draw and colour the rarer portions of the exhibition. Some of these were disgraceful acts of cruelty. Thus, in the *Postman*, Sept. 9, 1701, we find:—"The tiger in Bartholomew Fair, that yesterday gave such satisfaction to persons of all qualities, by pulling the feathers so nicely from live fowls, will, at the request of several persons, do the same this day; price 6d. each."

The public theatres were closed at Bartholomew Fair time: drolls, like Estcourt and Penkethman, finding Bartholomew Fair a more profitable arena for their talents than the boards of Dorset Gardens or old Drury Lane. Here Elkanah Settle, the rival for years of Dryden, was reduced at last to string speeches and contrive machinery; and here, in the droll of "St. George for England," he made his last appearance, hissing in a green leather dragon of his own invention. Settle's *Siege of Troy* must have been a gorgeous performance. "The scene opens, and discovers Paris and Helen, fronting the audience, riding in a triumphant chariot, drawn by two white elephants, mounted by two pages, in embroidered livery. The side wings are ten elephants more, bearing on their backs open castles, embrayed with canopies of gold; the ten castles, filled with ten persons richly drest, the retinue of Paris; and on the elephants' necks ride ten more pages in the like rich dress. Beyond and over the chariots is seen a Vistoe (vista), of the city of Troy, on the walls of

which stand several trumpeters, seen behind and over the head of Paris, who sound at the opening of the scene." Paris declares:—

> "Now, when the tired world's long discords cease,
> We'll tune our Trumps of War to Songs of Peace.
> Where Hector dragg'd in blood, I'll drive around
> The walls of Troy; with love and laurels crowned."

This grandiloquence is relieved with comic scenes between Bristles, the cobbler, and his wife, one "Captain Tom," and a numerous Trojan mob.

Another famous Bartholomew Fair drama, at Lee and Harper's booth, was the *History of Judith and Holophernes*, in which the hero wore the stage-dress of a Roman general; and the heroine a Versailles court-dress, head-dress of feathers, laced stomacher, and hooped petticoat of crimson silk, with white rosettes in large triangles.

We have noticed the shutting of the theatres during the fair, and Penkethman's appearance here. Mills, Booth, and Dogget, also became booth-owners here; and Henry Fielding, the novelist, in partnership with Hippisley, the favourite comedian, came here with a booth nine successive years; it was at this booth that the famous Mrs. Pritchard made her great success, in Fielding's adaptation of Molière's *Cheats of Spain*.

The farce of *Britons Strike Home* was written for the fair, and Kitty Clive played in it: "at the Booth of Fawkes Pinchbeck, &c., will be performed *Britons Strike Home*; Don Superbo Hispaniola Pistole by Mr. Cibber [Theophilus]; Donna Americana by Mrs. Clive, the favourite of the town!"

Phillips was a noted Merry Andrew here: he was, Grainger tells us, "some time fiddler to a puppet-

show, in which capacity he held many a dialogue with Punch, in much the same strain as he did afterwards with the Mountebank Doctor, his master, on the stage." He adds, which is the highest praise that can be awarded to the subject of his notice, "This Zany being *regularly* educated, had confessedly the advantage of his brethren."

Another notoriety was Harlequin Phillips, originally in the company of a Mrs. Lee, who frequented Bartholomew and Southwark Fairs. Chetwood informs us that "he was a pupil of the stupendous Mr. Fawkes, and out-did his master in many tricks." He was the projector of the Capel Street Theatre in Dublin, and afterwards became the celebrated harlequin at Drury Lane Theatre when under the management of Fleetwood. (Dr. Rimbault, in *Notes and Queries*.)

"Bartholomew Babies" have been erroneously set down as puppets of the Fair: they were gaudily-dressed dolls commonly sold there:—

> Her petticoat of sattin,
> Her gown of crimson tabby,
> Lac'd up before, and spangled o'er,
> Just like a Bartholomew baby.
>
> *Wit and Drollery*, 1682.

In Tom Brown's time, Smithfield was another sort of place to what it was in the times of honest Ben [Jonson], who, had he risen out of his grave, "would hardly have believed it to be the same numerical spot of ground where Justice Overdo made so busy a figure; where the crop-eared parson demolished a gingerbread stall; where Nightingale, of harmonious memory, sung ballads; and fat Ursula sold pig and bottled ale."

Fawkes was a noted conjuror and posture-master, and is stated to have died worth 10,000*l*., which he

had accumulated by his arts. One of his triumphs was an apple-tree which bore ripe apples in less than a minute, and which several of the company tasted. In an old print of Fawkes's booth is the figure of a visitor in a court-dress and ribbon and Star of the Garter, thought to be Sir Robert Walpole, who was a frequent visitor at the Fair; though the Prince of Wales came there, attended by Rich, the manager and actor, as cicerone. In 1778, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester rode through the fair.

The following advertisements relative to the drolls performed at Bartholomew Fair are taken from a newspaper, September 5, 1734: "At Ryan, Laguerre, Chapman, and Hall's Booth, an excellent new Droll, called 'Don John, or the Libertine Destroyed.' Don John, Ryan; Iachomo, Chapman; Leonora, Miss Mann. With a Ballad Opera, called 'The Barren Island, or the Petticoat Government.' In order to entertain the town with greater variety, N. B. Ryan and Co., have been at the expense of causing this entertainment to be made. To begin every day at one o'clock and continue till eleven at night."

"At Hippisley, Bullock, and Hallam's Booth, 'The Trial and Ancient History of Fair Rosamond.' This being the last week of the Fair, Hippisley intends to entertain the company with his diverting medley of 'The Drunken Man,' which he has been so long celebrated for."

"At Fielding and Oates's Booth, in the George Inn Yard, 'Don Carlos, Prince of Spain.' The passage to the booth will be commodiously illuminated with several large moons and lanthorns for the conveniency

of the company; and the coaches of persons of quality may drive up the Yard."

"At Hallam's Great Theatrical Booth, in the George Inn Yard, in Smithfield, during the short time of Bartholomew Fair, the town will be diverted with that celebrated Burlesque Opera, called 'The Dragon of Wantley,' to be performed by the Lilliputian Company from D. L." "At Penkethman's Great Theatrical Booth, over against the Hospital Gate, in Smithfield, during the short time of Bartholomew Fair, the town will be humorously diverted with a new entertainment, called 'The Man's Bewitched, or the Devil to do About Her.' Also, at Hallam's, the town will be humorously diverted with a new entertainment, called 'Harlequin Turned Philosopher, or the Country Squire Outwitted.'"

"At Hippisley and Chapman's Great Theatrical Booth, in the George Inn Yard, Smithfield, the town will be humorously diverted with an excellent entertainment: Signor Arthurini, who has a most surprising talent at grimace, and will, on this occasion, introduce upwards of fifty whimsical, sorrowful, comical, and diverting faces."

"At Fawkes and Pinchbeck's Great Theatrical Booth, the end of Hosier Lane, the town will be humorously diverted, by Punch's celebrated Company of Comical Tragedians from the Hay, who will perform the tragedy of tragedies, being the most comical, whimsical tragedy that was ever tragedized, by any tragical company of comedians, called 'The Humours of Covent Garden, or the Covent Garden Tragedy,' written by Henry Fielding, Esq. Boxes, 2s.; pit, 1s.; gallery, 6d."

"At Goodwin's Large Theatrical Booth, opposite the White Hart, in West Smithfield, near Cow Lane, the town will be entertained with a humorous Comedy, of three acts, called 'The Intriguing Footman, or the Spaniard Outwitted;' with a Pantomime entertainment of Dancing, between a Soldier and a Sailor, and a Tinker and a Tailor, and Buxom Joan of Deptford."

"At Turbutt and Yates' (from Goodman's Fields) Great Theatrical Booth, will be presented a dramatic piece, called 'The True and Ancient History of the Loves of King Edward the 4th and his famous Concubine, Jane Shore;' containing the reign and death of King Edward; the distresses and death of Jane Shore in Shoreditch; the acquisition of the Crown by King Richard the 3rd (commonly called crook-back'd Richard), and many other true historical passages."

"At Hippisley and Chapman's Great Booth, will be presented a most humorous and diverting Droll, called 'Scaramouch Scapin, or the Old Miser caught in a Sack,' with the comical shifts, tricks, and cheats of Scapin's three companions, Trim the Barber, Sly, and Bully Bounce About."

Scripture subjects appear to have been as freely dealt with by the Bartholomew showmen as they had formerly been by the parish-clerks who played their large histories at Clerkenwell. Thus we read:

"At Crawley's Booth, over against the Crown Tavern, in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little opera, called the 'Creation of the World,' yet newly revived, with the addition of Noah's flood; also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the

ark, with all the beasts, two by two, and all the fowls of the air, seen in a prospect upon trees; likewise, over the ark, is seen the sun rising in a most glorious manner; moreover, a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six angels ringing of bells. Likewise machines descend from above, double and treble, with Dives rising out of hell, and Lazarus seen in Abraham's bosom, besides several figures dancing jiggs, sarabands, and country dances, to the admiration of the spectators."

Another exhibition offered "The Old Creation of the World new revived, with the addition of the glorious battle obtained over the French and Spaniards, by his Grace the Duke of Marlborough!" It was added, the contents would be—"1. The Creation of Adam and Eve. 2. The Intrigues of Lucifer in the garden of Eden. 3. Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise. 4. Cain going to plough; Abel driving sheep. 5. Cain killeth his brother Abel. 6. Abraham offereth up his son Isaac. 7. The wise men of the East, guided by a star, come and worship Christ. 8. Joseph and Mary flee away by night upon an ass. 9. King Herod's cruelty, his men's spears laden with children. 10. Rich Dives invites his friends, and orders his porter to keep the beggars from his gate. 11. Poor Lazarus went a begging at rich Dives' gate; the dogs lick his sores. 12. The Good Angel and Death contend for Lazarus' life. 13. Rich Dives is taken sick, and dieth; he is buried in great solemnity. 14. Rich Dives in hell, and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, seen in a most glorious object, all in machines descending in a throne, guarded with multitudes of angels!"

This was followed by Punch and other mirthful exhibitions, and the wildest oddities, for nothing was deemed too sacred or sublime to be associated with the lowest ribaldry at the Bartholomew Fair of Queen Anne's reign. Nor had the Puritans, in their days, suppressed these enormities: in the time of Oliver Cromwell, the amusements were carried on in this spirit of abuse, as we gather from the following song, written on Bartholomew Fair in 1655:

ANCIENT SONG OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

In fifty-five, may I never thrive
If I tell you any more than is true,
To London she came hearing of the fame
Of a fair they call Bartholomew.

In houses of boards, men walk upon cords,
As easie as squirrels crack filberds:
But the cut-purses they do bite, and run away,
But those we suppose to be ill-birds.

For a penny you may zee a fine puppet-play,
And for two-pence a rare piece of art;
And a penny a cann, I dare swear a man,
May put zix of 'em into a quart.

Their zights are so rich, is able to bewitch
The heart of a very fine man a;
Here's Patient Grisel here, and Fair Rosamond there,
And the History of Susanna.

At Pye Corner end, mark well my good friend,
'Tis a very fine dirty place;
Where there's more arrows and bows, the Lord above knows,
Than was handl'd at Chivy Chase.

Then at Smithfield Bars, betwixt the ground and the stars,
There's a place they call Shoemaker Row:
Where that you may buy shoes every day,
Or go barefoot all the year, I tro.

It will be seen that exactly two centuries from the date of this song, the Fair was extinguished.

This was of long and most laborious accomplishment, for all sorts of interests were at stake, to stem the opposition of the Corporation. In 1760, the Deputy City Marshal lost his life in attempting to put down some of the more extravagant amusements. In 1769, officers were appointed to keep the peace and prevent gambling, plays, and puppet-shows. In 1776, the Lord Mayor refused permission to erect booths at all, when great rioting ensued. The most dangerous disturbers were "Lady Holland's Mob," who proclaimed the Fair the night before the Mayor did so. They last appeared in force in 1822, when they attacked several houses, and even extended to Skinner Street; they numbered 5,000, and so overwhelmed the patrol and watchmen, that the riot continued till the mob had exhausted their fury.

One year, when the City authorities refused all permission to remove stones from pavement or roadway for the erection of booths, the showmen evaded the restriction by placing their poles in large and heavy tubs of earth. In 1840, by the advice of the City Solicitor, the show-booths were put down. Up to this date, the Fair had been proclaimed in state by the Lord Mayor proceeding to Cloth Fair in the city state-coach, with city officers and trumpets; on his way he called upon the keeper of Newgate to partake of a *cool tankard* * of wine, nutmeg, and sugar; but this latter custom was discontinued from the second mayoralty of Alderman Wood, in 1818. In the seventeenth century, before the City had a state-coach, the Mayor rode on

* Cobbett, in his *English Gardener*, tells us, that the plant borage was formerly put into the tankard. "The only use," he says, "that I ever saw borage put to, was putting it into wine and water, along with nutmeg and some other things perhaps; the mixture altogether being called *cool tankard*, or by the shorter name *cup*."

horseback to proclaim the Fair. Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor in 1688, and maternal grandfather of Horace Walpole, in holding the tankard as he sat on horseback, to drink at the keeper's door at Newgate, let the lid flap down with so much force, that his horse started, and he was thrown to the ground with such violence, that he died the next day. (*Cunningham.*)

The Lord Mayor and Aldermen had, for 300 years, tried by orders, proclamations, juries, and presentments, to abolish the Fair, but without effect; when the Court of Common Council took the work in hand. Having obtained entire control over the Fair by the purchase of Lord Kensington's interest, they refused to let standings for shows and booths; they prevailed upon the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs to give up the practice of going to open the Fair in state, with a herald to proclaim it, and officers to marshal the procession; the posting of the proclamation about the streets, interdicting rioting and debauchery during the days of the Fair and within its precincts, were discontinued. In 1850, the Lord Mayor went in his private carriage to Smithfield, to go through the ceremony of reading the charter under which the property is holden, and in a few minutes the place was deserted. After this, the proclamation was read by a deputy. In 1852, not a single show was to be seen on the ground; and in 1855 the Fair expired: no proclamation took place, nor was the ancient Court of Pie-poudre held; the saint's bell of St. Bartholomew's church, which had for centuries sounded for the annual proclamation, was silent; and Bartholomew Fair was extinct.

The influence of the Fair in the neighbourhood was to make general holiday. We read that in Little Britain,

"during the time of the Fair, there was nothing going on but gossiping and gadding about. The still quiet streets of Little Britain were overrun with an irruption of strange figures and faces; every tavern was a scene of rout and revel. The fiddle and the song are heard from the tap-room, morning, noon, and night; and at each window might be seen some group of loose companions, with half-shut eyes, hats on one side, pipe in mouth, tankard in hand, fondling, and prosing, and singing maudlin songs over their liquor. Even the sober decorum of private families was no proof against this saturnalia. There was no such thing as keeping maid-servants within doors. Their brains were absolutely set maddening with Punch and the puppet-show; the flying horses; Signior Polito; the Fire-eater; the celebrated Mr. Paap; and the Irish Giant. The children, too, lavished all their holiday-money in toys and gilt ginger-bread, and filled the house with the Lilliputian din of drums, trumpets, and penny whistles."

The theatrical booths continued important features in the Fair after its limitation to three days, and in 1715, we hear of "one great playhouse erected for the King's player—the booth is the largest that ever was built." The *Beggar's Opera* was reproduced here. In 1728, at Lee and Harper's, a ballad-opera on the Adventures of *Jack Sheppard*; and in 1730, another on *Robin Hood.*

The Wrestling, already mentioned as one of the early exhibitions in a field before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, appears to have been continued to a comparatively late date; for we read in Croker's edition of Boswell's *Johnson*, that "Dr. Johnson's uncle, Andrew Johnson, kept [that is, retained the first place], for a whole year, the Ring at Smithfield, where they wrestled and boxed, and never was thrown or conquered."

Hone visited the Fair of 1825, and has described, with Dutch-like fidelity, its sights and wonders, in thirty-two pages of his *Every-day Book*, with characteristic modesty, by Samuel Williams. This is the completest picture we possess of the Fair, notwithstanding materials are superabundant.* At Hone's visit, monstrosities were the show attractions, among which was the pretended mermaid to be seen for one penny; it had been shown the year before in Piccadilly for half-a-crown. The menageries lingered there; and Richardson's "Spotted Boy" was the last of the natural curiosities exhibited.

In 1828 the shows still flourished; for Mr. George Daniel then ascertained their receipts to have been: Wombwell's Menagerie, 1,700*l.*; Atkins's, 1,000*l.*; and Richardson's, 1,200*l.*—the admission to each being sixpence. Morgan's Menagerie, 150*l.* — admission, threepence. Ball's, 80*l.*; Ballard, 89*l.*; Keyes, 20*l.*; Frazer, 26*l.*; Pike, 40*l.*; Pig-faced Lady, 150*l.*; Corder's Head, 100*l.*; Chinese Jugglers, 50*l.*; Fat Boy and Girl, 140*l.*; Salamander, 30*l.*; Diorama of Navarino, 60*l.*; Scotch Giant, 20*l.* The admission to the last twelve shows varied from twopence to one halfpenny.

BELZONI AT BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

It may take some readers by surprise to learn that the great Egyptian explorer, Giovanni Battista Belzoni, first a barber, next a Capuchin monk, then a student in hydraulic science, was afterwards compelled to earn

* A large and curious *History of Bartholomew Fair*, with Illustrations, was published, by J. R. Morley, in 1858: it is a marvel of painstaking and research.

his livelihood as a posture-master and "strong-man!" Arriving in London (says Dr. Rimbault) in the year 1803, he walked into Smithfield during Bartholomew Fair time, where he was noticed by the master of a show, who, it is said, thus questioned his *Merry Andrew*:—"Do you see that tall-looking fellow in the midst of the crowd? he is looking about him over the heads of the people as if he walked upon stilts; go and see if he is worth our money, and ask him if he wants a job." Away scrambled *Mr. Merryman* down the monkey's post, and, as quick as lightning, conducted the stranger to his master, who being satisfied of his personal attractions, immediately engaged, plumed, painted, and put him up.

Among the visitors to the Fair, in the above year, there chanced to be John Thomas Smith, who was much struck with Belzoni's performances, of which he gives this life-like picture, in his *Book for a Rainy Day*:—

"Our attention was attracted to a magnificent man, standing, as we were told, six feet six inches and a half, independent of the heels of his shoes. The gorgeous splendour of his Oriental dress was rendered more conspicuous by an immense plume of white feathers, which were like the noddings of an undertaker's horse, increased in their wavy and graceful motion by the movements of the wearer's head.

"As this extraordinary man was to perform some wonderful feats of strength, we joined the motley throng of spectators, at the charge of 'only threepence each,' that being vociferated by Flockton's successor as the price of the evening admittance.

"After he had gone through his various exhibitions of holding great weights at arm's length, &c., the all-

bespangled master of the show stepped forward, and stated to the audience that if any four or five of the present company would give, by way of encouraging the 'Young Hercules,' *alias* 'the Patagonian Sampson,' sixpence apiece, he would carry them altogether round the booth, in the form of a pyramid.

"With this proposition my companion and myself closed; and after two other persons had advanced, the fine fellow threw off his velvet cap surmounted by its princely crest, stripped himself of his other gewgaws, and walked most majestically, in a flesh-coloured elastic dress, to the centre of the amphitheatre, when four chairs were placed round him, by which my friend and I ascended, and after throwing our legs across his lusty shoulders, were further requested to embrace each other, which we no sooner did, cheek by jowl, than a tall skeleton of a man, instead of standing upon a small wooden ledge fastened to Sampson's girdle, in an instant leaped on his back, with the agility of a boy who pitches himself upon a post too high to clear, and threw a leg over each of our shoulders; as for the other chap (for we could only muster four), the Patagonian took him up in his arms. Then, after *Mr. Merryman* had removed the chairs, as he had not his full complement, Sampson performed his task with an ease of step most stately, without either the beat of a drum, or the waving of a flag.

"After the close of Bartholomew Fair, this Patagonian was seen at that of Edmonton, exhibiting in a field behind the Bell Inn, immortalised by Cowper in his 'Johnny Gilpin;' and so late as 1810, at Edinburgh, he was, during his exhibition in Valentine and Orson, soundly hissed for not handling his friend, the bear, at the time of her death, in an affectionate manner.

"Years rolled on, and the mountebank was forgotten. In 1820 a deep feeling of interest was created for a renowned Egyptian traveller, and then many persons recognised in Giovanni Battista Belzoni the poor Italian who made his first appearance in England at a booth in Bartholomew Fair!" It is lamentable to add that the fame of "the Great Egyptian Explorer" scarcely brought him pelf.

MAY FAIR A CENTURY AGO.

We find a curious picture of this west-end carnival by that painstaking antiquary, John Carter, who, writing in 1816, says: "Fifty years have passed away since this place of amusement was at its height of attraction: the spot where the Fair was held still retains the name of May Fair, and exists in much the same state as at the above period: for instance, Shepherd's Market, and houses surrounding it on the north and east sides; and White Horse Street, Shepherd's Court, Sun Court, and Market Court. Westward: an open space, extending to Tyburn (now Park) Lane, since built upon as Chapel Street, Shepherd Street, Market Street, Hertford Street, &c. Southward: the noted Ducking Pond, house, and gardens; in a large riding-school, Carrington Street, the residence of the noted Kitty Fisher (about 1779). The market-house consisted of two stories: first story, a long and cross aisle for butchers' shops, and, externally, other shops connected with culinary purposes; second story, used as a theatre at Fair-time for dramatic performances. My

recollection serves to raise before me the representation of the *Revenge*, of which the only object left in remembrance is 'the black man' Zanga. Below, the butchers gave place to toymen and gingerbread-bakers. At present, the upper story is unfloored, the lower nearly deserted by the butchers, and their shops occupied by needy peddling dealers in small wares; in truth, a most deplorable contrast to what once was such a point of allurement. In the area encompassing the market building were booths for jugglers, prize-fighters both at cudgels and back-swords, boxing-matches, and wild-beasts. The sports not under cover were mountebanks, fire-eaters, ass-racing, sausage-tables, dice-ditto, up-and-downs, merry-go-rounds, bull-baiting, grinning for a hat, running for a shift, hasty-pudding-eaters, eel-divers, and an infinite variety of other similar pastimes."

One of the marvels of May Fair, in its latest revival, was the performance of a strong woman, the wife of a Frenchman, exhibited in a house in Sun Court, Shepherd's Market. The following account is given by John Carter, and may be relied on, as Carter was born and passed his youthful days in Piccadilly [Carter's Statuary]. He tells us that a blacksmith's anvil being procured from White Horse Street, with three of the men, they brought it up, and placed it on the floor of the exhibition-room. The woman was short, but most beautifully and delicately formed, and of a most lovely countenance. She first let down her hair (a light auburn), of a length descending to her knees, which she twisted round the projecting part of the anvil, and then, with seeming ease, lifted the ponderous mass some inches from the floor. After this, a bed was placed in

the middle of the room; when, reclining on her back, and uncovering her bosom, the husband ordered the smiths to place thereon the anvil, and *forge upon it a horse-shoe*! This they obeyed: by taking from the fire a red-hot piece of iron, and with their forging hammers completing the shoe with the same might and indifference as when in the shop at their constant labour. The prostrate fair one seemed to endure this with the greatest composure, talking and singing during the whole process: then, with an effort, which to the bystanders appeared supernatural, she cast the anvil from off her body, jumping up at the same moment with extreme gaiety, and without the least discomposure of her dress or person. That there was no trick or collusion was obvious from the evidence: the spectators stood about the room with Carter's family and friends; the smiths were strangers to the Frenchman, but known to Carter, the narrator. She next placed her naked feet on a red-hot salamander, without injury, the wonder of which was, however, understood even at that time.*

Duck-hunting was a late May Fair sport, kept up by the butchers of Shepherd's Market. There was, within memory, partly on the site of Hertford Street, an old wooden public-house, one of the original signs of "The Dog and Duck," in the rear of which was a sheet of water, surrounded by a gravel walk, boarded up knee-high, and shaded all round with willows.

* Mr. Daniel, of Canonbury, thought the Strong Woman to have been Mrs. Allchorne, who died in Drury Lane, in 1817, at a very advanced age. Madame performed at Bartholomew Fair in 1752. (See *Merrie England*, &c.)

MEN WHO PLAYED FEMALE PARTS ON THE STAGE.

It has been naturally asked what sort of men in personal appearance, at least, were those who played the female characters in the drama before custom permitted lady-actors to appear upon the public stage? The question, however simple, is not easily answered, as we have neither painting nor written descriptions to guide us in the research; unless, indeed, we are to give credit to a well-painted youthful head, from which there is a print, inscribed *Richard Kynaston*: though, even admitting this to be authentic, it does but represent a lad, seemingly not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age; whilst we know that *Dick Kynaston*, as he was familiarly called, personated female characters in many stage plays after he became a man; otherwise Davenant, the manager, could not have assigned, as an excuse, as he did to King Charles II., when his Majesty expressed impatience for the drawing up of the curtain—"Sire, the scene will commence as soon as the queen is shaved." Kynaston that night was to play the queen. He performed Juliet to Betterton's Romeo. He first appeared as Desdemona. In the prologue written for this occasion were the following lines:—

> Our women are defective, and so sized
> You'd think they were some of the Guard disguised;
> For, to speak truth, men act, that are between
> Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
> With bones so large, and nerve so uncompliant,
> When you call *Desdemona*—enter giant.

It has been supposed that these gentlemen-ladies were effeminate in appearance, and that their voices

were naturally pitched in a high key; but there is no authority for these suppositions. It is not unreasonable, however, to imagine that they might, by practice, have obtained the faculty of speaking in *falsetto*.

Garrick and his friend Dr. Arne were of opinion that these male actors of female parts were selected from amongst the counter-tenors, and even that they spoke in *falsetto*; as there is no physical reason for supposing that the fair sex did not then, as well as now, prattle an octave higher than our gruff progenitors.

Besides Kynaston, several other male performers personated female characters; as Burt, Clun, Hart, and Goffe, at the Blackfriars Theatre; and Robert Stafford, Richard Godwin, John Wright, Richard Fouch, Arthur Savill, and Samuel Mannery, were part of the dramatic corps, sanctioned by Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I. These persons performed in Marmyon's *Holland's Leaguer* at the Whitefriars Theatre.

Some of these worthies, whatever they might have appeared in petticoats, as "mimic players," acted noble and manly parts in that real tragedy, the Civil Wars of Charles I., the friend and patron of the stage, for whom they loyally took up arms. Hart had a troop of horse in Prince Rupert's regiment. It is known that this was a fighting corps. Burt was a cornet in the same gallant troop, and exhibited uncommon bravery in the field. Shattersell, another player, served two or three campaigns, in the capacity of quartermaster. Mohun, a celebrated performer, had a majority in one of the King's regiments, and fought gallantly. Davenant, the playwright, player, and subsequent manager of the Duke of York's Theatre, entered the service of his royal master, and was knighted for

his bravery on the field. Allan, an actor also, and of high repute, was a major in the King's army, and quartermaster-general. Indeed, it is generally asserted that such was the reverence of the dramatic corps for the King, as a patron and protector of the arts, that not one of the players, high or low, was known to have joined the Parliamentarians.

It is from a patent granted to Sir William Davenant, soon after the Restoration, that we are to date the introduction of females as performers on the boards of the public theatres; the substance of the clause is as follows:—"That whereas the woman's parts have hitherto been acted by men in the habits of women, at which some have taken offence, we do permit and give leave, for the time to come, that all women's parts be acted by women."

The advantage derived by the drama by this admission in favour of the ladies was great indeed, as might have been foreseen. An interest was thrown into scenes of tenderness which was pure and genuine, exciting in the audience feelings very different to what had been experienced before; for, in some passages, the more the actor displayed his skill in the discrimination of the female character, the less was sometimes the applause; and nothing short of the allowance of custom, nor even that at all times, could prevent the manly feelings and increasing good taste of an audience from occasionally revolting at the representation of scenes even of the purest sentiment, and of the strictest moral tendency. Who, amongst the play-goers in this age, can fully conceive the delight of the first audience at the performance of a dramatic piece, graced by the feminine attractions of delicacy and female beauty?

It is a curious coincidence, that two of our greatest tragedians should happen to unite as husband and wife. Betterton, and his fair lady, who was one of the two female performers who first appeared on the stage, were acknowledged the greatest to the end of their days: this lady, whose maiden name was Saunders, and Mrs. Davenport. These were succeeded by other ladies of celebrity in the histrionic art, of the names of Davies, Long, Gibbs, Norris, Holden, and Jennings; the celebrated Eleanor George, too, was one of the early performers, whose reputation was injurious to the profession of her compeers.

It is a circumstance not generally known that, about this period, some plays were performed entirely by women; one, in particular, *The Parson's Wedding*, is said to have drawn large audiences.

Queen Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I., with the young ladies of the Court, are recorded to have performed characters and danced in the masques got up at the royal palaces. This gave great offence to the Puritans, insomuch that William Prynne, the barrister, wrote a violent philippic against the Queen and her ladies for what he considered in them a gross violation of female decorum; and he abused them in such scandalous terms that he was tried in the Star Chamber for the offence, and most severely punished. He also made a strong attack upon some of the French actresses, who, in 1629, performed for a short season at the Blackfriars Theatre, when, according to the custom on the Continent, the female parts were played by that sex. This is considered to have been the first attempt made to introduce female actors on our public stage. Prynne's animadversions, in a note to his *Histriomastix*,

are: "Some French-women, or monsters rather, on Michaelmas Term, 1629, attempted to act a French play, at the Play-house in Blackfriars: an impudent, shamefull, unwomannly, graceless attempt," &c. Another moral reformer, Thomas Brand, attacked these actresses, in an address, as is supposed, to Bishop Laud, condemning them as "certain vagrant French players" acting "an unchaste comedye, in the French tongue, at the Blackfryers:" the writer adds, "Glad I am to say they were hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage, so that I do not think they will soone be ready to trie the same againe." Prynne records it as a failure, saying, "there was no great resort" to the play.

NANCY DAWSON.

NANCY DAWSON, the famous hornpipe-dancer, of Covent Garden Theatre, in the last century, when a girl, set up the skittles at a tavern in High Street, Marylebone. She next, according to Sir William Musgrove's Adversaria, in the British Museum, became the wife of a publican near Kelso, on the borders of Scotland. She became so popular a dancer that every verse of a song in praise of her declared the poet to be dying in love for Nancy Dawson; and its tune is as lively as that of Sir Roger de Coverley. In 1760, she transferred her services from Covent Garden Theatre to the other house. On the 23rd of September, in that year, the *Beggar's Opera* was performed at Drury Lane, when the playbill thus announced her: "In Act iii. a Hornpipe by Miss Dawson, her first

appearance here." It seems that she was engaged to oppose Mrs. Vernon in the same exhibition at the rival house, and there is a full-length print of her in the character. There is also a portrait of her in the Garrick Club collection.

Nancy died at Hampstead, on the 27th of May 1767; she was buried behind the Foundling Hospital, in the ground belonging to St. George the Martyr, where is a tombstone to her memory, simply inscribed "Here lies Nancy Dawson."

PUFFING ON THE STAGE.

THIS practice appears to have been more common in the last century than in our time, when it has been mostly confined to pantomime scenes, where the trick has become stale.

Garrick did not hesitate to descend to *puff*, to serve a worthy man. John Hardham began his London life by writing a comedy, and thus got introduced to Garrick, who made him his "numberer" at Drury Lane Theatre. He commenced business in Fleet Street, as tobacconist and snuff-maker; his shop was much frequented by dramatists and wits of the theatre, and even by Garrick himself. He next compounded the renowned "Hardham's No. 37" snuff, thought to be named from the number of qualities, growths, and descriptions of the fragrant weed introduced into the snuff, which Garrick helped into fashion by gagging, in one of his comedy characters, of "the celebrated 37 of John Hardham." The snuff-maker grew rich, and died bequeathing some 22,000*l.* to his native parish,

Chichester, and among some other legacies, ten guineas to Garrick.

Ned Ward, in his *London Spy*, describes his visit to this "famous tobacco-shop"—Hardham's. "'Now,' says my friend, 'we have a rare opportunity of replenishing our boxes with a pipe of fine tobacco; for the greatest retailer of that commodity in England lives on the other side the way; and if you dare run the hazard of crossing the kennel, we'll take a pipe in the shop, where we are likely enough to find something worth our observation. Accordingly, we entered the smoky premises of the famous fumigator, where a parcel of ancient worshippers of the wicked weed were seated, wrapped up in Irish blankets, to defend their carcases from the malicious winds that only blow upon old age and infirmity; every one having fortified the great gate of life with English guns, well charged with Indian gunpowder. There was no talking amongst them, but *Puff* was the period of every sentence; and what they said was as short as possible, for fear of losing the pleasure of a whiff: as, '*How d'ye do?*' Puff. '*Thank ye,*' Puff. '*Is the weed good?*' Puff. '*Excellent,*' Puff. '*It's fine weather,*' Puff. '*God be thanked,*' Puff. '*What's o'cloch?*' Puff, &c. Behind the counter stood a complaisant spark, who, I observed, showed as much breeding in the sale of a pennyworth of tobacco and the change of a shilling, as a courteous footman when he meets his brother Skip in the middle of Covent Garden; and is so very dextrous in the discharge of his occupation, that he guesses from a pound of tobacco to an ounce, to the certainty of one single corn.

Cocker's *Arithmetic* has a curious history. Cocker

was a noted writing engraver and schoolmaster. The *Arithmetic*, by which his name became famous, was not published until after his death, when John Hawkins, becoming possessed of Cocker's papers—at least, he said so—subsequently, forged the famous *Arithmetic*, the proof of which is set forth in Mr. De Morgan's *Arithmetical Books*. Among many other corroborative circumstances, the clumsy forger, after declaring that Cocker to his dying day resisted strong solicitation to publish his *Arithmetic*, makes him write in the preface:—"I have been instrumental to the benefit of many, by virtue of those useful arts, writing and engraving; and do *now*, with the same *wonted alacrity*, cast this my arithmetical mite into the public treasury." The book itself is not comparable in merit to at least half-a-dozen others. How, then, comes Cocker to be the impersonation of Arithmetic? Unless some one can show proof which we have never found, that he was so before 1756, the matter is to be accounted for thus.

Arthur Murphy, the dramatist, was by taste a man of letters, and ended by being the translator of Tacitus; though many do not know that the two are one. His friends had tried to make him a man of business; and no doubt he had been well-plied with commercial arithmetic. His first dramatic performance, the farce of *The Apprentice*, produced in 1756, is about an idle young man who must needs turn actor. Two of the best known books of the day in arithmetic were those of Cocker and Wingate. Murphy chooses *Wingate* to be the name of an old merchant who delights in vulgar fractions, and *Cocker* to be his arithmetical catchword—"You read Shakspeare! get Cocker's *Arithmetic*! you may buy it for a shilling on any stall; best book that

ever was wrote!" and so on. The farce became very popular, and, as we believe, was the means of elevating Cocker to his present pedestal, where Wingate would have been, if his name had had the droller sound of the two to English ears. We find this anecdote in the *Athenæum*, 1862: without disputing its authenticity, we may observe that Cocker's *Arithmetic* was the first which entirely excluded all demonstrations and reasoning, and confined itself to commercial questions only, which is stated as the secret of its extreme circulation: its popularity is attained in the saying to denote accuracy, "according to Cocker." A copy of the edition of the *Arithmetic* of 1678 has been sold for 8*l.* 10*s.* Cocker was buried, according to a sexton's evidence, in the church of St. George the Martyr, in Southwark; near which lived his publisher, Hawkins.

GARRICK'S ACTING.

GARRICK introduced on the stage altogether a new style of acting: its effect was electrical upon some, while others hesitated to give up their old favourites. Cumberland, who was then at Westminster School, afterwards became an acute critic; he says, of this period: "I was once or twice allowed to go, under proper convoy, to the play, where, for the first time in my life, I was treated by the sight of Garrick in the character of Lothario. Quin played Horatio; Ryan, Altamont; Mrs. Cibber, Calista; and Mrs. Pritchard condescended to the humble part of Lavinia. I enjoyed a good view of the stage from the front row of the gallery, and my attention was riveted to the scene. I have the spectacle even now, as it were, before my eyes. Quin

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presented himself, upon the rising of the curtain, in a green velvet coat, embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled, square-toed shoes. With very little variation of cadence, and in a deep, full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than of the stage in it, he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference, that seemed to disdain the plaudits that were bestowed upon him. Mrs. Cibber, in a key high pitched, but sweet withal, sung, or rather recitatived, Rowe's harmonious strain, something in the manner of the improvisatore's; it was so extremely wanting in contrast, that, though it did not wound the ear, it wearied it; when she had once recited two or three speeches, I could anticipate the manner of every succeeding one; it was like a long old, legendary ballad of innumerable stanzas, every one of which is sung to the same tune, eternally chiming on the ear without variation or relief.

"Mrs. Pritchard was an actress of a different cast, had more nature, and, of course, more change of tone, and variety both of action and expression: in my opinion the comparison was decidedly in her favour: but when, after long and eager expectation, I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage, and pointing at the wittol Altamont and heavy-paced Horatio— heavens, what a transition!—it seemed as if a whole century had been swept over in the transition of a single scene; old things were done away and a new order at once brought forward, bright and luminous, and clearly destined to dispel the barbarisms and bigotry of a tasteless age, too long attached to the

prejudices of custom, and superstitiously devoted to the illusions of imposing declamation. This heaven-born actor was then struggling to emancipate his audience from the slavery they were resigned to; and though, at times, he succeeded in throwing in some gleams of new-born light upon them, yet, in general they seemed to *love darkness better than light*, and, in the dialogue of altercation between Horatio and Lothario, bestowed far the greater *show of hands* upon the master of the old school than upon the founder of the new. I thank my stars, my feelings in those moments led me right; they were those of nature, and therefore could not err."

Garrick excelled in comedy as well as in tragedy, and in the lowest comedy too—in Abel Drugger as well as Hamlet. He followed the improvement in costume introduced by Macklin. West, the painter, once asked Garrick why he did not reform the stage in costume. Garrick said the spectators would not allow it: "they would throw a bottle at his head." He had a particular dislike to appearing in the Roman costume; probably, through a consciousness of his small person. There are engravings of him extant, in which his tragic characters are seen in coats and toupees. His appearance as Hotspur, in a laced frock, and Ramillies wig, was objected to, not as being unsuitable to the time, but as too insignificant for the character. There is a fine print, by V. Green, after Zoffany, of Garrick playing Macbeth, in a full court suit, embroidered with gold.

JOHN BANNISTER'S ACTING.

On the 1st of October 1793, was produced, at the Little Haymarket Theatre, the piece, by Morton, of the *Children in the Wood*, in which Bannister played Walter, a carpenter, in love with Josephine. About two months after the piece had been produced, Horace Walpole went with Mrs. Damer to the performance, as he says, in a letter to Miss Berry, "having heard so much of my favourite, young Bannister, in that new piece; which, by the way, is well arranged, and near being fine. He more than answered my expectation, and all I had heard of him. It was one of the most admirable performances I ever saw: his transports of despair and joy are incomparable, and his various countenances would be adequate to the pencil of Salvator Rosa. He made me shed as many tears as I suppose the original old ballad did when I was six years old. Bannister's merit was the more striking, as, before the *Children in the Wood*, he had been playing the sailor in *No Song No Supper*, with equal nature." This is high praise from so artistic a critic as Walpole.

Bannister appeared for the first time in public at the Haymarket Theatre, in 1778, as Dick, in the *Apprentice*, with great success. His greatest part was, however, Walter, which has had no adequate representation since Bannister quitted the stage: his nearest successor was Elliston. Charles Lamb, speaking of Bannister and Suett, says: "Jack Bannister and he had the fortune to be more of personal favourites with the town than any other actor before or after. The difference, I take it, was this:—Jack was more *beloved* for his sweet, good-natured, moral pretensions; Dicky

was more *liked* for his sweet, good-natured, no pretensions at all. Your whole conscience stirred with Bannister's performance of Walter, in the *Children in the Wood*—but Dicky seemed like a thing, as Shakspeare says of Love, 'too young to know what conscience is.'" Bannister retired from the stage after thirty-seven years' active service. He lived many years at No. 65 Gower Street, where he died November 7, 1836, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Ten years previously, Sir Walter Scott had written of him, in the *Quarterly Review*: "There is Jack Bannister, honest Jack, who, in private character, as upon the stage, formed so excellent a representation of the national character of Old England—Jack Bannister, whom even footpads could not find it in their hearts to injure. There he is with his noble locks, now as remarkable when covered with snow, as when their dark honours curled around his manly face, singing to his grandchildren the ditties which used to call down the rapture of crowded theatres in thunders of applause." There is in the Garrick Club collection a good portrait of Bannister, by Russell, R.A.

A PARTISAN ACTOR.

GOODMAN was an early Drury Lane comedian, one of the Alexanders of his time, but not a great actor. He was a dashing impudent fellow, who boasted of his having taken "an airing" on the road to recruit his purse. He was expelled Cambridge for cutting and defacing the portrait of the Duke of Monmouth, Chancellor of the University, but not loyal enough to his father to please Goodman. James II. pardoned

the loyal highwayman, which Goodman (in Cibber's hearing) said "was doing him so particular an honour, that no man could wonder if his acknowledgment had carried him a little further than ordinary into the interest of that prince. But as he had lately been out of luck in backing his old master, he had now no way to get home the life he was out, upon his account, but, by being under the same obligations to King William."

The meaning of this is understood to be, that Goodman offered to assassinate William, in consequence of his having had a pardon from James; but the plot not succeeding, he turned king's evidence against James, in order to secure a pardon from William. This "pretty fellow" was latterly so easy in his circumstances, owing, it is supposed, to the delicate Cleveland, that he used to say he would never act Alexander the Great, but when he was certain that "his duchess" would be in the boxes to see him.—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE MINISTER AND THE PLAYER.

A GOOD story is told of the late T. P. Cooke, which reflects greatly to the credit of his friend and patron, the fourth Earl of Harrington—the Lord Petersham of his day—and to that of the distinguished statesman the fourth Earl of Aberdeen. Lord Harrington was ever attentive to those theatrical persons who had been on friendly terms with the Countess when on the stage, and among them the subject of this memoir ranked high. Cooke had been invited to dine at Harrington House, on an evening when his attendance at the theatre was not required, and upon taking leave of his

host and hostess, the former said, "We hope to see you this day fortnight;" the guest assented, and wished them good night. Nothing more occurred until the day named for the dinner, when, punctually at half-past seven, Cooke was at the door of his noble friend's house; he was ushered in, and found that two or three persons with whom he was unacquainted had already arrived. Lord and Lady Harrington had both been startled at the announcement of Mr. Cooke's name, but were too highly bred to show the slightest difference in their manner, for the truth flashed across them both, that the day named for a snug little coterie was the one on which they invited a large political party to meet the Earl of Aberdeen. Few in the room, if any, recognised Mr. Cooke, who wore his naval medal, as the representative of "Long Tom Coffin," and other nautical characters. Dinner was announced, it passed off well, and when the gentlemen were left to themselves, Cooke found himself next to the Premier. Lord Aberdeen, who was a high-bred, dignified man, commenced a conversation with his neighbour, who, we have already said, was decorée, which turned upon the Navy, and T. P., or Tippy (as he was called by his brethren), was very energetic upon the subject. He gave his Lordship so vivid a description of the engagement he had taken part in, of the ship in which he had served, and of the Captain he served under, that Lord Aberdeen became deeply interested in the subject, though still unconscious as to who his gallant friend on his right might be. After sundry fruitless diplomatic attempts to ascertain the fact, the dénouement was brought about by a random shot fired by the noble head of the Gordons. "There is a wonderful change

in the tar of the present day to that of Fielding's and Dibdin's times." "I believe you." Lord Aberdeen proceeded—"The use, or rather abuse, of tobacco and grog is greatly discontinued." "And the dreadful oaths," chimed in the actor, "no longer disgrace the ship from the quarterdeck down to the cockpit." "The punishment of the lash is less frequent," remarked my lord. "And midshipmen are not subject to a flogging in the Captain's cabin," interrupted Cooke, or mast-headed for hours for the most trivial offence." "The system is indeed improved," said the Premier, evidently deliberating over the subject, when he was startled from his momentary reverie by T. P. Cooke, who had been excited by the discussion, exclaiming in a louder voice than hitherto, "But if your Lordship likes to see what a real tar was, and what a real tar ought to be, come across the water some night." The nobleman looked surprised, not guessing what was coming, when Cooke proceeded, "and see me as William in 'Black-eyed Susan.'" *

MILKMAIDS ON MAY-DAY.

Of this gay festival, the Londoners of the present century have seen little. J. T. Smith, in his amusing *Book for a Rainy Day*, describes the carnival of nearly a century since, May 1771: "The gaiety during the merry month of May (says Smith) was to me most delightful; my feet, though I knew nothing of the positions, kept pace with those of the blooming milk-maids, who danced round their garlands of massive plate, hired from the silversmiths, to the amount of

* Communicated to the *Illustrated London News*.

several hundreds of pounds, for the purpose of placing round an obelisk, covered with silk, fixed upon a chairman's horse. The most showy flowers of the season were arranged so as to fill up the openings between the dishes, plates, butter-boats, cream-jugs, and tankards. The obelisk was carried by two chairmen, in gold-laced hats, six or more handsome milkmaids in pink and blue gowns, drawn through the pocket-holes, for they had one on either side; yellow or scarlet petticoats, neatly quilted; high-heeled shoes; mob-caps, with lappets of lace resting on their shoulders; nosegays in their bosoms; and flat Woffington hats, covered with ribbons of every colour. A magnificent silver tea-urn surmounted the obelisk, the stand of which was profusely decorated with scarlet tulips. A smart, slender fellow of a fiddler, in a sky-blue coat, with his hat covered with ribbons, attended; and the master of the group was accompanied by a constable, to protect the plate from too close a pressure of the crowd, when the maids were dancing."

One of Hayman's paintings in Vauxhall Gardens, was the Milkmaids on May-day: here the garland of plate was carried by a man on his head; the milkmaids, who danced to the music of a wooden-legged fiddler, were very elegant. They had ruffled cuffs; their hats were flat, but not Woffingtons, but more resembled those of the Billingsgate fish-women. In Larcom's *Cries of London*, published by Tempest, there is "a Merry Milkmaid;" she is dancing with a small garland of plate upon her head; and her dress is of the latter part of King William the Third's reign, or the commencement of the reign of Queen Anne.

SWEEPS' HOLIDAY AT MONTAGUE HOUSE.

At the north-west angle of Portman Square is Montague House, built for Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, authoress of the Vindication of Shakspeare against Voltaire. She had often been a guest at the second Lord Oxford's, the resort of Pope and his contemporaries; she was the intimate friend of Pulteney and Lyttleton; and she survived to entertain Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and Reynolds, to their respective deaths. Dr. Beattie was among her visitors; and Mrs. Carter, the translator of Epictetus, was her intimate friend, correspondent, and visitor. At Montague House Mrs. Montague had her blue stocking parties; and here she gave, on the first of May, "Sweeps' Holiday," which originated in the discovery among the fraternity of chimney-sweeps, of the eccentric Edward Wortley Montague, 'son of the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montague, by her husband, Edward Wortley.'

This hopeful boy was born at Wharncliffe Lodge, in Yorkshire, about the year 1714; he was sent to Westminster School, whence he ran away, and was more than a year apprentice to a fisherman at Blackwall; he was sent back to Westminster, again ran away, and bound himself to the master of an Oporto vessel, a Quaker, from whom he escaped immediately on landing. In one of these flights, he changed clothes with a chimney-sweep, and for some time followed that occupation. After a long and anxious search, he was discovered by his friends, and restored to his parents, on the first of May, at the family mansion in Portman Square.

He had also served an apprenticeship among a

travelling troop of showmen, who were distinguished by their skill in horsemanship; then worked in the fields in Holland as a day-labourer; next hired himself as a postillion; he then assumed the attire of an abbot, and passed for one at Rome. He next passed for a Lutheran preacher at Hamburg, and was universally popular! He subsequently embraced the Mahomedan religion, and conformed to all the Turkish habits, even to chewing opium and sitting cross-legged on the floor! With the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Persian, and the Chaldaic he was as well acquainted as with his native tongue. He at one time returned to England, and acted more comformably to his rank, and was returned as a member in two successive parliaments. At Paris, he was taken up with Mr. Taafe, another member of parliament, and imprisoned for cheating and robbing a Jew, with whom they had gamed. But Montague's profuse expenses soon compelled him to quit his native country, and he again assumed his wandering habits, and eventually died at Padua, at the age of sixty-two years.

Walpole describes him as the greatest miracle of his time. His father scarcely allowed him anything; yet he played, dressed, diamonded himself, even to distinct shoe-buckles for a foot, and "had more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with an hundred noses." But the most curious part of his dress, which he brought from Paris, was an iron wig: "you literally," says Walpole, "would not know it from hair. I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body."

To commemorate the restoration of the truant to his family, in the grounds attached to Montague House, his relative, Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, for many years

feasted the chimney-sweeps of London, on the first of May, with roast-beef and plum-pudding, "so that they might enjoy one happy day in the year." And this special treat is said to have given rise to the general sweeps' holiday. Mrs. Montague died in the year 1800, in her 80th year.

MERMAID HOAX.

THE absurd notion, that there are "Mermen and Mermaids, half man or woman and the remainder fish," has long been exploded; but, little more than 40 years since (in 1822) thousands of dupes were attracted to the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, to see a pretended Mermaid, when 300 or 400 persons paid daily one shilling each for the indulgence of their credulity! The imposture was, however, too gross to last long; and it was ascertained to be the dried skin of the head and shoulders of a monkey, attached very neatly to the dried skin of a fish of the salmon kind, with the head cut off; the compound figure being stuffed and highly varnished, the better to deceive the eye. This grotesque object was taken by a Dutch vessel from on board a native Malacca boat; and, from the reverence shown to it by the sailors, it is supposed to have represented the incarnation of one of the idol-gods of the Molucca Islands.

This impudent hoax upon the good people of London was the work of a Japanese fisherman, who seems to have displayed ingenuity for the mere purpose of making money by his countrymen's passion for everything odd and strange. He contrived to unite the upper half of the monkey to the lower half of the fish so

successfully as to defy ordinary inspection. He then gave out that he had caught the creature alive in his net, but that it had died shortly after being taken out of the water; and he derived considerable pecuniary profit from his cunning in more ways than one. The exhibition of the sea-monster to Japanese curiosity paid well; but yet more productive was the assertion that the half-human fish, having spoken during the few minutes it existed out of its native element, had predicted a certain number of years of wonderful fertility, and a fatal epidemic, the only remedy for which would be the possession of the marine prophet's likeness. The sale of these pictured mermaids was immense. Either the composite animal, or another, the offspring of the success of the first, was sold to the Dutch factory, and transmitted to Batavia, where it fell into the hands of a speculating American, who brought it to Europe, and here, in the years 1822-23, exhibited his purchase as a real mermaid in every capital, to the admiration of the ignorant, the perplexity of some affectedly learned, and the filling of his own purse.

It is but justice to state, that Mr. Jerdan, then Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, was one of the first, if not the first, journalist, to expose the fabrication of the mermaid of 1822; which other less sagacious observers were induced to regard as a natural wonder!*

Sir George Head ingeniously attempts to explain the comb and toilet-glass which the mermaid is said to have been seen using, by referring it to the seal, or sea-calf, which has a voice not dissimilar to a man; the claws of the seal, as well as the hand, are like a lady's back

* A pretended mermaid was exhibited in the metropolis in 1775; and in Broad Court, Long Acre, in 1794.

hair-comb; therefore, supposing the resemblance of sea-water streaming down its polished neck on a sunshiny day the substitute for a looking-glass, we arrive at the fabulous history of the marine maiden, or mermaid, and the appendages of her toilet. Still, the creature must have been so unsightly as to reduce Dryden's definition of a mermaid—a fine woman ending in a fish's tail—to a witty fancy.

THE PORTLAND VASE.

THIS celebrated Vase, the property of the Portland family, has been deposited in the British Museum since 1810. The Vase was found about 1560, in a sarcophagus in a sepulchre under the Monte del Grano, 2½ miles from Rome. It was kept in the palace of the Barberini family until 1770, when it was purchased by Byres, the antiquary; and sold by him to Sir William Hamilton, of whom it was bought, for 1,800 guineas, by the Duchess of Portland, at the sale of whose property it was *bought in* by the family for 1,029*l.* The vase is 9¾ inches high and 7¼ inches in diameter, and has two handles. It is of glass; yet Breval considered it calcedony; Bartoli, sardonyx; Count Tetzi, amethyst; and De la Chausse, agate. It is ornamented with white opaque figures upon a dark-blue semi-transparent ground; the whole having been originally covered with white enamel, out of which the figures have been cut, like a cameo. The glass foot is distinct, and is thought to have been cemented on after bones or ashes had been placed in the vase. The seven figures, each five inches high, are said by some to illustrate the fable of Thaddeus and Theseus; by Bertolli,

Proserpine and Pluto; by Winckelmann, the nuptials of Thetis and Peleus; Darwin, an allegory of Life and Immortality; others, Orpheus and Eurydice; Fosbroke, a marriage, death, and second marriage; Tetzi, the birth of Alexander Severus, whose cinerary urn the vase is thought to be; while the late Thomas Windus, F.S.A., in a work published 1845, considers the scene as a love-sick lady consulting Galen. The vase was engraved by Cipriani and Bartolozzi in 1786; copies of it were executed by Wedgwood, and sold at fifty guineas each, the model for which cost 500 guineas; there is a copy in the British and Mediæval Room, at the British Museum.

The Portland Vase was exhibited in a small room of the old Museum buildings until Feb. 7, 1845, when it was wantonly dashed to pieces with a stone by one William Lloyd; but the pieces being gathered up, the vase has been restored by Mr. Doubleday so beautifully, that a blemish can scarcely be detected. The vase is now kept in the Medal Room at the British Museum. A clever drawing of the fractured pieces is preserved. Through its fracture was discovered the mode of its manufacture, which had hitherto puzzled connoisseurs.

UNBURIED AMBASSADORS.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1784, it is remarked that "much has been said about the Spanish ambassadors in one of the chapels of Westminster Abbey, who are said to have been kept above ground for debt; but this story also we have no doubt may be classed among the vulgar errors." It is certain that one ambassador was kept unburied from 1691 to 1708, the date of the *New*

View, in which Hatton mentions that "in a feretory in the Duke of Richmond's little chapel, by his tomb, lieth visibly a coffin, covered with red leather, and unburied, wherein is the corpse of Don Pedro de Ronquillo, Conde de Grenado, Del Con. Sexo de Estado, &c., Ambassador Extraordinary from Spain to King James II. and to King William and Queen Mary, ob. 1691" (ii. 514). It is not improbable that there was some difficulty raised about the burial service by the friends of the departed ambassador.—*The Rev. Mackenzie E. C. Walcott, M.A., F.S.A.*

WATCH-FACE AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

THERE is an odd traditionary story told of a watch at Somerset House. A little above the entrance-door to the Stamps and Taxes is a white watch-face,—of which it is told, that when the wall was being built, a workman had the misfortune to fall from the scaffolding, and was only saved from destruction by the ribbon of his watch, which caught in a piece of projecting work. In thankful remembrance of his wonderful preservation, he is said to have inserted his watch into the face of the wall. Such is the popular belief, and hundreds of persons go to Somerset House to see this fancied memento, and hear the above tale. But the watch-face was placed in its present position many years ago by the Royal Society, as a meridian mark for a portable transit instrument in one of the windows of the ante-room. Captain Smyth (Mr. Weld informs us, in his *History of the Royal Society*) assisted in mounting the instrument, and perfectly recollects the watch-face placed against the opposite wall; and we have conversed with the bricklayer who executed the work.

LORD STOWELL'S LOVE OF SIGHT-SEEING.

LORD STOWELL loved manly sports, and was not above being pleased with the most rude and simple diversions. He gloried in Punch and Judy—their fun stirred his mirth without, as in Goldsmith's case, provoking spleen. He made a boast on one occasion that there was not a puppet-show in London he had not visited, and when turned fourscore, was caught watching one at a distance with children of less growth in high glee. He has been known to make a party with Windham to visit Cribb's, and to have attended the "fives court" as a favourite resort. "There were curious characters," he observed, "to be seen at these places." He was the most indefatigable sight-seer in London. Whatever show could be visited for a shilling, or less, was visited by Lord Stowell. In the western end of London there was a room generally let for exhibitions. At the entrance, as it is said, Lord Stowell presented himself, eager to see "the green monster serpent," which had lately issued cards of invitation to the public. As he was pulling out his purse to pay for his admission, a sharp but honest north-country lad, whose business it was to take the money, recognised him as an old customer, and knowing his name, thus addressed him: "We can't take your shilling, my lord; 'tis the old serpent which you have seen twice before in other colours; but ye shall go in and see her." He entered, saved his money, and enjoyed his third visit to the painted beauty. This love of "seeing sights" was, on another occasion, productive of a whimsical incident. Some forty years ago, an animal, called a "Bonassus," was exhibited in the Strand. On Lord Stowell's paying it a second visit,

the keeper very courteously told his lordship that he was welcome to come, gratuitously, as often as he pleased. Within a day or two after this, however, there appeared, under the bills of the exhibition, in conspicuous characters, "Under the patronage of the Right Hon. Lord Stowell;" an announcement of which the noble and learned lord's friends availed themselves, by passing many a joke upon him; all which he took with the greatest good humour.*

The Bonassus, which we have just mentioned, proved a troublesome neighbour—a constant annoyance. The following letter was intended to have been sent to the "Annoyance Jury," by the occupier of the house in the Strand (nearly opposite Norfolk-street) adjoining that in which the "Bonassus" was exhibited:—

March 28, 1822.

"Gentlemen,---I Am sorry to trouble you but I Am so Anoyd By next Door Neighbour the Bonassus and with Beasts, that I cannot live in my House—for the stench of the Beast is So Great And their is only A Slight petition Betwixt the houses and the Beast are continually Breaking through in to my Different Rooms And I am always loosing my lodgers in Consequence of the Beast first A Monkey made Its way in My Bed-room next the Jackall came in to the Yard and this last week the people in My Second floor have been Alarmed in the Dead of the Night By Monkey Breaking through into the Closet and are Going to leave in Consequence this being the third lodgers I have lost on account of the Beast And I have been letting my Second Floor at Half the Rent—And those men of Mr. James are Bawling the whole Day Against My Window—and

* Townsend's *Lives of Twelve Judges.*

continually taking peoples attention from My Window —And I am quite pestered with Rats and I Am Confident they came from the Exebition—And in Short the Ingury and Nuisance is So Great as almost Impossible to Describe But to be so Anoyd By such an Imposter I think is Very Hard—Gentlemen your Early inquiry will oblige your Servant—T. W.——.

N.B. And if I mention anything to Mr. James He ondly Abuses me with the most Uncouth Language."

HOGARTH'S "INDUSTRIOUS AND IDLE APPRENTICES."

MR. THACKERAY, in his Lectures on the English Humourists, thus vividly paints the scenes of Hogarth's masterpieces; at the same time he very ingeniously contrasts the past with the present—one of the more immediate benefits of the Lecture: the past is generally interesting, but it chiefly becomes instructive when brought under the powerful focus of the present. His account of Hogarth's "Apprentices" is a masterpiece in this way:

"Fair-haired Frank Goodchild smiles at his work, whilst naughty Tom Idle snores over his loom. Frank reads the edifying ballads of *Whittington* and the *London 'Prentice*; whilst that reprobate Tom Idle prefers *Moll Flanders*, and drinks hugely of beer. Frank goes to church on a Sunday, and warbles hymns from the gallery; while Tom lies on a tomb-stone outside playing at halfpenny-under-the-hat, with street blackguards, and deservedly caned by the beadle. Frank is made overseer of the business; whilst Tom is sent to sea. Frank is taken into partnership, and

marries his master's daughter, sends out broken victuals to the poor, and listens in his night-cap and gown with the lovely Mrs. Goodchild by his side, to the nuptial music of the city bands and the marrow-bones and cleavers; whilst idle Tom, returned from sea, shudders in a garret lest the officers are coming to take him for picking pockets. The Worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esq., becomes Sheriff of London, and partakes of the most splendid dinners which money can purchase or alderman devour; whilst poor Tom is taken up in a night cellar, with that one-eyed and disreputable accomplice who first taught him to play chuck-farthing on a Sunday. What happens next? Tom is brought up before the justice of his county, in the person of Mr. Alderman Goodchild, who weeps as he recognises his old brother 'prentice, as Tom's one-eyed friend peaches on him, as the clerk makes out the poor rogue's ticket for Newgate. Then the end comes. Tom goes to Tyburn in a cart with a coffin in it; whilst the right Honourable Francis Goodchild, Lord Mayor of London, proceeds to his Mansion House, in his gilt coach, with four footmen and a sword-bearer, whilst the companies of London march in the august procession, whilst the train-bands of the city fire their pieces and get drunk in his honour; and oh, crowning delight and glory of all, whilst his majesty the king looks out of his royal balcony, with his ribbon on his breast, and his queen and his star by his side at the corner house of St. Paul's Church-yard, where the toy-shop is now.

"How the times have changed! The new Post-office now not disadvantageously occupies that spot where the scaffolding is on the picture, where the tipsy trainband-man is lurching against the post, with his

ig over one eye, and the 'prentice-boy is trying to iss the pretty girl in the gallery. Past away 'prentice oy and pretty girl! Past away tipsy trainband-man ith wig and bandolier! On the spot where Tom lle (for whom I have an unaffected pity) made his it from this wicked world, and where you see the ngman smoking his pipe, as he reclines on the gibbet, d views the hills of Harrow or Hampstead beyond a splended marble arch, a vast and modern city—clean, airy, painted drab, populous with nursery-maids and children, the abodes of wealth and comfort—the elegant, the prosperous, the polite Tyburnia rises, the most respectable district in the habitable globe!

"In that last plate of the *London Apprentices*, in which the apotheosis of the Right Honourable Francis Goodchild is drawn, a ragged fellow is represented in the corner of the simple kindly piece, offering for sale a broadside, purporting to contain an account of the appearance of the ghost of Tom Idle, executed at Tyburn. Could Tom's ghost have made its appearance in 1847, and not in 1747, what changes would have been remarked by that astonished escaped criminal! Over that road which the hangman used to travel constantly, and the Oxford stage twice a week, go ten thousand carriages every day; over yonder road, by which Dick Turpin fled to Windsor, and Squire Western journeyed into town, when he came to take up his quarters at the Hercules Pillars on the outskirts of London, what a rush of civilisation and order flows now! What armies of gentlemen with umbrellas march to banks, and chambers, and counting-houses! What regiments of nursery-maids and pretty infantry: what peaceful processions of policemen,

what light broughams and what gay carriages, wh
swarms of busy apprentices and artificers, riding
omnibus-roofs, pass daily and hourly! Tom Idle's tim
are quite changed; many of the institutions gone in
disuse which were admired in his day. There's m
pity and kindness, and a better chance for poor To
successors now than at that simpler period, wh
Fielding hanged him, and Hogarth drew him."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S ZENITH.

SIR JOSHUA is stated to have painted considerably above 2,000 pictures; and never was a period so well painted as the generation covered by Reynolds's working life in London between 1753 and 1789; and with what a host of romantic incidents were his sitters made famous. "Not only was there Sir Joshua for the work, but Hudson, Ramsay, and Cotes for his earlier, Gainsborough and Romney for his later, contemporaries; and what a time it was for interest and varied distinction, covering the Seven Years' War, and the glories of Chatham's most glorious time; the battle of Bute and Wilkes, the struggles between prerogative and constitutional rights on the threshold of the reign of George III., the wars of the Parliamentary Titans—Burke and Fox, Townshend and Barré, Pitt and Sheridan, the triumphs or reverses of such soldiers and sailors as Granby and Amherst, Howe, Clinton, and Cornwallis, Keppel and Rodney, Duncan and Hood and Elliott; the era in literature of Grey and Percy, Johnson and Goldsmith, David Hume and Adam Smith, Sterne and Miss Burney, Robertson and Gibbon; in the drama of Foote and Colman, Quin and

Macklin, Garrick, Henderson, and King, Weston and Shuter, Clive and Abington, Pritchard, Siddons, and Jordan; the days when Arne, Shield, and Jackson composed, and Linley, Billington, and Mara sang, and when Horace Walpole was writing his letters, and Mrs. Montague entertaining the wits and blues; when the beautiful Gunnings were mobbed in park and drawing-room, and the meteoric Duchess of Devonshire canvassed the Westminster electors; the days of the generation which hooted Byng to the quarter-deck, broke Lord North's windows on Keppel's acquittal, and danced round the ruins of Newgate and the wreck of Lord Mansfield's town-house in the 'No Popery' riots; which opened its infant eyes on the *menus plaisirs* of the *Parc-aux-cerfs*, and was startled in its later manhood by the taking of the Bastille; the epoch which begins with Frederick the Great and closes with Napoleon. Reynolds, ever welcome in all societies, was able to appreciate a lower range of class and character than any other portrait-painter in the world. The statesmen, soldiers, sailors, discoverers, philosophers, and connoisseurs, good fellows and *virtuosi*, fine gentlemen and hard-working authors, bankers and beggars, lawyers and players, pure children and painted demireps, blues and kept mistresses, fine ladies and girl models picked up in Hedge Lane and New Place, all passed in succession into the mahogany chair of the Leicester Fields painting-room. If there be any *camera* of that time, it is the studio of Reynolds."—*Times journal.*

This is an admirable piece of figure-writing, which in minuteness equals the article which precedes it; but, in humour, is far in its rear.

HARLOW'S PICTURE OF THE "TRIAL OF QUEEN KATHERINE."

THIS picture originated with Mr. T. Welsh, the meritorious professor of music, who commissioned Harlow to paint for him a kit-cat size portrait of Mrs. Siddons in the character of *Queen Katherine*, in Shakspeare's play of "Henry VIII.," introducing a few scenic accessories in the distance. For this portrait Harlow was to receive twenty-five guineas; but the idea of representing the whole scene occurred to the artist, who, with Mr. Welsh, prevailed upon most of the actors to sit for their portraits: in addition to these are introduced portraits of the friends of both parties, including the artist himself. The sum ultimately paid by Mr. Welsh was one hundred guineas; and a like sum was paid by Mr. Cribb, for Harlow's permission to engrave the well-known print. The panel upon which the picture is painted is stated to have cost the artist 15*l.*

Knowles, in his *Life of Fuseli*, tells us that "in the performance of this work Harlow owed many obligations to Fuseli for his critical remarks; for, when he first saw the picture, chiefly in dead-colouring, he said, 'I do not disapprove of the general arrangement of your work, and I see you will give it a powerful effect of light and shadow; but you have here a composition of more than twenty figures, or, I should rather say, parts of figures, because you have not shown one leg or foot, which makes it very defective. Now, if you do not know how to draw legs and feet, I will show you'—and, taking up a crayon, he drew two on the wainscot of the room. Harlow profited by these re-

marks; and the next time we saw the picture, the whole arrangement in the foreground was changed. Fuseli then said, 'So far you have done well; but now you have not introduced a back figure, to throw the eye of the spectator into the picture.' And then pointed out by what means he might improve it in this particular. Accordingly, Harlow introduced the two boys who are taking up the cushion."

It has been stated that the majority of the actors in the scene sat for their portraits in this picture. Mr. Kemble, however, refused, when asked to do so by Mr. Welsh, strengthening his refusal with emphasis profane. Harlow was not to be defeated, and he actually drew Mr. Kemble's portrait in one of the stage-boxes of Covent Garden Theatre, while the great actor was playing his part on the stage. The vexation of such a *ruse* to a man of Mr. Kemble's temperament can better be imagined than described; how it succeeded, must be left to the judgment of the reader. Egerton, Pope, and Stephen Kemble were successively painted for Henry VIII., the artist retaining the latter. The head of Mr. Charles Kemble was likewise twice painted: the first, which cost Mr. C. Kemble many sittings, was considered by himself and others very successful. The artist thought otherwise; and, contrary to Mr. Kemble's wish and remonstrance, he one morning painted out the approved head: in a day or two, however, entirely from recollection, Harlow repainted the portrait with increased fidelity. Mrs. Siddons held her uplifted arm frequently till she could hold it raised no longer, and the majestic limb was finished from the arm of Mrs. Welsh.

THE LANSDOWNE FAMILY AND LANSDOWNE HOUSE.

In 1805 died the second Marquis of Lansdowne, having by this time passed very much out of popular notice and the principal cause of public regret for his demise was that only a fortnight before his death he had declared his knowledge of the Junius secret, and yet among his papers was to be found no indication that could lead to its discovery. He was succeeded by his eldest son, the Earl of Wycombe, whose first act on coming into possession was to sell almost all the literary and artistic treasures which his father had accumulated with so much love and labour. The greater part of these were dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, many of the pictures going to enrich the Grosvenor, the National, and other galleries; only the Lansdowne MSS. were kept together, being purchased by the British Museum; while the gallery of antique marbles was the sole portion of the collection for which the Marquis showed any appreciation—his opinion being expressed in the fact that he purchased it from his father's executors for 6,000*l.* If, however, this nobleman did not show much respect to his father's cultivated tastes, he was not without a certain ancestral pride; for he tried to build a vessel on the principle of Sir William Petty's double-bottomed ship that was to sail against wind and tide—a model of which was then, and is perhaps still, exhibited in the Council-room of the Royal Society. Of nautical habits, he also built near the Southampton Water a marine villa, in which, from dining-hall and private bower to kitchen and scullery, all was utter Gothic, while the gardens belonging to the castle were laid out at Romsey, some

ten or twelve miles distant, on a site which formed the original estate of the Petty family. Here, if not in his yacht voyaging to Ireland or the Continent, he spent most of his time. In London he was a marked man—remarkable for his disregard of dress, and for the pride which he took in appearing on the coldest days in winter without a greatcoat and without gloves. He died in November 1809, and was succeeded by his half-brother, the fourth Marquis, whose first care was to purchase the antique marbles from his sister-in-law, and there at Lansdowne House they may now be seen—some of them, as the youthful Hercules and the Mercury, justly considered the finest statues of the kind that have found their way to this country. As for the pictures, when the Marquis succeeded to the title, in 1809, there was not one in this splendid mansion, with the exception of a few family portraits; but Lord Lansdowne set himself to the formation of a gallery which now comprises nearly 200 pictures of rare interest and value, but miscellaneous in their character, no school nor master predominating unless it be Sir Joshua Reynolds. Some of the portraits in this collection are of great interest. There is the celebrated portrait of Pope by Jervas; Reynolds's wonderful portrait of Sterne; one of Franklin, by Gainsborough; a beautiful one of Peg Woffington, by Hogarth; Lady Hamilton appears twice—as a bacchante and a gipsy, from the pencil of Romney; Horner, the old college friend of Lord Lansdowne, is not forgotten; but, most interesting of all, there is the lovely portrait of Mrs. Sheridan, as St. Cecilia, painted by Reynolds.

It may recall with some vividness the fashion of those times if we record a little incident connected with

this portrait. During the short-lived Ministry of "All the Talents," the Whig leaders celebrated their return to power by a continual round of festivities, in which Sheridan outvied all his colleagues. One Sunday (25th of May 1806) he gave a grand dinner; on the Monday following a supper and ball, at which the dancing was prolonged to past eight o'clock next morning; on the Tuesday, a christening, a masque, and another ball, the Prince being present on each occasion, and the Lord Chancellor Erskine and the young Chancellor of the Exchequer, Henry Petty, being conspicuous among the dancers. On the occasion of the dinner, the portrait of Mrs. Sheridan was redeemed for one night only from the pawnbroker's, and exhibited in its place in the dining-room; when poor Sheridan died, it was still in possession of the pawnbroker; it then fell into the hands of Sheridan's solicitor, and from him it was purchased for 600*l.* by Lord Lansdowne. In this little incident we get some glimpses of that conviviality for which the Whigs were distinguished. "Le Whig est la femme de votre Gouvernement," says Balzac, and the truth of the remark is especially illustrated in that social influence which the Whigs have always cultivated more than the Tories.*

Lansdowne House was built by Robert Adam for the Marquis of Bute, when minister to George III., and sold by the Marquis before completion to Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, for 22,000*l.*, which was supposed to be 3,000*l.* less than it cost. There is, also, a piece of political scandal—that Lansdowne House was constructed by one Peace (Lord Bute's, in 1762), and paid for by another (Lord Shelburne's, in 1783).

* From *The Times* journal.

AN ASTRONOMICAL CURIOSITY.

MANY years since, a dire quarrel arose from Sir James South's dissatisfaction at the manner in which Mr. Troughton, the mathematical instrument maker, had mounted his telescope. It was arranged that certain alterations proposed by Mr. Airy, Mr. Sheepshanks and others should be made, the expense of the changes to be defrayed by Sir James South, if they proved to be useful. The result was a lawsuit, in which Sir James was worsted,—and it was followed by the circulation of the following amusing squib :—

OBSERVATORY,

Campden Hill, Kensington.

To Shy-cock Toy Makers—Smoke Jack Makers—
Mock Coin Makers—Dealers in Old Metals—
Collectors of—and Dealers in Artificial Curiosities—
and to such Fellows of

THE ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY,

as at the meeting of that most learned and equally upright Body, on the 13th of May last, were enlightened by Mr. Airy's (the Astronomer Royal's) profound exposé of the Mechanical Incapacity of English Astronomical Instrument Makers of the present day.

TO BE SOLD,

By hand, on the Premises, by
MR. MACLELAND,
ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 21ST,
Between 11 and 12 in the Forenoon,
Several Hundred-weight of Brass, Gun Metal, &c. &c.
being the Metal of the

GREAT EQUATORIAL INSTRUMENT

Made for the Kensington Observatory,

BY MESSRS.

TROUGHTON AND SIMMS,

The Wooden Polar Axis of which, by the same Artists, and its Botchings cobbled up by their Assistants,

Mr. AIRY and the Rev. R. SHEEPSHANKS,

were, in consequence of public advertisement on the 8th of July 1839, purchased by divers Vendors of Old Clothes, licensed Dealers in Dead Cows and Horses, &c. &c., with the exception of a fragment of Mahogany, specially reserved, at the request of several distinguished Philosophers, which, on account of the great anxiety expressed by Foreign Astronomers and Foreign Astronomical Instrument Makers, to possess, when converted into Snuff Boxes, as a *souvenir piquant* of the state of the Art of Astronomical Instrument Making in England during the 19th Century, will, at the conclusion of the Sale, be disposed of, at — per pound.

DOWNING STREET.

THIS street has now disappeared. The clearance was begun so long ago as 1828, when was taken down the south of Downing Street: at the corner, next King Street, was the noted "Cat and Bagpipes," where, in early life, George Rose, subsequently Secretary of the Treasury, used to eat his mutton-chop dinner. When Haydon painted for Earl Grey a whole-length portrait of his Lordship, seated in his private room at Downing Street, he paid special attention to the details of the apartment. Downing Street has a host of political associations and anecdotes of its celebrated occupants. When Sir Robert Walpole removed from his official residence here, he found an old account-book of his father's, wherein he set down all his expenses. In three months and ten days that he was in London one winter as member of Parliament, he spent sixty-four pounds, seven shillings, and five pence! There are many entries for Nottingham ale, eighteenpences for dinners, five shillings to Bob (afterwards Earl of Orford), and one memorandum of six shillings given in exchange to Mr. Williams for his wig; and yet this old man, Horace Walpole's grandfather, had two thousand pounds a-year, Norfolk sterling! He little thought that what maintained him for a whole session would scarce serve one of his grandsons to buy a pair of fans for princesses at Florence.

When, in 1783, Lord North descended from the post of First Minister to Secretary of State, he jested on the change. His apartments at the Treasury being situated on the second floor, he experienced some fatigue in ascending so many steps. Frequently, from

the effect of long habit or from absence of mind, forgetting the change in his official situation, he went straight to the Treasury chambers, on the first floor. These accidents, which would have distressed more irritable men, never externally discomposed good-humoured Lord North.

Prime Ministers have variously affected Downing Street. Pitt's laborious habits of work kept him much at his office. A curious piece of Parliamentary work, in his administration,—a genuine Downing Street record,—has turned up. When, in 1783, Mr. Pitt introduced his bill for regulating fees, perquisites, and other emoluments in public offices, he pointed at one of the charges of previous administrations, specifying a sum of 340*l.* paid to the Secretary of the Treasury for the article of *whipcord.* Some sort of explanation was given, which diverted more than it satisfied its hearers. (See Sir N. W. Wraxall's *Historical Memoirs,* vol. ii. p. 361.) Has not this *whipcord* charge something to do with the Treasury *whipper-in*?

Haydon once asked Lord Melbourne if he occupied Downing Street. He said "No," with hesitation; but he was fond of leisure, and, by keeping at his house in South Street, he was out of the way of bore till business hours. Lord Grey was always in it; and Haydon, in his picture, has portrayed his Lordship ruminating by the fireside after a great Reform debate.

In the Colonial Office, No. 14 in the street, in a small waiting-room on the right-hand on entering, the Duke of Wellington—then Sir Arthur Wellesley—and Lord Nelson, both waiting to see the Secretary of State, met,—the only time in their lives. The

Duke knew Nelson from his pictures; Lord Nelson did not know the Duke, but was so struck with his conversation, that he stept out of the room to inquire who he was. Mr. Peter Cunningham relates this meeting, which has been painted and engraved.

Theodore Hook, in one of his later tales, says of Downing Street, "There is a fascination in the air of that little *cul-de-sac*: an hour's inhalation of its atmosphere affects some men with giddiness, others with blindness, and very frequently with the most oblivious boastfulness." And Theodore was right.

CURIOSITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

An indefinite title was formerly supposed to be some security against piracy during the long progress of a patent towards maturity; while at the same time patentees, thinking it no doubt a great hardship to have so costly a protection limited to only one invention, were in the habit of crowding as many distinct things as possible into their specifications. There are numberless instances of this to be found in the old specifications at the Patent Office, but the most amusing and most modern occurs in a patent granted a few years since, which, under the modest title of "improvements in cooking and culinary articles and methods of heating and suspending and fastening articles of domestic use, and similar purposes," embraces not less than fifty distinct inventions, classed under eleven different heads, and comprising the manufacture of fuel, machinery, cements, coffee and tea-pots, ovens, pails, brackets, lamps, filters, walking-sticks, door-plates, *railways and*

nosebags for horses, enamelled door-knobs, candlesticks, weights and scales, brushes and mops, egg-boilers, knife-sharpeners, locks, plate-warmers, decanter stoppers, frying-pans, and chimney flues, besides many other processes in chemical and manufacturing operations.

It was not until the 30,000 old specifications—all granted since the days of James I.—were indexed, that it was seen how men had patented the same hopeless inventions over and over again, without the least idea that hundreds had not only tried the same plans, but been ruined by them. All these inventions are now indexed under four heads, in as many volumes; and taking them all in all, they are, perhaps, the most wonderful records of human ingenuity, and sometimes too, we must add, of human folly, that ever were gathered together. A mingled list of failures that have ruined the hopes of thousands, and of successes which have almost altered the destinies of half the human race, and realized the most colossal fortunes. The honour of heading this list and of receiving the first patent, granted on the 2nd of March 1617, belongs to Aaron Rapburne, gent., and Roger Burges, who are "graunted a priviledge for the terme of XXI yeares of the sole makeing, carveing, describeing, and graveing in copper, brass, or other metalle, alle suche and soe manie mappes, plottes, or descripcions of Lond., Westm., Bristolle, Norwiche, Canterbury, Bath, Oxford and Cambridge, and the towne and castel of Windsor, and to inprint and sette forthe and selle the same." The next, given in the same month, is to Nicholas Hildeyarde, for drawing pictures of His Majesty James I. Many of the patents, though, of

this time are mere monopolies. Some, however, are good, and we meet with one which evidently points to the use of steam in 1630,—a patent granted to no less a person than our old friend David Ramseye, of whom Scott has left us such a picture in *The Fortunes of Nigel*. The wording of this is:—

"To our welbeloved servants David Ramseye, Esquire, and one of the Groomes of our Privie Chamber, that hee, by his greate paines, industry, and chardge, hath found out, invented, and perfected diverse new waies, meanes, and invencons; that is to say, 'To multiplie and make saltpeter in an open fielde in fower acres of ground sufficient to serve all our dominions; to raise water from Lowe-pitts by fire; to make any sort of mills to goe on standing waters by continuall mocon, without the help of winde, waite, or horse; to make all sorts of tapistrie without any weaving loome or way ever yet in vse in this kingdome; to make boates, shippes, and barges to goe against stronge winde and tyde; to make the earth firtile more then vsuall; to rayse water from low places and mynds and coalepitts by a new waie never yet in vse; to make hard iron soft, and likewise copper to bee tuffe and soft, which is not in vse within this kingdome, and to make yellow wax white verie speedily."

This is a fair amount for any man to accomplish; but the old clockmaker seems scarcely satisfied with even this allotment, since a few years later we find him, in conjunction with one Thomas Wildgoose (good name for a patentee), taking out another for—

"Thirty-one yeares to exercise and putt in use divers new apt forms of engines and other profitable (?) inventions, as well to plough grounds without

horse or oxen, and to make firtile as well barren peats, salts, and sea lands as inland and upland grounds within the realms of the united kingdom; and also to raise waters and to make boats for carriages running upon the water as swift in calms and more safe in storms than boats full saile in great windes."

If this does not point to steam, it must be sheer lunacy.

The old adage that there is nothing new under the sun is forcibly exemplified as we look down the pages of this Index. The electric telegraph is clearly foreshadowed at the close of the seventeenth century, in a manner then almost as prophetical as the verse in Job, which says, "Send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee we are here."

In 1823, again, a gentleman named Ronalds (yet living) took out a patent for an electric telegraph, and actually proved its feasibility by working through eight miles of wire. This inventor asks: "Why has no serious trial yet been made of the qualification of so diligent a courier? And if he should be proved competent to the task, why should not our Kings hold Councils at Brighton with their Ministers in London? Why should not our Government govern at Portsmouth almost as promptly as in Downing Street? Why should our defaulters escape by means of our foggy climate? Let us have electrical conversazione offices communicating with each other all over the kingdom if we can."

The reply of the Government of that day to the offer of this gentleman to construct an electric telegraph for them is worth recording as a grand instance of routine. It was briefly this:—"Telegraphs of any

kind were wholly unnecessary, and none other than the semaphores then in use would ever be adopted."

Up to 1852 there were 262 patents for improvements in firearms, shells, rockets, &c. Curiously enough, one of the earliest on the list is a breech-loading revolving cannon by James Puckle, while the last is Colonel Colt's, applying the same principle to pistols. Puckle's specification is partly in rhyme, and entitled "A Defence":—

> Defending King George, your country, and laws,
> Is defending yourselves and the Protestant cause.
> For bridges, breaches, lines, and passes,
> Ships, boats, houses, and other places.

This most curious weapon has different chambers; some for shooting round bullets against Christians and for *square* bullets against Turks.

One gentleman has actually been insane enough to have a patent taken out for an extraordinary and most impossible invention, and as the patent is in the name of an unknown earldom, the patentee believes that such a specification under the Great Seal is the same as a patent of nobility, and has thenceforth signed himself "Earl Bedlam" accordingly. One cannot help smiling at some of the specifications, though it is almost alarming to see how fine is the line between lunatic and patentee. What a state of mind must the man be in who spends 500*l.* in patenting a "Nocturnal remembrancer, by which every person of genius, business, or reflection may secure all their night thoughts worth preserving, though totally in the dark." Dibdin has a patent for teaching music by a very roundabout way, with letters instead of notes, a mode which, to judge from the state of the music trade at the present

time, seems scarcely to have answered the expectations of the inventor. Benjamin O'Neale Stratford, Earl of Aldborough, of patent medicine fame, has whole folios of specifications devoted to improvements in "Aerial Navigation." Characteristically enough, "Aerial Navigation" and its improvement seems to possess great charms for the inventors of the sister kingdom, for we find several such specifications at the Patent Office, each more outrageous than its predecessor, and each accompanied by the wildest diagrams it is possible to conceive. Rabelais' visit to Queen Whims has nothing in it so comical or so absurd as not to find a parallel in this curious record of wild ideas and impracticable plans—or plans which, if feasible and carried out, could be of no earthly good to anybody.*

OPERA-HOUSE SPECULATION.

THE history of Edward Thomas Delafield, as related in the Court of Bankruptcy, furnishes as beautiful an illustration of the way in which inexperienced young men are ruined in London as any moralist could desire. Mr. Delafield had an uncle, who died, leaving 100,000*l.* to his nephew, then a child. In due time the wealthy minor went to Oxford. Having finished his studies, he embarked his 100,000*l.* in the brewery of Combe, Delafield, and Co., about the latter end of 1845. His income during the two years he was a brewer would have been about 7,500*l.* a year, had he been content with what his capital produced, in the shape of interest at 5 per cent., and profits to the extent of 2,500*l.* per annum. But this moderate amount was

* Abridged from *The Times* journal.

not sufficient for his liberal style of expenditure. The rent of his house in Belgrave Square, including what he paid for stables, was 1,095*l.*; and, in good keeping with this, the wear and tear of horses, carriages, and harness amounted to 2,873*l.* The expenses in Brighton, in 1846, were 973*l.*; not to speak of keep of horses, wages of coachmen and grooms, 2,303*l.*; apparel of servants and liveries, 1,251*l.*; wages of butler, gardeners, and others, 1,364*l.*; hotel expenses, 834*l.*; or the somewhat large item of 4,368*l.*, which was set down in the balance-sheet as "private expenditure."

But the mere living in this expensive manner would not have swallowed up his large fortune quite as fast, had he not allowed himself to be drawn into the maelström of Opera-house management. While sitting in his box at the Italian Opera-house (Covent Garden), one evening, in the summer of 1847, Mr. Beale joined him, and, after some conversation about the splendour of the scenery, the beauty of the actresses, and the charms of the dancers, informed him confidentially that the establishment was in difficulties; Persiani was gone, and money was required to pay the *artistes*, or the theatre must close. To avert so dire a catastrophe, Mr. Delafield, whose wealth seemed boundless, was asked merely to give a promissory note for 3,000*l.* At this time he had no connection with the Opera-house; but from that hour he was gradually led on to become a partner in the management of its affairs. This took place in August 1848, nearly a year after he had retired from the brewery, taking all his capital with him. The terms on which he joined the management were, that he was not to incur any liability beyond 15,000*l.*; but before a year was over, he had lost four

times that sum. His partners all contrived to shift the responsibility on his shoulders; and, as long as he could draw upon his bankers, he continued to pay the various *artistes*, at the following rates:—

Mesdames	Grisi	£5156
„	Alboni	4000
„	Viardot Garcia	4313
„	Castellan	1728
„	Persiani	1140
Signor	Mario	4580
„	Tamburini	2805
„	Salvi	2570
„	Marini	1850
„	Roger	1910

And a large number of lesser stars, at salaries varying from 50*l.* to 697*l.* each. During the same year he bought Willow-Bank House from General Conyers for 5,000*l.*; but he had it pulled down and rebuilt at a cost of several thousand pounds. By the end of 1848 the credulous gentleman was completely ruined; but his credit was not entirely gone. When the fiat of bankruptcy was struck, it appeared that his debts amounted to 33,000*l.*, and that the only available assets were—good debts, 3*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*! In little more than three years his 100,000*l.* had been swept away, together with 14,164*l.*, which he received as interest and profit on his capital while partner in the brewery.

HUMOURS OF EPSOM RACES.

Epsom Races, the Isthmian carnival of Londoners, date, by tradition, from more than two centuries back; but this is almost as uncertain as the time of the discovery of Epsom Wells. Both alike contributed to raise the place from an obscure village to a focus of

gaiety, which reached its zenith in the last century. The railway has, however, severed the Downs from the town; and thousands of Londoners know Epsom but in association with Epsom races. A century ago the journey from London to Epsom *occupied twelve or fourteen hours*; now it is a flight of a few minutes. In the olden time there were races on the Downs in the morning, the gentry returned into the town to dinner, and then went to the afternoon races; and within recollection, in "the race week" Epsom town was crowded with company.

However, both Races and Wells are stated to be coeval with the residence of James I. at the Palace of Nonsuch early in the seventeenth century. It was a favourite resort of Queen Elizabeth, and here she had her first tiff with the Earl of Essex. Nonsuch was settled upon Anne, Queen of James I., whose physicians, hearing of the spa, soon found it to contain what a few old-fashioned people call "Epsom salts." As the Court doctors discovered the spring, so the Court gallants got up the races. They were first held at irregular intervals; and curious it is to read in Clarendon's folio that, in 1648, a meeting of the Royalists was held on Bansted Downs (by which name the Epsom Downs is occasionally referred to in old documents), "under the pretence of a horse-race." But the reign of James I. was the starting-point of horse-racing, then conducted nearly in the same style, as to essentials, as in the present day, of which, among other evidence, we find etchings upon old silver tankards, then race prizes. During the Civil Wars the races were suspended; but they were *restored* by Charles II., who substituted silver cups or bowls for

the Royal gift of the ancient *bells*. Charles gave Nonsuch to his Duchess of Cleveland, who pulled down the extensive palace, the materials of which were mostly used in enlarging Epsom. In one of the mansions thus built, named Durdans, in 1662, Charles II. and his Queen, Prince Rupert, and the Court, dined with the Earl of Berkeley, John Evelyn was also a guest, and three years later he met here Bishop Wilkins, Sir William Petty, and Mr. Hooke:—"perhaps three such persons together were not to be found elsewhere in Europe for parts and ingenuity." At Durdans resided Frederick, Prince of Wales, who often enjoyed hawking on Epsom Downs, where is a spot yet known as "The Hawkery." Mention of Epsom occurs in the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys. Leigh Hunt, in his novel of *Sir Ralph Esher*, has some very picturesque writing of Epsom in Charles II.'s reign. Sir John Mennies, one of the wits of that day, wrote a poem on Epsom Wells; and Shadwell wrote a comedy called *Epsom Wells*, frequently acted at the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

Old Epsom has a host of notabilities. Upon the fine old mansion of Woodcote, Grinling Gibbons and Verrio wrought. About 1640, Epsom Spa brought flocks of visitors from France, Germany, and other parts of Europe; and the bilious citizens of London came here, the journey to the German Spa being too expensive. In 1684 there was a post daily to and fro betwixt London and Epsom during the season for drinking the waters. Lodging-houses and houses of entertainment were added; and here were the New Inn, reputed to be the largest in England; sedans and hackney-coaches; public breakfasts, dancing, and

music every morning at the Wells; a ring, as in Hyde Park; on the Downs horse-races daily; cudgel-playing, wrestling, and foot-races; assemblies and card-parties. Queen Anne's consort, Prince George of Denmark, drank the waters at Epsom, when sixty coaches might be counted in the ring on a Sunday evening. About 1690 an apothecary set up a rival well to the Old Well. He built an assembly-room and gaming-rooms; shops for jewellers, milliners, and toymen; planted a grove and laid out a bowling-green—in which were the New Wells; which proving inefficacious, the schemer bought and locked up the Old Well, and thus prevented a comparison between the genuine and spurious mineral water. The South Sea speculators sent here "Alchemists, Dutchmen, Germans, Jews, &c.," who brought with them gambling. Epsom then went out of fashion; but, upon the Old Well being reopened, the gaiety revived with public breakfasts, music, dancing, and cards. The spring was then altogether neglected; but in 1822 and 1823 patients came here to drink the waters for scrofula and liver complaints. The Wells are now more remembered for their fashionable fame than for their health-giving properties.

Among the Epsom celebrities were Jonathan Boucher, the philologist; Parkhurst, of the celebrated Greek Lexicon; Attorney-General Northey, who gave from his park the first brood of rooks for the rookery in Temple Gardens, London; and at Pitt Place, near the church, Lord Littleton "saw the ghost." But we have omitted Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter or shape-mistress, who gained twenty guineas a day by her practice, and came twice a week from Epsom to London

in her chariot and four horses to attend town patients. However, she married the footman of a mercer on Ludgate Hill—an unhappy match. She next removed to Pall Mall, then the highway of quackery. In less than a year fame, fortune, and friends forsook her, and she died at Seven Dials, and was buried by the parish. She figures in Hogarth's print of "The Undertaker's Arms," between two fellow-empirics, Ward and Taylor. Mapp lost herself by leaving Epsom, the best "pitch" for her "bone-setting" business. To this archæological gossip we may add our reminiscence of the Epsom of fifty years since, when large old houses, galleried inns, and public-houses unusually numerous, were the remains of the older gaieties of the Wells and the Races.

THE FOUR INDIAN KINGS.

In King Street, Covent Garden, lived Arne, the upholsterer, the father of Dr. Arne, and Mrs. Cibber. At old Arne's house sojourned the four "Indian Kings," as they were called, who came to this country in Queen Anne's time to ask her assistance against the French in Canada. "They were clothed and entertained," says a note in the *Tatler*, "at the public expense, being lodged, while they continued in London, in an handsome apartment," perhaps in the house of Mr. Arne, as may be inferred from the *Tatler*, 155, and note. Certainly, their landlord was an upholsterer in Covent Garden, in a new street, which seems at that time to have received the name of King Street, which it retains to this day, in common with many other streets so called, in honour of Charles II. The figures

of these four Indian kings or chiefs are still preserved in the British Museum. The names and titles of their Majesties are recorded there and in the *Annals of Queen Anne*, but with the following differences from the account of them in this paper: *Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Prow*, and *Sa Ga Yean Qua Prah Ion*, of the *Maquas*;—*Elow Oh Kaom*, and *Oh Nee Yeath Ion No Prow*, of the river *Sachem*, and the *Ganajoh-hore Sachem*.

On the 18th of April 1710, according to Salmon, on the 19th according to Boyer, these four illustrious personages were conveyed in two of the Queen's coaches to St. James's, by Sir Charles Cotterel, master of the ceremonies, and introduced to their public audience by the Duke of Shrewsbury, then Lord Chamberlain. They made a speech by an interpreter, which Major Pidgeon, an officer who came over with them from America, read in English to her Majesty. "They had (they said) with one consent hung up the kettle and taken up the hatchet, in token of their friendship to their great queen and her children, and had been, on the other side of the great water, a strong wall of security to their great queen's children, even to the loss of their best men. For the truth of what they affirmed, and their written proposals, they referred to Colonel Scuyder and Colonel Nicholson, whom they called, in their language, Brother Queder, and Anadgargaux, and, speaking of Colonel Vetch, they named him Anadiasia. They said they always considered the French as men of falsehood, and rejoiced in the prospect of the reduction of Canada; after which they should have free hunting, and a great trade with their great queen's children; and as a token of the sincerity

of the six nations, in the name of all, they presented their great queen with the belts of wampum. They concluded their speech with recommending their very hard case to their great queen's gracious consideration, expressing their hopes of her favour, and requesting the mission of more of her children to reinforce and to instruct, for they had got, as they said, since their alliance with her children, some knowledge of the Saviour of the world. The curious may see this speech at full length in the *Annals of Queen Anne.* On the same day, according to Boyer, a royal messenger of the Emperor of Morocco, Elhadge Guzman, was likewise introduced by the Duke of Shrewsbury to a private audience, and delivered letters to the Queen from Mula Ishmael, his master; the same emperor, probably, who sent an ambassador to our court in 1706, mentioned in the *Tatler*, No. 130.

The Indian Kings continued about a fortnight longer in London, during which they were hospitably entertained by the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, by the Duke of Ormond, and several persons of distinction. They were carried to see Dr. Flamstead's house and the mathematical instruments in Greenwich Park, and entertained with the sight of the principal curiosities in and about the metropolis; then conveyed to Portsmouth through Hampton Court and Windsor, and embarked with Colonel Nicholson, commander of the forces appointed to the American service, on board the *Dragon,* Captain Martin, Commodore, who, with about eighteen sail under his convoy, "sailed from Spithead on the 18th of May, and landed their Majesties safe at Boston, in New England, July 15, 1710."

THE ST. MARGARET'S PAINTED WINDOW AT WESTMINSTER.

THE history of the painted glass cinque-cento Window, which, in 1758, was placed in the chancel, over the altar of St. Margaret's Church, is truly romantic.

This beautiful window (said to have been executed at Gouda, in Holland, and to have occupied five years in the making) was originally intended by the magistrates of Dort as a present to Henry VII., by whom it was intended for his Chapel at Westminster; or, as some say, it was ordered by Ferdinand and Isabella on the occasion of Prince Arthur being affianced, in 1499, to the Princess Catherine of Arragon, their portraits being procured for the purpose.

The three middle compartments represent the Crucifixion, with the usual accompaniments of angels receiving in a chalice the blood which drops from the wounds of the Saviour. Over the good thief an angel is represented wafting his soul to Paradise; and over the wicked, the devil in the shape of a dragon carrying his soul to a place of punishment. In the six upper compartments are six angels holding the emblems of crucifixion: the cross, the sponge, the crown of thorns, the hammer, the rods and nails. In the right hand lower compartment is Arthur, Prince of Wales (eldest son of Henry VII.); and in the companion or left side, Catherine of Arragon, his bride (afterwards married to his brother Henry VIII., and divorced by him). Over the head of Prince Arthur is a full-length figure of St. George, with the red and white roses of England; and over Catherine of Arragon, a full-length figure of St. Catherine, with

the bursting pomegranate, the emblem of the kingdom of Granada.

Prince Arthur died before the window was finished; the King himself before it could be erected. Succeeding events—the marriage of Henry VIII. to the bride or widow of his brother, with the subsequent divorce of Catherine—rendered the window wholly unfit for the place for which it was intended. It was then given by the King to Waltham Abbey, in Essex, where it remained till the dissolution of religious houses, when Robert Fuller, the last Abbot, to preserve it, sent it to his private chapel at New Hall, in the same county; where, by a subsequent purchase, it became by a curious coincidence, the property of the father of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. Queen Elizabeth gave it to Thomas Ratcliff, Earl of Sussex, who resided at New Hall, and from him it was purchased by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I. Oliver Cromwell was its next owner. At the Restoration, it reverted to the second Duke of Buckingham, who subsequently sold New Hall to General Monk, Duke of Albemarle. He caused the window to be buried under ground, well knowing that if it fell into the hands of the Puritans, they would not fail to destroy it. After the Restoration, General Monk replaced it in his chapel at New Hall. Subsequent to his death, owing to his son, Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, dying without issue, this beautiful seat became the property of the Duchess, and fell into ruin and decay. Its next owner, John Olmius, Esq., demolished the chapel, but preserved the window, in the hope of selling it to some church. The window then lay, for some time, packed up in chests, until purchased by Mr. Conyers, of Copt Hall, in Essex, for

fifty guineas, to be placed in his chapel; and he paid Mr. Price a large sum for repairing it. The window remained at Copt Hall until Mr. John Conyers, son of the late owner, having built a new house at a distance from the old mansion, in 1758, sold the window to the churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, who were then repairing and beautifying their very interesting old church. The sum paid for the window was 400 guineas, part of 4,000*l.* granted by Parliament for rebuilding the chancel, and in aid of the church reverted to by the House of Commons. In the following year, the window was erected the church was a fine anthem re-opened, and performed, having been composed expressly for the occasion by Dr. Boyce.

The painted glass was greatly admired, but scarcely had the beautiful work been appreciated, when a vexatious suit was instituted against the churchwardens for having put up this splendid addition to the church. An old dormant statute, 3 & 4 Edw. I. c. 10, was adduced, entitled "An Act for abolishing and putting away divers Books and Images;" the special ground of offence being the representation of the Crucifixion, which the promoters of the suit termed "a superstitious image or picture;" and it was further complained of that the churchwardens had not first obtained a faculty or license from the Ordinary. The suit was instituted by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, but upon mistaken premises, the Act upon which it was grounded being against actual images, not paintings or delineations upon walls, or in windows. However, the suit lasted seven long years; and the last we hear of it is in the *Annual Register*, as follows: "An Appeal came lately before the Court of Delegates, between

the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, and the Parishioners of St. Margaret's, concerning the Painted Window in the Church; the Bill was ordered to be dismissed, and each party to pay their own costs." In commemoration of this successful issue of the trial, one of the churchwardens, who had continued in office during seven years of the suit, presented to the churchwardens a chaste silver gilt cup, weighing 93 oz. 15 dwt., which is the "Loving Cup" of St. Margaret's, and the parochial feasts.

It is worth a walk to St. Margaret's to see this window. The late Mr. Winston, the great authority upon glass-painting, says of it: "Though at present much begrimed with London smoke and soot, it may be cited as an example of the pictorial excellence attainable in a glass-painting without any violation of the fundamental rules and conditions of the art. The harmonious arrangement of the colouring is worthy of attention. It is the most beautiful work in this respect that I am acquainted with."

The church has been in our time, as it was centuries ago in Stow's time, "in danger of pulling down;" which, if carried into effect, would add another leaf to the history of the St. Margaret's Painted Window.

PAINTED WINDOW OF "THE FIELD OF CLOTH OF GOLD."

In the spring of 1830, there was exhibited in a house at the east end of Oxford Street, a superb specimen of modern painting on glass, of almost stupendous size—18 by 24 feet. The term "window," however, is hardly applicable to this painting, for no framework

was visible; but the entire picture consisted of upwards of 350 pieces, of irregular forms and sizes, fitted into metal astragals, so contrived as to fall with the shadows, and thus to assist the appearance of an uninterrupted and unique picture upon a sheet of glass.

The subject was "The Tournament of the Field of the Cloth of Gold," between Henry VIII. and Francis I., in the plain of Ardres, near Calais; a scene of overwhelming gorgeousness, and, in the splendour of its appointments, well suited to the brilliant effects which are the peculiar characteristics of painting in enamel. The stage represented was the last tourney, on June 21, 1520. The field is minutely chronicled by Hall, whose details the painter had closely followed. There were artificial trees, with green damask leaves; and branches and boughs, and withered leaves, of cloth of gold; the trunks and arms being also covered with cloth-of-gold, and intermingled with fruits and flowers of Venice gold; so that "their beautie shewed farre." In the trees were hung shields emblazoned with "the Kynge of Englande's armes, within a gartier, the French Kynge's within a collar of his order of Sainct Michael, with a close crowne, with a flower-de-lise in the toppe;" and around and above were the shields of the noblemen of the two courts. The two Queens were seated in a magnificent pavilion, and next to the Queen of England (Anne Boleyn) sat Wolsey. The judges were on stages, the heralds in their tabards, were placed at suitable points; and around were gathered the flower of the French and English nobility to witness this closing glory of the last days of chivalry.

The *action* of the piece may be thus described:—

The trumpets sounded, and the two Kings and their retinues entered the field; they then put down their visors and rode to the encounter valiantly; or, in the words of Hall, "the ii Kynges were ready, and either of them encomtered one man-of-armes; the French Kynge of England to Mounsire Florrenges, and broke his poldron, and him disarmed, when ye strokes were stricken, the battail was departed, and was much praised."

The picture contained upwards of one hundred figures, life-size, of which forty were portraits, after Holbein, and other contemporary authorities. The armour of the two Kings and the challengers was very successfully painted: their owners almost breathed chivalric fire; and the costumes and heraldic devices presented a blaze of dazzling splendour. Among the most striking portraits were those of the two queens, Wolsey, and the Countess Chateaubriant; Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; and Queen Mary, Dowager of France, with the ill-fated Duke of Buckingham, whose hasty comment upon the extravagance of the Tournament proved his downfall. The elaborate richness of the costumes sparkling with gold and jewels; the fleecy floating feathers of the champions; the burnished armour and glittering arms; the congregated glories of velvet, ermine, and cloth of gold, and the heraldic emblazonry amidst the emerald freshness of the foliage—all combined to form a scene of unparalleled sumptuousness and superb effect.

The painting was executed in glass by Mr. Thomas Wilmshurst, a pupil of Mr. Muss, from a sketch by Mr. R. T. Bone; the horses by Mr. Woodward. The work cost the artist nearly 3,000*l*. It was exhibited

in the first-floor of No. 15 Oxford Street, and occupied one end of the apartment, which was painted for the occasion, with panelling and carving in the taste of the time of Henry VIII. The whole was very attractive as an exhibition: the visitors of rank were very numerous; the King (George IV.) expressed a wish to see the picture, but was prevented by illness, journeying from Windsor to the metropolis for that purpose. The sight was very popular, as may be judged by the sale of nearly 50,000 descriptive catalogues of the picture. Sad, then, to relate, in one unlucky night, Jan. 31, 1832, the house was destroyed in an accidental fire, and with it the picture, which, of course, was fixed—built up at one end of the room—and could not possibly be removed: not even a sketch, or study, was saved. The property was wholly uninsured: the writer of this account of the picture, when he first saw it completed, was led to exclaim—"in case of fire, this beautiful work must perish!" On the night of the conflagration, the crowd assembled in the street witnessed the destruction of the painting with sympathy and sorrow. As a work of art, it possessed great merit: the treatment was altogether original; the painters, in no instance, having borrowed from the contemporary picture of the same event, in the Hampton Court collection.

Holbein is stated to have accompanied Henry VIII. to the meeting with Francis I. on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Mr. A. W. Franks, F.S.A., in the *Archæologia*, xxxix. p. 6, says: "I know not on what authority this statement is made; it may be based on a passage in the *Pittura scelte* of Catherine of Patin, who tells us that Francis I. gave Henry VIII. a

picture of Leonardo da Vinci in return for some paintings by Holbein; she does not, however, mention the occasion. It is probable that Holbein was in the King's service in 1536, and a portrait by him of Jane Seymour, now at Vienna, bears that date."

GOING TO FIRES.

HORACE WALPOLE writes to one of his friends: "You know I can't resist going to a fire, for it is certainly the most horrid sight that is fine." "I am at present confined with a cold, which I caught by going to a fire in the middle of the night, and in the middle of the snow, two days ago. About five in the morning, Harry waked me with a candle in his hand, and cried, 'Pray, your honour, don't be frightened!' 'No, Harry, I am not; but what is it I am not to be frightened at?' 'There is a great fire here in St. James's Street.' I rose, and indeed thought all St. James's Street was on fire, but it proved to be in Bury Street. I slipped on my slippers and an embroidered suit that hung on the chair, and ran into Bury Street, and stepped into a pipe that was broken up for water. It would have made a picture—the horror of the flames, the snow, the day breaking with difficulty through so foul a night, and my figure, party per *pale*, mud and gold. It put me in mind of Lady Margaret Herbert's providence, who asked somebody for a pretty *pattern* for a night-cap. 'Lord,' said they, 'what signifies the pattern of a nightcap?' 'O! child,' said she, 'but you know, in case of fire.' There were two houses burnt, and a poor maid; an officer jumped out of the window, and

is much hurt, and two young beauties were conveyed out the same way in their shifts."

In 1742 there was a destructive fire in Downing Street. Walpole tells us that, hearing of the fire, he hastened to Whitehall, but could not get to the end of the street in his chariot for the crowd. When he got out, the first thing he heard was a man enjoying himself: "Well, if it lasts two hours longer, Sir Robert Walpole's house will be burnt to the ground." This was a very comfortable hearing; but Horace found the fire was on the opposite side of the way, and at a good distance.

The first White's Club-house, in St. James's Street, was destroyed by fire April 27, 1733, at which time the house was kept by a person of the name of Arthur. Young Mr. Arthur's wife leaped out of a window two pair of stairs upon a feather bed without much hurt. A fine collection of paintings belonging to Sir Andrew Fountaine, valued at 3,000*l.* at least, was entirely destroyed. His Majesty (George II.) and the Prince of Wales were present above an hour, and encouraged the firemen and people to work at the engines—a guard being ordered from St. James's to keep off the populace. His Majesty ordered 20 guineas among the firemen and others that worked the engines, and 5 guineas to the guard; and the Prince ordered the firemen 10 guineas. The incident of the fire was made use of by Hogarth in Plate 6 of the "Rake's Progress," representing a room at White's. The total abstraction of the Gamblers is well expressed by their utter inattention to the alarm of fire given by watchmen who are bursting open the doors. To indicate the Club more fully, Hogarth has inserted the name of Black's.

In 1726 there was a great fire in Spring Gardens: the Prince of Wales went to assist—the King was in Hanover. Rowe wrote upon the incident the following epigram:—

> Thy guardian, blest Britannia, scorns to sleep
> When the sad subjects of his father weep;
> Weak princes by their fears increase distress,
> He faces danger, and so makes it less:
> Tyrants on blazing towers may smile with joy;
> He knows to save is greater than destroy.

On January 14, 1792, the Pantheon, in Oxford Street, which had only been completed 21 years, was burned to the ground. The fire originated in the painter's room, and spread so rapidly through the building, that not a single article could be saved. The brilliant light from the dried materials illuminated the western quarter of the metropolis; and when the roof fell in, the flames rose in a lofty column, and formed a terrific spectacle. The value of property destroyed was 80,000*l.* Happily, the thickness and height of the walls prevented the conflagration from spreading to the contiguous houses. Michael Kelly walked with Sheridan into Oxford Street, to view the conflagration. While Sheridan was observing how very high the flames were, he said, "Is it possible to extinguish them?" An Irish fireman, who was close by, and heard the question, said, "For the love of Heaven, Mr. Sheridan, don't make yourself uneasy, sir; by the powers, it will soon be down; sure enough, they won't have another drop of water in five minutes." This was said in the natural warmth of heart, for the Irishman imagined that the burning of the Pantheon Theatre must have been gratifying to Mr. Sheridan as the proprietor of Drury Lane.

At the destruction of Savile House,* Leicester Square, on Feb. 28, 1865, when the flames were at their height, the Prince of Wales, Viscount Amberly, and the Duke of Sutherland were among the spectators; and the report adds that the Prince borrowed a fireman's helmet, and thus attired inspected the conflagration from different points of view.

* Savile House occupied nearly the centre of the north side of Leicester Square. It was sometimes confounded with Leicester House, which mansion, however, stood to the north-east, and was successively the *pouting-place* of two Princes of Wales, father and son. To this mansion was added Savile House, a communication being made between the two houses for the children of Frederick, Prince of Wales. Savile House was likewise called Ailesbury House, and here Thomas, third Earl of Ailesbury, entertained Peter the Great, when he visited England in 1698; and here, in all probability, the Czar enjoyed his pet tipple, "hot pepper and brandy," with his boon companion, the Marquis of Carmarthen. The house passed into the Savile family through the marriage of Lord Ailesbury's son and successor, Charles, third and last Earl of Ailesbury of that creation, who married Lady Anne Savile, eldest daughter and coheir of Sir William Savile, Bart., second Marquis of Halifax. At any rate, Sir George Savile, Bart., M.P., who had Savile House in 1780, was the male heir of the Saviles and the Marquis of Halifax, and the inheritor of the baronetcy. The house, in the Gordon riots, was stripped of its valuable furniture, books, and pictures, which the rioters burnt in Leicester Fields; and the iron rails were torn from the front of the house and used by the mob as weapons. The house was rebuilt early in the present century, and soon became a sort of "Noah's Ark" for exhibition purposes. Here Miss Linwood exhibited her needlework from 1800 until her death in 1845. Here the National Political Union held its Reform meetings, recalling the storms of the previous century. Then came a succession of prodigies of nature and art: amongst the latter were a large moving panorama of the Mississippi River, and a series of views of New Zealand; concerts and balls; and exhibitions of too questionable a shape for us to detail. Through some sixty years of the showman's art, flaring by night and by day, Savile House lasted unharmed until the catastrophe of 1865, when the royal baby-house and the cheap pleasure haunt were burnt in the short space of two hours.

Strange Adventures & Catastrophes.

A MEMORABLE EXPLOSION.

Among the remarkable displacement and destruction narrated of gunpowder is the following, which occurred in the precinct of Alhallows, Barking, towards the east end of Tower Street. Over against the wall of Barking churchyard was the house of a ship-chandler, who, upon the 4th of January 1649, about 7 o'clock at night, being busy in his shop barrelling up gunpowder, it took fire, and in the twinkling of an eye, blew up not only that, but all the houses thereabout, to the number (towards the street and in back alleys) of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could never be known, for the next house but one was the Rose Tavern, a house never (at that time of night) but full of company; and that day the parish dinner was at that house. And in three or four days after, digging, they continually found heads, arms, legs, and half bodies, miserably torn and scorched, besides many whole bodies, not so much as their clothes singed.

In the course of this accident, says the narrator (Mr. Leybourne, in Strype), "I will instance two; the one a dead, the other a living monument. In the digging (as I said before) they found the Mistress of the house of the Rose Tavern, sitting in her bar, and one of the Drawers standing by the bar's side, with a pot in his hand, only stifled with dust and smoke; their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling cross one upon another. This is one. Another is this:—The next morning there was found upon the upper

leads of Barking church, a young child lying in a cradle, as newly laid in bed, neither the child nor the cradle having the least sign of any fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child it was, so that one of the parish kept it as a memorial; for, in the year 1666 I saw the child, grown to be then a proper maiden, and came to the man that had kept her all that time, where he was drinking at a tavern with some other company then present. And he told us she was the child so found in the cradle upon the church leads as aforesaid."

According to a tablet which hangs beneath the organ gallery of the church, the quantity of gunpowder exploded in this catastrophe was twenty-seven barrels.

EARTHQUAKES IN LONDON.

Two of the most memorable shocks of the earth felt in the metropolis were those of 1580 and 1750. The first of these took place on the evening of Easter Wednesday (April 6), 1580. The great clock-bell at Westminster struck at the shock, and the bells of the various churches were set jangling; the people rushed out of the theatres in consternation, and the gentlemen of the Temple, leaving their supper, ran out of the hall with their knives in their hands. Part of the Temple Church was cast down, some stones fell from St. Paul's, and two apprentices were killed at Christ Church by the fall of a stone during sermon-time. This earthquake was felt pretty generally throughout the kingdom, and was the cause of much damage in Kent, where many castles and other buildings were injured; and at Dover, a portion of a cliff fell, carrying with it part

of the castle wall. So alarmed were all classes, that Queen Elizabeth thought it advisable to cause a form of prayer to be used by all householders with their whole family, every evening before going to bed.

On the 8th of September 1692, the merchants were driven from Change and the people from their houses by a shock; and the streets of the metropolis were thronged with a panic-stricken crowd, some swooning, some aghast with wonder and amazement. This earthquake was felt in most of the home counties. Evelyn, writing from Sayes Court to Bishop Tenison, says, 'As to our late earthquake here, I do not find it has left any considerable marks. In London, and particularly in Dover Street, they were greatly affrighted.'

The year 1750 is, however, the most memorable year of English earthquakes. It opened with most unseasonable weather, the heat being, according to Walpole, 'beyond what was ever known in any other country;' and on the 8th of February, a shock was felt, followed exactly a month afterwards by a second and severer one, when the bells of the church-clocks struck against the chiming-hammers, dogs howled, and fish jumped high out of the water.

Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, narrates the catastrophe, commencing with

> Portents and prodigies have grown so frequent,
> That they have lost their name.

"My text is not literally true; but, as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if, by next post, you hear of

a burning mountain springing up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last, the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight that, if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again,—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift my head. I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake that lasted nearly half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done. There has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much earthenware. The bells rang in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, 'Lord, one can't help going into the country!' The only visible effect it has had was in the Ridotto, at which, being the following morning, there were but 400 people. A parson who came into White's the morning after earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder mills, went away exceedingly scandalised, and said, 'I protest they are such an impious set of people, that I believe, if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment!' The excitement grew intense: following the example of Bishops Secker and Sherlock, the clergy showered down sermons and exhortations, and a country quack sold

pills 'as good against an earthquake.' A crazy Life-guardsman predicted a third and more fatal earthquake at the end of four weeks after the second; and a frantic terror prevailed as the time drew near.

On the evening preceding the 5th of April, the roads out of London were crowded with vehicles, spite of an advertisement in the papers threatening the publication 'of an exact list of all the nobility and gentry who have left or shall leave this place through fear of another earthquake.' 'Earthquake gowns'—warm gowns to wear while sitting out of doors all night—were in great request with women. Many people sat in coaches all night in Hyde Park, passing away the time with the aid of cards and candles;" and Walpole asks his correspondent, "What will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play brag till four o'clock in the morning, and then come back, I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish?" The prophet of all this was a trooper of Lord Delawar's, who was sent to Bedlam.

The second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it was believed there would be a third in another month, which was to swallow up London; and Walpole advised several who were going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark * for it, as they were so periodic. Dick Leveson and Mr. Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at

* "I remember," says Addison, in the 240th *Tatler*, "when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, that there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which, as he told the country people, were very good against an earthquake."

Bedford House, one night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice cried, "Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!"

The great earthquake which destroyed Lisbon in 1755, agitated the waters of the United Kingdom, and even affected Peerless Pool, in the City Road.

In 1842, an absurd report gained credence among the weak-minded, that London would be destroyed by earthquake on the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day. This rumour was founded on certain doggrel prophecies: one pretended to be pronounced in the year 1203, and contained in the Harleian Collection (British Museum), 800 b. folio 319; the other by Dr. Dee, the astrologer (1598, MS. in the British Museum). The rhymes, with these "authorities," inserted in the newspapers, actually excited some alarm, and a great number of timid persons left the metropolis before the 17th. Upon reference to the British Museum, the "prophecies" were not, however, to be found; and their forger has confessed them to have been an experiment upon public credulity.

THE NEW ZEALANDER VISITING THE RUINS OF LONDON.

This oft-repeated illustration of the rise and fall of Nations—of a New Zealander sitting, like a hundredth-century Marius, on the mouldering arches of London Bridge, contemplating the colossal ruins of St. Paul's, is used by Lord Macaulay no less than four times;—in the articles on *Wellingtonia* and Mitford's *Greece*, published in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in the year 1824; again in 1829, in his first paper on Mill; and in 1840, in his review of Austin's *Ranke*. The simile, to use the

editor's words, was the subject of allusion two or three times a week, in speeches and leading articles, and still does occasional duty. It is, after all, but a paraphrase of Marius among the Ruins of Carthage.

Now, it so happens that in December 1819, five years before Macaulay's article on Mitford appeared, the poet Shelley wrote as follows, in the dedicatory letter of his poem, *Peter Bell the Third* to Tom Brown (Moore):—"In the firm expectation," says he, speaking of the longevity of the poem in question, "when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh, when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some transatlantic traveller will weigh everything in the scales of some new system of criticism, and the merits of the present work be recognised."

But we must look even earlier than Shelley for its application. Volney, in the second chapter of his *Ruins of Empires*, has an analogous passage. "Who knows," he writes, "but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations—who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and mourn a people inurned, and their greatness changed into an empty name?" Even Henry Kirke White was inspired by the idea of this probable contingency, and, in his fragmentary poem on "Time," descants upon the desolation of Great Britain:—

> On her marts,
> Her crowded ports, broods silence; and the cry
> Of the lone curlew, and the pensive dash
> Of distant billows, break alone the void.
> Even as the savage sits upon the stone
> That marks where stood her capitals, and hears
> The bittern booming in the weeds.

The conception is a beautiful one, or it would have not been so extensively employed. In one of Walpole's lively letters to Sir H. Mann, he says: "At last some curious native of Lima will visit London, and give a sketch of the ruins of Westminster and St. Paul's."

DANGEROUS CLASSES IN THE LAST CENTURY.

Sir John Fielding, in his well-filled duodecimo *Description of London and Westminster*, published in 1776, gives a supplement of "Proper Cautions to the Merchants, Tradesmen, and Shopkeepers; Journeymen, Apprentices, Porters, Errand Boys, Book-keepers, and Inn-keepers; also very necessary for every person going to London either on business or pleasure." The information is of a really practical kind, while it contains little pictures of the metropolitan Rogues and Frauds of the period, which the well-informed Justice of the Peace renders agreeable as well as serviceable to the reader. Here are three specimens:—

Sky Farmers are described as a set of cheats, who make a dupe of the heart, and impose on the benevolence and compassion of the charitable. These ingenious *sky farmers* execute their schemes in the following manner: — One of them dresses himself extremely genteel, and takes upon himself either the

character of a private gentleman or respectable tradesman. He is attended by two men in the character of country farmers, with clumsy boots, horsemen's coats, &c. The objects pitched upon for imposition are good charitable old ladies, to whom the sky farmer tells a dreadful story of losses by fire, inundation, &c., to the utter ruin of these two poor farmers and all their families; their wives are with child, their children down in the small-pox, &c. A book is then produced by the sky farmer, who undertakes this disagreable office purely out of good nature, knowing the story to be true. In this book are the names of the nobility and gentry set down by himself, who have contributed to this Charity; and by setting out with false names, they at length get real ones, which are of great service to them in carrying on their fraud; and well-disposed persons are daily imposed upon by false appearances of distress. There are persons in this town who get a very good livelihood by writing letters and petitions of this stamp, with which those noblemen and gentlemen who are distinguished for their generosity and benevolence are constantly tormented; and these wretches often obtain relief for their false distresses, whilst the really miserable suffer, from their modesty, the asserted afflictions. A woman stuffed so large as if she was ready to lie in, with two or three borrowed children, and a letter giving an account of her husband's falling off a scaffold, and breaking his limbs, or being drowned at sea, &c., is an irresistible object.

Swindling.—The highest rank of cheats who attack the understanding (says Sir John Fielding) have made use of the following stratagems:—One of the gang, who is happiest in his person, and has the best address, is

pitched upon to take a house, which, by means of the extreme good character given of him by his comrade to the landlord, is soon accomplished. The next consideration is to furnish it, when Mr. ——, a young ironmonger, just set up, is pitched upon to provide the squire's grates, who, glad of so fine an order, soon ornaments his chimneys with those of the newest fashion. This being done, Mr. ——, the upholsterer, is immediately applied to for other furniture, and is brought to the house, in order that he may see the grates, which he no sooner beholds than he tells his honour that he could have furnished him likewise with grates of the best kind, at the most reasonable rates, to which Squire Gambler replies, that he intends taking some little villa in the country, where Mr. —— shall furnish everything he can.

The house being now completely furnished, the squire dresses himself in his morning gown, velvet cap, and red morocco slippers, puts one or more of his comrades into livery, then sends for the tailor, linendraper, silversmith, jeweller, &c., takes upon him the character of a merchant, and by getting credit of one by pawning the goods the moment he has got them, he is enabled to pay ready money to others; by which means he extends his credit and increases his orders till he is detected; which sometimes does not happen till he has defrauded tradesmen to a very considerable value. Nay, they have been known to carry their scheme so far as to fix one of their comrades at some rendezvous in Wapping, in the character of the captain of a vessel lying at such stairs, and bound to some of the American plantations, by which means the aforesaid merchant procures goods to be sent abroad; and, as his credit advances, he makes use of drafts, which are constantly accepted by his com-

rades, who have constantly changed their lodgings when the said drafts have become due.

"There is a set of sharpers, who have lately purchased several estates without money, in the following manner:—They make a bargain with the seller, or his agent, for the estate, in consequence of which they draw articles of agreement, by which they oblige themselves to pay the purchase-money at such a time, and give a bond for the performance of covenants; they then immediately go to the tenant, to show him the articles of agreement, and tell him that he will soon have a new landlord; upon which the former begins to complain of the old one, and hopes his honour will repair this, rebuild that, and alter something else, which the landlord promises to do. Credit being thus gained with the tenant, the new landlord falls in love, perhaps, with the farmer's daughter, or with a fine horse, or else borrows money of him, and gives him a draught upon his banker in town, who seldom has any cash in hand, and often is not to be found."

Ring-dropping.—This old fraud is described by Sir John Fielding as practised by fellows who find a paper full of "gold rings," which they take care to pick up in the sight of a proper object, whose opinion they ask. These rings appear of little value, which gives the finder an opportunity for saying that he had rather have found a good piece of bread-and-cheese, for he had not broke his fast for a whole day; then wishes the gentleman would give him something for the rings, that he might buy himself a pair of shoes, a coat, &c. He will immediately bite, and thinking to make a cheap purchase of an ignorant fellow, gives him 20*s.* for four or five brass rings washed over. Or, what is more

frequent, and yet more successful, is the picking up of a shilling or a half-crown, before the face of a countryman, whose opinion of it is immediately asked, whether it be silver or not, and he is invited to share the finder's good luck in a glass of wine or a pot of ale. The harmless countryman, pleased at such an invitation in a strange place, is carried to an ale-house, where the sharper's friends are waiting for him, and where cutting or playing at cards is soon proposed, and the countryman most certainly tricked out of all his money, watch, and everything valuable he has about him.

The sky farmers appear to be admirably shown up by Sheridan, in *The Critic*.

YORK BUILDINGS, A SITE OF MISCHANCE.

THE low-lying tract of ground near the south-west termination of the Strand has, for nearly two centuries past, been a focus of speculation, which has scarcely a parallel. Here, through generations, failure has followed failure; the speculators seeming to imitate desperate gamblers in following ill-luck. A sort of fatality has long hovered over the spot: the much-abused and much-defended Francis Bacon was born here, at York House, and here the Great Seal was taken from him. Next, George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, the ill-fated favourite of two sovereigns, and stabbed by Felton at Portsmouth, having got possession of York House, had the old mansion taken down and rebuilt, towards which James I. contributed 2,000 tons of Portland, at the cost of 1,800*l*. Yet, within fifty years, the house was taken down, the gardens were cleared, and upon the site were erected York

Buildings. Sir Richard Steele had one of the many schemes of this site; here he fitted up a sort of nursery for the stage. On one occasion, he gave to some 200 guests a sumptuous entertainment, with dramatic recitations. Addison assisted, and wrote an epilogue for the occasion, in which occur these lines of quiet humour:

> The sage, whose guests you are to-night, is known
> To watch the public weal, though not his own.

Here Steele was outwitted by his stage-carpenter refusing to drive another nail until he was paid; when Steele said his friend's elocution was perfect, though he didn't like his subject much.

Here, in 1691, was erected a veritable steam-engine, or "fire-engine," for supplying the western quarter of London with water. The works are described in the *Foreigner's Guide to London*, 1720; but the Company took to purchasing estates, granting annuities, and assuring lives, and proved one of the bubbles of that year of wild speculation. The fire engine ceased to be worked in 1731; but it was afterwards shown for several years as a curiosity. "Its working by sea-coal," says the *London Daily Post*, 1741, "was attended with so much smoke, that it not only must pollute the air thereabouts, but spoil the furniture." The confused affairs of the Company, and the consequent disputes and lawsuits with its creditors and debtors, gave rise to a host of pamphlets, and even a political novel. The last of the property was sold in 1783. However, the spirit of the York Buildings speculations lingered here until our time; for, in Buckingham Street, in 1818, were "the Sea-water Baths," which were supplied by a vessel with water from below Southend.

Adjoining York Buildings was the mansion of the

Hungerfords, which was in 1650 partly converted into tenements and a market, which, baulked at first, proved a sorry failure. The market had dwindled to a single row of stalls and shops, the hall had been let as stables, and the place was principally used as a thoroughfare to and from Hungerford Stairs, when a Company raised, in 100*l.* shares, some 200,000*l.*, purchased the estate and some adjoining ground, and thereon, within two years, was erected a new market, which was publicly opened July 2nd, 1833, but proved as unprofitable as the original Hungerford scheme. The opening was signalised by the ascent of a balloon: one of the aeronauts, being inexperienced, not long after lost his reason. A large exhibition-hall and bazaar were built in 1851, when Mr. Bouton produced here his dioramic views of Fribourg and Venice; the premises and the pictures were destroyed by fire, March 31, 1854.

The river-front became the great focus of the upper Thames steam navigation, there being here a million of embarkations and landings annually. A foot suspension bridge, constructed by the younger Brunel, from Hungerford Market, across the Thames, to Belvedere Road, Lambeth, and opened April 18, 1845, added to the failures; the bridge cost 110,000*l.*, and was sold for 226,000*l.*; but only the first instalment was paid, and the purchase was thus void: however, the bridge was taken down in 1863.

Old Mr. Mathews, the bookseller, of the Strand, used to relate that he remembered Napoleon Bonaparte residing in London, for five weeks, in 1791 or 1792; that he lodged in a house in George Street, one of the streets of York Buildings; that he occasionally took his cup of chocolate at the Northumberland Coffee

House, opposite Northumberland House; that he there read much, and preserved a provoking taciturnity towards the frequenters of the coffee-room; though his manner was stern, his deportment was that of a gentleman. Near his lodgings in the Adelphi was a place much resorted to by another ruler of France, Louis Phillippe, who, between 1848 and 1850, was a frequent visitor at the Lowther Bazaar, in the Strand.

In Craven Street lived Mr. Denis O'Brien, who wrote in the *Morning Post* the impassioned appeal in behalf of his distressed friend, Sheridan, then upon his deathbed—ending with "Life and succour against Westminster Abbey and a splendid funeral." O'Brien held a colonial appointment, and was employed in secret political service; but fell into the common fate of secret-service men, and was, at length, deserted by the party whom he had actively served: he died in great distress.

THE BURNING OF MONTAGUE HOUSE.

This noble mansion, situated on the north side of Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, was first built about 1674, by Ralph Montague, Esq., afterwards Baron Montague of Boughton, and Duke of Montague, Keeper of the Wardrobe to Charles II., and who was subsequently in high favour with King William and Queen Anne. The house was erected in the manner of a French palace, from the design of Robert Hooke, the celebrated mathematician, and the inventor of spring-clocks and pocket-watches, and much employed in the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire; he was also Curator of the Royal Society, in the year

1678. This assertion has often been contradicted; but it is corroborated by John Evelyn, who went to see the house on the 5th of November 1679:—"To see Mr. Montague's new palace, neere Bloomsbery, built by our curator, Mr. Hooke, somewhat after the French: it was 'most nobly furnish'd, and a fine, but too much expos'd, garden." He went to see it again on the 10th of October 1683, and commends the labours of Verrio on the ceilings in the highest terms. Foreign artists were chiefly employed in its completion, by Lord Montague's desire, and, amongst them, Signor Verrio, for the decorations; and, when finished, it was considered the most magnificent and complete building, for a private residence, at that time known in London.

Within ten years this superb mansion was burnt down by accident, or, rather, by the carelessness of a servant. John Evelyn records in his *Diary*:—"Jan. 19, 1686.—This night was burnt to the ground my Lord Montague's palace in Bloomsbery, than which, for paintings and furniture, there was nothing more glorious in England. This happened by the neglect of a servant airing, as they call it, some goods by the fire, in a moist season; indeed, so wet and mild a season had scarce been seen in man's memory."

There is another account of this calamitous fire, rendered interesting by the pen of Lady Rachel Russell, in her *Letters*: it is part of a letter addressed to Dr. Fitzwilliam, and is dated January 22, 1686:—

"If you have heard of the dismal accident in this neighbourhood, you will easily believe Tuesday night was not a quiet one with us.

"About one o'clock in the night, I heard a great

noise in the square, so little ordinary; I called up my servant, and sent her down to hear the occasion; she brought up a very sad one—that Montague House was on fire, and it was so indeed; it burnt with so great violence, the house was consumed by five o'clock.

"The wind blew strong this way, so that we lay under fire a great part of the time, the sparks and flames covering the house, and filling the court. My boy awoke, and was almost suffocated with smoke, but being told the reason, would see it, and was so satisfied without fear; and took a strange bedfellow very willingly, Lady Devonshire's youngest boy, whom his nurse had brought wrapt up in a blanket. Thus we see what a day brings forth, and how momentary the things are we set our hearts upon."

The house was at this time in the occupation of the Earl of Devonshire, to whom Lord Montague had let it, for the sum of 500 guineas by the year. Of its destruction we find another entry:—

"Whitehall, the 21st Jan. 1685–6.

"On Wednesday, at one in the morning, a sad fire happened at Montague House, in Bloomsbury, occasioned by the steward's airing some hangings, &c., in expectation of my Lord Montague's return home; and sending afterwards a woman to see that the fire-pans with charcoal were removed, which she told me she had done, though she never came there. The loss that my Lord Montague has sustained by this accident is estimated at 40,000*l.*, besides 6,000*l.* in plate; and my Lord Devonshire's loss in pictures, hangings, and other furniture is very considerable."

Lord Montague's large income was again placed in

* Ellis's *Letters, Second Series*, iv. 89.

requisition for the reconstruction of his palace; and, though executed by French artists, the plan (that of the hotels of the nobility at Paris) was the same, the new structure being raised upon the foundations and burnt walls of the old one. The architect now employed was one Peter Poughet, a native of Marseilles, who was assisted in the decoration by Charles de la Fosse, Jaques Rousseau, and Jean Baptiste Monoyer. La Fosse painted the ceilings, Rousseau the landscapes and architecture, and Monoyer the flowers. Rousseau also assisted as clerk of the works to the building. This exclusive employment of French artists in the new house gave rise to the popular but improbable tale, that Montague House was rebuilt at the expense of Louis XIV., to whose court Lord Montague had twice been sent as ambassador.

The second Montague House was finished about 1687; and the eccentric but munificent owner, who, in 1705, was created Marquis of Monthermer and Duke of Montague, resided in it till after his death, which took place March 9, 1709. He was succeeded in his titles and estates by his son John, second Duke of Montague, who quitted the vicinity of St. Giles's for the more courtly region of Whitehall. While a new mansion was being erected for him there, he, however, continued to reside in one of the wings of Montague House. After his removal to Whitehall, the house in Great Russell Street remained unoccupied, until it was purchased, by Act of Parliament, of Lord Halifax, for 10,250*l.*, in the spring of 1754, for "the British Museum."

The building must have been in a very dilapidated condition, for the repairs cost more than the purchase

and, with furniture, &c., amounted to the large sum of 29,736*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*

In plan, the old Museum resembled a French hotel of the first class: consisting of a large and lofty pile, with two sides built for offices, and a high front wall, with an arched doorway, and above it an octangular turret, surmounted by a cupola and vane; this was the principal entrance, and was known as "Montague Great Gate;" and at each extremity of the wall was a square turret.

To the original building additions were made from time to time, as the collection increased, until 1820, when the rebuilding of the Museum was commenced; the plan bordering three sides of the spacious area formerly occupied by the gardens of Montague House, behind the original mansion. By this means, the collection was removed from the old into the new building, as the latter progressed, without any inconvenience to the public. In like manner, the principal front took the place of the old Montague House *façade*, which was removed piecemeal; and strange it was to see the lofty pitched roof, balustraded attic, and large windowed front of "the French manner," giving way to the Grecian architecture of Sir Robert Smirke's new design. The octangular and not unpicturesque apartment over the great gateway lingered for some time after, and was the last to disappear of old Montague House. The materials were sold by auction; and curious was it to see such pieces of the painted walls and ceilings as could be removed entire, bringing a few shillings—one of La Fosse's deities for half-a-crown, or a bunch of Monoyer's flowers for 1*s.* 6*d.*

The sentinels who keep guard over the national

treasures are mentioned, by the way, where few readers would look for them—in Mr. Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*; the learned historian remarking that nothing could be more uncongenial to the feelings, or more alien to the objects of the institution, than to see sentinels stationed at the entrance to the British Museum, and to our exhibitions of pictures. When this was noticed in Parliament, Sir Robert Peel good-humouredly observed in reply, that, as to the sentinels being stationed at the British Museum, he had not seen Mr. Hallam shudder since he had been appointed a trustee.

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM'S SHOP IN LOMBARD STREET.

GRESHAM, like all other bankers and merchants living in that street, kept a shop. It stood on the site now occupied by the banking house of Messrs. Stone, Martin and Co., and over his door was his crest, a grasshopper, by way of sign. This was no uncommon practice even at a later period; for we are told that the sign of the house in Bread Street, where Milton's father resided, and where Milton was born, was *the spread eagle*—an heraldic symbol, which appears in the family arms. The original sign of Gresham's shop was seen by Pennant, and continued in existence as lately as the year 1795; when, on the erection of the present building, it disappeared from the station which it had so long occupied over the door; its metallic value having probably aroused the cupidity of some of the labourers. But the term *banker*, when applied to a former age, is so likely to produce misconception, that before proceed-

ing further, it seems advisable to explain it. A banker in early times pursued a very different trade from that which occupies the attention of the opulent and influential class so called at the present day. It is well known that the latter derive their profits from the employment of fluctuating sums of money, deposited in their hands for convenience and safety by the public; and for the security of which, the respectability of the banker is a sufficient guarantee. But this is a refinement of comparatively recent introduction, with which our forefathers were wholly unacquainted. As late as the time of Swift, bankers gave and took a bond on receiving or lending money; and made their profit by obtaining a higher rate of interest, or usury, as it was called, on the latter operation, than they allowed on the former. Ten or twelve per cent. was the customary rate of interest during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; at which period, we mean no disrespect to the banker when we say, that he united in his person the trades of the usurer, the pawnbroker, the money-scrivener, the goldsmith, and the dealer in bullion. A German traveller who visited England in 1593, says, that he saw in Lombard-street, "all sorts of gold and silver vessels exposed to sale, as well as ancient and modern coins, in such quantities as must surprise a man the first time he sees and considers them." At the period of Gresham's death, a considerable portion of his wealth consisted of gold chains.* The German traveller was Hentzner.

* Burgon's *Life of Gresham*, 1839.

THE BURSTING OF THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

THE word "Bubble," as applied to any ruinous speculation, was first applied to the transactions of the South Sea Company, in the disastrous year 1720. It originated in the exaggerated representations of the sudden riches to be realised by the opening of new branches of trade to the South Sea, the monopoly of which was to be secured to the South Sea Company, upon their pretext of paying off the National Debt. The Company was to become the richest the world ever saw, and each hundred pounds of their stock would produce hundreds per annum to the holder. By this means the stock was raised to near 400; it then fluctuated, and settled at 330.

Exchange Alley was the seat of the gambling fever;* it was blocked up every day by crowds, as were Cornhill and Lombard Street with carriages. In the words of the ballads of the day:—

There is a gulf where thousands fell,
  There all the bold adventurers came;
A narrow sound, though deep as hell,
  'Change Alley is the dreadful name.—*Swift.*

Then stars and garters did appear
  Among the meaner rabble;
To buy and sell, to see and hear
  The Jews and Gentiles squabble.
The greatest ladies thither came,
  And plied in chariots daily,
Or pawned their jewels for a sum
  To venture in the Alley.

On the day the Bill was passed by Parliament, the shares were at 310; next day they fell to 290. Within five days after, the directors opened their books for a

* Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., has painted, with wonderful effect, "'Change Alley during the South Sea Bubble," a picture very properly placed in our National Gallery.

subscription of a million, at the rate of 300*l.* for every 100*l.* capital; and this first subscription soon exceeded two millions of original stock. In a few days the stock advanced to 340, and the subscriptions were sold for double the price of the first payment. Then the directors announced a Midsummer dividend of ten per cent. upon all subscriptions. A second subscription of a million at 400 per cent. was then opened, and in a few hours a million and a half was subscribed for.

Innumerable bubble companies soon started up, by which one million and a half sterling was won and lost in a very short time. The absurdity of the schemes was monstrous: one was "a company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know where it is." In all these bubbles, persons of both sexes alike engaged; the men meeting their brokers at taverns and coffee-houses, and the ladies at the shops of milliners and haberdashers; and in Exchange Alley, shares in the same bubble were sold, at the same instant, ten per cent. higher at one end of the Alley than the other. Meanwhile, the Minister warned the nation, and the King declared such projects unlawful, and trafficking brokers were liable to 5,000*l.* penalty. The companies were dissolved, but others as soon sprung up. The folly was satirised in caricatures and "stock-jobbing cards." When Sir Isaac Newton was asked about the continuance of the rising of the South Sea Stock, he answered that he could not calculate the madness of the people; and Pope sung:—

> What made directors cheat in South Sea year?
> To live on venison when it sold so dear—

when the price of a haunch of venison was from 3*l.* to 5*l.*, a high price at that time.

Yet the South Sea Stock was quoted at 550, and in

four days it rose to 890; then fell to 600; but was finally raised to 1,000 per cent., and then fell to 700. The alarm now increased, and in a few days the price fell to 400. Among the victims was Gay, the poet, who, having had some South Sea Stock presented to him, supposed himself to be the master of 20,000*l.*: his friends importuned him to sell, but he refused, and profit and principal were lost. The ministers grew more alarmed, the directors were insulted in the streets, and riots were apprehended; a run commenced upon the most eminent goldsmiths and bankers, some of whom absconded. This occasioned a great run upon the Bank, which was saved by the intervention of a holiday. But the South Sea Company was wrecked, and its stock fell to 150.

The Government were now implored to punish the directors; though the ministers were far from blameless, and the nation was as culpable as the company. It was gravely recommended in Parliament that the people, having no law to punish the directors, should treat them like Roman parricides—tie them in sacks and throw them into the Thames! A Bill was brought in to restrain the directors, governor, and other officers, from leaving the kingdom for a twelvemonth; and for discovering their estates and effects, and preventing them from transporting or alienating the same.

The cry out-of-doors for justice was equally loud: Mr. Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Craggs, were openly accused; five directors, including Mr. Edward Gibbon, the grandfather of the celebrated historian, were ordered to the custody of the Black Rod. Meanwhile, Knight, the treasurer of the company, taking with him the books and documents, and secrets of the directors, escaped disguised in a boat

on the Thames; and was conveyed thence to Calais, in a vessel hired for the purpose. Two thousand pounds' reward was, by royal proclamation, offered for his apprehension. The doors of the House of Commons were locked, the keys were placed upon the table, and the enquiry proceeded. The South Sea directors and officers were secured; their papers were seized, and such as were Members of Parliament were expelled the House, and taken into custody.

The Committee of Secrecy reported to Parliament the results of their enquiry, showing how false and fictitious entries had been made in the books, erasures and alterations made, and leaves torn out; and some of the most important books had been destroyed altogether. The properties of many thousands of persons, amounting to many millions of money, had been made away with. Fictitious stock had been distributed among members of the Government, by way of bribe, to facilitate the passing of the Bill. One of the Secretaries to the Treasury had received 250,000*l.*, as the difference in the price of some stock, and the account of the Chancellor of the Exchequer showed 794,451*l.* He proved the greatest criminal, and was expelled the House, all his estate seized, and he was committed a close prisoner to the Tower of London. Next day Sir George Caswall, of a firm of jobbers who had been implicated in the business, was expelled the House, committed to the Tower, and ordered to refund 250,000*l.* Mr. Craggs the elder died the day before his examination was to have come on. He left a fortune of a million and a half, which was confiscated for the benefit of the sufferers. Every director was mulcted, and two millions and fourteen thousand pounds were confiscated, each director being allowed a small residue to begin the world anew.

The characters of the directors were marked with ignominy, and exorbitant securities were imposed for their appearance. The South Sea Company was proved to have profited 13,500,000*l.* by the national delusion. Upwards of eight millions were divided among the proprietors and subscribers, making a dividend of about 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per cent. Upon eleven millions, lent by the Company when prices were unnaturally raised, the borrowers were to pay 10 per cent. and then be free.

The history of the Bubble and other speculations contemporaneously with the South Sea scheme is well narrated in Charles Mackay's *Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions*, vol. i. pp. 45–84. Lord Macaulay has left the following life-like picture of this *ignis fatuus* of our monetary history, and the delusions which preceded it:

"It was about the year 1688 that the word 'stock-jobber' was first heard in London. In the short space of four years a crowd of companies, every one of which confidently held out to subscribers the hope of immense gains, sprang into existence: the Insurance Company, the Paper Company, the Lutestring Company, the Pearl Fishery Company, the Glass Bottle Company, the Alum Company, the Blythe Coal Company, the Sword-blade Company. There was a Tapestry Company, which would soon furnish pretty hangings for all the parlours of the middle class, and for all the bed-chambers of the higher. There was the Copper Company, proposed to explore the mines of England, and held out a hope that they would prove not less valuable than those of Potosi. There was a Diving Company, which undertook to bring up precious effects from shipwrecked vessels, and which announced that it had laid in a stock

of wonderful machines resembling complete suits of armour. In front of the helmet was a huge glass eye like that of a cyclop; and out of the crest went a pipe through which the air was to be admitted. The whole process was exhibited on the Thames. Fine gentlemen and fine ladies were invited to the show, were hospitably regaled, and were delighted by seeing the divers in their panoply descend into the river and return laden with old iron and ship's tackle. There was a Greenland Fishing Company, which could not fail to drive the Dutch whalers and herring busses out of the Northern Ocean. There was a Tanning Company, which promised to furnish leather superior to the best that was brought from Turkey or Russia. There was a Society which undertook the office of giving gentlemen a liberal education on low terms, and which assumed the sounding name of the Royal Academies Company. In a pompous advertisement it was announced that the Directors of the Royal Academies Company had engaged the best masters in every branch of knowledge, and were about to issue twenty thousand tickets at twenty shillings each. There was to be a lottery, two thousand prizes were to be drawn, and the fortunate holders of the prizes were to be taught, at the charge of the company, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, conic sections, trigonometry, heraldry, japanning, fortification, book-keeping, and the art of playing the theorbo. Some of these companies took large mansions and printed their advertisements in gilded letters. Others, less ostentatious, were content with ink, and met at coffee-houses in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange. Jonathan's and Garraway's were in a constant ferment with brokers, buyers, sellers, meetings of directors, meetings

of proprietors. Time-bargains soon came into fashion. Extensive combinations were formed, and monstrous fables were circulated, for the purpose of raising or depressing the price of shares.

"Our country witnessed for the first time those phenomena for which a long experience has made us familiar —a mania, of which the symptoms were essentially the same with those of the mania of 1721, of the mania of 1825, of the mania of 1845, seized the public mind. An impatience to be rich, a contempt for those slow but sure gains which are the proper reward of industry, patience and thrift, spread through society. The spirit of the cogging dicers of Whitefriars took possession of the grave senators of the City, wardens of trades, deputies, aldermen. It was much easier and much more lucrative to put forth a lying prospectus, announcing a new stock, to persuade ignorant people that the dividends could not fall short of twenty per cent., and to part with 5,000*l.* of this imaginary wealth for ten thousand solid guineas, than to load a ship with a well-chosen cargo for Virginia or the Levant. Every day a new bubble was puffed into existence, rose buoyant, shone bright, burst, and was forgotten."

RUNS UPON THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

THERE is an abundance of interest in the chronicles of the *runs* upon the Bank, and the expedients by which it has been saved—in 1745, for instance, by the corporation retaining its specie, and employing agents to enter with notes, who, to gain time, were paid in sixpences; and, as those who came first were entitled to

priority of payment, the agents went out at one door with the specie they had received, and brought it back by another, so that the *bonâ fide* holders of notes could never get near enough to present them. We may as well here, though it be out of date, give the explanation of the issue of one-pound notes during the panic of 1825. The incidental mention to one of the directors that there was a box of one-pound notes ready for issue, turned the attention of the authorities to the propriety of attempting to circulate them; and the declaration of Mr. Henry Thornton, in 1797, probably occurred, that it was the want of small change, not a necessity for gold, that was felt; and that as the pressure on the country banks arose from the holders of the small notes, it was suggested to the Government that the public might, perhaps, receive one-pound notes in place of sovereigns. The Government approved of the idea, and the panic was at its height, when, on Saturday, the 17th of December, the Bank closed its doors with only 1,027,000*l.* in its cellars. (In the pamphlet published by Lord Ashburton is the following remarkable paragraph. After saying, "I was called into counsel with the late Lord Liverpool, Mr. Huskisson, and the Governor of the Bank," his Lordship proceeds: "The gold of the Bank was drained to within a very few thousand pounds; for although the published returns showed a result rather less scandalous, a certain Saturday night closed with nothing worth mentioning remaining.")

"*It has been stated, that* by accident the box of one-pound notes was discovered. But such was not the case. A witness stated that 'he did not recollect that there were any one-pound notes; they were put by; it

was the casual observation that there were such things in the house, which suggested to the directors that it would be possible to use them.' Application was made to Government for permission to issue them; and this was granted, subject to certain stipulations."*

THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA.

THIS ill-fated monarch—Theodore von Neuhoff, ex-King of Corsica—is chiefly remembered by his misfortunes in England in the last century, by his imprisonment here for debt: but *debt* seems to have been his weak point throughout his career, royal or unkingship. Theodore was the son of a Westphalian gentleman of good family, and was born in Metz about 1696; he entered the French army, but appears soon to have quitted it, and rambled, as an adventurer, over the greater part of Europe. At last, he was thrown into prison for debt at Leghorn, and, on emerging from this confinement, he made the acquaintance of several leaders among the Corsican insurgents, then endeavouring to effect the independence of their country by shaking off the yoke of Genoa. Neuhoff accepted their proffer of the sovereignty of Corsica in return for assistance to be furnished by himself, and he accordingly, in March 1736, made his appearance on the Corsican coast with a supply of ammunition and money which he had succeeded in obtaining from the Bey of Tunis, by holding out to the latter the promise of an exclusive trade with Corsica, and permission to have a station there for his pirate-ships. Eagerly welcomed at

* Francis's *History of the Bank of England.*

first by the Corsicans, Neuhoff was, in the following month of April, elected king by their general assembly, and, at the same time, swore to observe the tenor of a constitution which was then proclaimed. For some months he exercised all the acts of an independent sovereign, coining money, distributing patents of nobility, and instituting an order of knighthood. Among other military enterprises, he undertook successfully the capture of Porto Vecchio from the Genoese, but was foiled in an attempt on Bastia. His popularity ere long diminished, and finding his position both an arduous and insecure one, he made arrangements for conducting the government in his absence, and quitted the island with the intention, as he asserted, of obtaining fresh succour. But his sovereignty of Corsica was never to be resumed. After visiting successively Italy, France, and Holland, he was at last arrested for debt at Amsterdam. Some Jews and foreign merchants, settled in that city, procured his release, and also furnished him with means to equip an armament for the recovery of his dominions. With this he appeared off Corsica in 1738, but was unable to land in consequence of the depression of the insurgents' cause through the assistance furnished to the Genoese by the French. A similar unsuccessful attempt was made by him in 1742.*

Theodore now proceeded to England, and, on his arrival in London, met with great kindness and sympathy as an exiled monarch. Horace Walpole, who had taken considerable interest in Theodore's former fortunes, received him kindly: he oddly describes him as "a comely, middle-sized man, very reserved, and affecting much dignity." This was in 1749,

* Chambers's *Book of Days.*

March 23, when Walpole writes: "King Theodore [of Corsica] is here: I am to drink coffee with him to-morrow at Lady Schaub's. I have curiosity to see him, though I am not commonly fond of sights, but content myself with the oil-cloth picture of them that is hung out, and to which they seldom come up." What exquisite satire! Additional mishaps, however, befell Theodore here, and he was obliged, in consequence of money which he had borrowed, to endure an imprisonment of some years' duration in the King's Bench Prison. Here, it is said, he used to affect a miserable display of regal state, sitting under a tattered canopy, and receiving visitors with great ceremony. Smollett has introduced a description of him in prison in his novel of *Ferdinand Count Fathom.* However, Walpole did not desert the ex-king. He wrote a paper in *The World* to promote a subscription for King Theodore in prison; but he proved refractory and ungrateful. "His Majesty's character," says Walpole, "is so bad, that it only raised fifty pounds; and though that was so much above his desert, it was so much below his expectation, that he sent a solicitor to threaten the printer with a prosecution for having taken so much liberty with his name — take notice, too, that he had accepted the money! Dodsley (the publisher) laughed at the lawyer; but that did not lessen the dirty knavery. It would, indeed (continues Walpole), have made an excellent suit!—a printer prosecuted, suppose, for having solicited and obtained charity for a man in prison, and that man not mentioned by his right name, but by a mock title, and the man himself not a native of the country!—but I have done with countenancing kings!" However, the money proved of service, and enabled Theodore to obtain his release from prison,

as we shall presently see by the record of the Lord of Strawberry.

The advertisement in the papers of the day announcing the opening of the subscription for the ex-sovereign, was headed by the words in which, as is alleged, the great general of Justinian used, in his old age, to solicit alms: "*Date obolum Belisario.*"

Theodore did not long survive his liberation: he died on the 11th of December 1756. "Your old royal guest, King Theodore, (writes Walpole to Sir Horace Mann,) is gone to the place which, it is said, levels kings and beggars; an unnecessary journey for him, who had already fallen from one to the other: I think he died somewhere in the liberties of the Fleet." In a letter of Jan. 17, Walpole continues: "In my last I told you the death of a monarch, for whom, in our time, you and I have interested ourselves—King Theodore! He had just taken the benefit of the Act of Insolvency, and went to the Old Bailey for that purpose: in order to it, the person applying gives up all his effects to his creditors: his Majesty was asked what effects he had? He replied nothing but the Kingdom of Corsica—and it is actually registered for the benefit of the creditors. You may get it intimated to the Pretender, that if he has a mind to heap titles upon the two or three medals that he coins, he has nothing to do but pay King Theodore's debts, and he may have very good pretensions to Corsica." Walpole then describes how the ex-king died. "As soon as Theodore was at liberty, he took a chair and went to the Portuguese Minister, but did not find him at home: not having sixpence to pay, he prevailed on the chairmen to carry him to a tailor he knew in Soho, whom he prevailed upon to harbour him; but he fell sick the next day, and died in three

more." The friend who gave shelter to this unfortunate monarch, whom nobles could praise when praise could not reach his ear, and who refused to succour him in his miseries, was himself so poor as to be unable to defray the cost of his funeral. His remains were, therefore, about to be interred as a parish pauper, when one John Wright, an oilman in Compton Street, declared that *he for once would pay the funeral expenses of a king*, which he did, in the churchyard of St. Anne's, Soho."

Walpole, although he had been disgusted with the ex-king's conduct, paid the last honours. He writes to Sir Horace Mann, Sept. 29, 1757: "I am putting up a stone, in St. Anne's churchyard, for your old friend, King Theodore: in short, his history is too remarkable to let perish. You will laugh to hear that when I sent the inscription to the vestry for the approbation of the minister and churchwardens, they demurred, and took some days to consider whether they would suffer him to be called King of Corsica. Happily, they have acknowledged his title! Here is the inscription; over it is a crown exactly copied from his coin:—

NEAR THIS PLACE IS INTERRED
THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA,
WHO DIED IN THIS PARISH, DECEMBER 11, 1756,
IMMEDIATELY AFTER LEAVING
THE KING'S BENCH PRISON,
BY THE BENEFIT OF THE ACT OF INSOLVENCY;
IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH
HE REGISTERED THE KINGDOM OF CORSICA
FOR THE USE OF HIS CREDITORS.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.
But Theodore this moral learned ere dead:
Fate poured its lessons on his living head,
Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread.

I think that at least it cannot be said of me, as it was of the Duke of Buckingham* entombing Dryden:

And help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

I would have served him, if a king, even in a gaol, could he have been an honest man."

Theodore left a son, Colonel Frederick, who came to a sad end. The old man walked from the coffee-house at Storey's Gate to the porch at Westminster Abbey, and there shot himself. He had long been familiar to the inhabitants of London, and was distinguished by his eccentricities and gentlemanlike bearing. He had fulfilled many employments, and witnessed many strange incidents. One strange passage in his life was his dining at Dolly's, with Count Poniatowski, when neither the son of the late King of Corsica, nor he who was afterwards King of Poland, had wherewith to settle the bill. Distress drove the Colonel to commit suicide, and his remains rest by those of his father, in St. Anne's churchyard, Soho. The Colonel's daughter married a Mr. Clarke, of the Dartmouth Custom-house. Four children were the issue of this marriage. One of them, a daughter, was established in London, at the beginning of the present century, earning a modest livelihood as an authoress and artist. The following is a copy of the card of this industrious lady:

Miss Clark,

Granddaughter of the late Colonel Frederick, Son of Theodore, King of Corsica,

PAINTS LIKENESSES IN MINIATURE, FROM TWO TO THREE GUINEAS,
No. 116, NEW BOND STREET.

Hours of Attendance from Twelve in the Morning until Four.

(See Dr. Doran's entertaining volume, *Monarchs retired from Business*)

* This is a mistake. Pope's accusation is not against Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, but against Montague, Earl of Halifax.

WORTH OF A QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING.

THE old notion that there were only three farthings struck of Queen Anne has led to many strange mistakes. The fact is, only one type of the farthing was in circulation; but the several pattern pieces are much valued by coin collectors, and bring high prices, which led to the mistake as to the value of the farthing itself. Certainly, some hundreds of Anne's farthings were struck and circulated: each, if very finely preserved, may be worth a guinea, but Dr. Dibdin states under five shillings. Mr. Edward Hawkins, of the British Museum, has seen a hundred letters from different individuals, in each of which it is stated that the Museum has two of the three reputed farthings, and the writer has the third; and in some instances asks if he is entitled to a reward of 1,000*l.* or 2,000*l.* Every collector has three or four specimens; the Museum has four in gold, four in silver, and eight in copper.

One of the current stories is, that a lady in the north of England, having lost a farthing of Queen Anne, which she much prized as the bequest of a deceased friend, offered in the newspapers a large reward for its recovery; and any farthing of that monarch was ever after supposed to be of great value. Then, it is related that when only three farthings had been struck, it was perceived that a flaw existed in the die, which was destroyed, and another made, from which are the farthings which have circulated. Of the *three* one is said to have been kept by Queen Anne, and to have descended to George III., who gave it to the British Museum. The second was long in the possession of the Derby family, and thence passed into the Museum;

and the third is said to have been given by Queen Anne to one of her maids of honour, and is now in the possession of her descendant, Major Fothergill. Each of these farthings has a flaw in Anne's portrait. (See *Illustrated London News*, Oct. 7, 1854.)

The romantic disappointments of the possessors of "Queen Anne's farthings" would fill a volume. In the *Times*, Sept. 28, 1826, a magistrate related that a poor man came to London from Bedfordshire, with a real but common farthing of Queen Anne, hoping to make his fortune by it. Mr. Till relates that a poor man came from York, and a man and his wife from Ireland, in the same vain hope. Dr. Dibdin, when on his Northern Tour, was shown a Queen Anne's farthing by a father as a 500*l.* legacy for his son.

IRELAND'S SHAKSPEARE FORGERIES.

TOWARDS the middle of the last century there lived Mr. Samuel Ireland, originally a silk merchant in Spitalfields, who was led by his taste for literary antiquities to abandon trade for those pursuits, and published several illustrated tours. One of these consisted of an excursion upon the river Avon, during which he visited, with great enthusiasm, every locality associated with Shakspeare. He was accompanied by his son, a youth of sixteen, who imbibed a portion of his father's Shakspearean mania. The youth, perceiving the importance which his father attached to every relic of the poet, and the eagerness with which he sought for any of his MS. remains, conceived that it would not be difficult to gratify his parent by some productions of

his own, in the language and manner of Shakspeare's times. The idea possessed his mind for a certain period; and, in 1793, being then in his eighteenth year, young William Henry Ireland produced some manuscripts which he declared were the handwriting of Shakspeare, which he said had been given to him by a gentleman who possessed many other old papers. The young man, being articled to a conveyancer, in New Inn, easily fabricated, in the first instance, a deed of mortgage from Shakspeare to Michael Frazer. The ecstasy expressed by his father urged him to the fabrication of other documents, described to come from the same quarter. Emboldened by his success, he ventured upon higher compositions in prose and verse, and at length announced the discovery of an original drama, under the title of *Vortigern*, which he produced, act by act, within the period of two months. Having provided himself with some paper of the period (fly-leaves of old books), and with ink prepared by a bookbinder, no suspicion was entertained of the deception. The father, who was a maniac upon such subjects, gave such *éclat* to the supposed discovery, that the attention of the literary world, and all England, was drawn to it; insomuch that the son, who had announced other papers, found it impossible to retreat, and was goaded into the production of the series which he had promised.

The house of Mr. Ireland, sen., in Norfolk Street, Strand, was daily crowded to excess by persons of high rank, as well as by the most celebrated men of letters. The manuscripts being mostly allowed to be genuine, were considered to be of inestimable worth. Some conceited amateurs in literature, at length, sounded an alarm, which was echoed by certain newspapers and

literary journals; notwithstanding which, Mr. Sheridan, who was then proprietor of the Drury Lane Theatre, agreed to give 300*l.*, and a moiety of the profits for the first sixty nights, for permission to play *Vortigern*. So crowded a house was scarcely ever seen as on the night of the performance; a vast number of persons could not obtain admission. The predetermined malcontents, however, began an opposition from the outset; some ill-cast characters converted grave scenes into ridicule, and there ensued between the believers and sceptics a contest which endangered the property. The piece was accordingly withdrawn. Sheridan tells us that he was not without his misgivings during the perusal of the manuscripts, though the standard at which he ruled the genius of Shakspeare was not so high as to inspire him with a very fastidious judgment; and though Ireland, who made this statement, can scarcely be trusted, it receives some confirmation from the testimony of Mr. Boaden, who records that John Kemble "frequently expressed to him his wonder that Sheridan should trouble himself so *little* about Shakspeare."

Vortigern was produced at Drury Lane on the 2nd of April 1796, and hissed from the stage, partly through the exertions of Malone, who warned the audience in a handbill that the whole of the pretended documents were forgeries; and partly through the sullen resolution of John Kemble, who played the chief character, to effect the destruction of the piece, by showing that he held the same opinion. The performance ended in uproar, which was scarcely appeased by pretty Mrs. Jordan speaking a sprightly but dangerous epilogue. Mr. Sheridan was indignant at Kemble's conduct, and told him, in the green-room, that his private opinion had

nothing to do with his business as an actor; that he appeared there as the servant of the theatre, and that it was his duty to exert himself to ensure the success of plays, and not to damn them.

The young forger was now so beset for information, that he found it necessary to abscond from his father's house; and then, to put an end to the wonderful ferment which his ingenuity had created, he published a pamphlet wherein he *confessed* the entire fabrication. Besides *Vortigern*, young Ireland also produced a play, Henry II.; and, although there were both in this play and *Vortigern* such incongruities as were not consistent with Shakspeare's age, both dramas contain passages of considerable beauty and originality.

The admissions of the son did not, however, screen the father from obloquy, and the reaction of public opinion affected his fortunes and his health. Mr. Ireland was the dupe of his son upon such subjects; and the son, at the outset, never contemplated the unfortunate effect. Such was the enthusiasm of certain admirers of Shakspeare, among whom were Dr. Parr and Dr. Warton, that they fell upon their knees before the manuscripts; and by their idolatry inspired hundreds of others with similar enthusiasm. Dr. Parr drew up and signed an attestation of the authenticity of the manuscripts; which, it is worthy of remark, Sheridan refused to sign. The young author was filled with astonishment and alarm at the devotees who flocked to Norfolk Street, but, at this stage, he could not check the excitement.

Dr. Parr was laughed at as a dupe. In the catalogue of his Library at Hatton (*Bibliotheca Parriana*), we find the following attempted explanation by the Doctor:

"Ireland's (Samuel) great and impudent forgery, called 'Miscellaneous Papers and Legal Instruments, under the hand and seal of William Shakspeare, folio 1796.' I am almost ashamed to insert this worthless and infamously trickish book. It is said to include the tragedy of *King Lear*, and a fragment of *Hamlet*. Ireland told a lie when he imputed to *me* the words which Joseph Warton used, the very morning I called on Ireland, and was inclined to admit the possibility of genuineness in his papers. In my subsequent conversation, I told him my change of opinion. But I thought it not worth while to dispute in print with a diluted impostor.—S. P."

Mr. Ireland died in July 1800. His son, William Henry, long survived him; but the forgeries blighted his literary reputation for ever, and he died in straitened circumstances. He fabricated several sets of the Shakspeare MSS. The *Papers* were published in 1796, in a noble folio volume, issued by subscription, at four guineas. A copy of Part II. afterwards brought as much as 46*l.* 5*s.* Lowndes says: "There are only 138 copies extant."

The history of these forgeries has been minutely traced and recorded. In *Fraser's Magazine* for August 1860, most of the details were carefully examined; and in the *London Review*, October 6, 13, and 20, the story was completed in a short series of papers, touching chiefly on certain portions of the narrative which had not been sufficiently explored. It appears that one Montague Talbot detected the forger at his extraordinary labours in his chambers at New Inn. There is allowed to be an amount of cleverness in design and execution in these forgeries, of which it is impossible not to regret the misapplication. It is, however, surprising

that the critics who examined the forged papers failed to detect the fraud. Several of the autographs bear no resemblance whatever to the authentic signatures of the parties; that of Lord Southampton Ireland had never seen. He tells us that he was led to forge a correspondence between Shakspeare and Lord Southampton, by having heard of the bounty of the latter to the poet; but, on enquiry, he could not learn that any signature of his Lordship's was in existence. "I accordingly," he adds, "formed his mode of writing merely from myself, and, the better to disguise it from Shakspeare's I wrote the whole with my left hand; this was done to give more authenticity to the story."

One of the great difficulties he had to encounter, in the first instance (says the *London Review*), was to obtain paper fit for his purpose. Being ignorant of the water-marks of the age of Elizabeth, and, well aware of the risk of detection he would have incurred from the use of a modern water-mark, he was extremely careful in the beginning to use only such sheets of paper as had no mark whatever. Having afterwards learned, however, that the "Jugg," as he spells it in his *Authentic Account*,* was the most prominent water-mark of Shakspeare's day, he got sheets wherever he could, bearing that impression upon them. But the fabricator did not limit himself to this single water-mark. He collected other old ones (probably without much exactitude as to their precise dates), with a view, in all likelihood, to confound his critics. Thus Ireland, the father, lets us know that in the paper on which his MS. copy of "King Lear" was written, there were no less than twenty different water-marks.

* In the late Mr. Daniel's copy is written, "Very scarce, having been rigidly suppressed."

The handwriting of the body of the lease was carefully imitated from a law paper of the time of James I., and the forms were adopted from a mortgage deed, which had been actually executed by Shakspeare, and which young Ireland chanced to discover in Steevens's Shakspeare; the fabricated lease was full of errors and redundancies, which nobody seems to have detected until Malone pointed out some of them. It was curious, however, that the close wording of the lease, after the covenants of the mortgage, escaped all the investigators, including Malone himself, who had published the original not long before, with a facsimile of the signature. Another point was the ink, which, although it looked old on ordinary paper, presented the appearance upon parchment of common ink diluted with water. Persons who ought to have known better, admitted the authenticity of these papers, and with great warmth supported it. All this might have passed off with a laugh at those who were deceived; but a subscription set on foot at three guineas, to enable the Irelands to print the papers, gave the forgeries an importance they would not otherwise have attained.

LOTTERIES IN LONDON.

It is now some fifty years since the licensed moral evil of State Lotteries was established in England, by which the Government lost a revenue of about a quarter of a million annually.

The invention of lotteries is ascribed to the Romans, by whom they were not resorted to for purposes of revenue, but rather as a means of amusing and gratifying the people. The earliest English lottery of which there

is any record occurred in 1569. The greatest prize was estimated at 5,000*l.*, of which 3,000*l.* was to be paid in cash, 700*l.* in plate, and the remainder in "good tapestry meet for hangings, and other covertures, and certain sorts of good linen cloth." All the prizes were to be seen at the house of Mr. Dericke, the Queen's goldsmith, in Cheapside; and a woodcut was appended to the original proclamation, in which a tempting display of gold and silver plate is profusely delineated. The lots, amounting in number to 400,000, appear to have been somewhat tardily disposed of, and the drawing did not take place until January 1568–69. On the 11th of that month, it began in a building erected for the purpose, at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, and continued, day and night, until the 6th of the following May. The price of the lots was 10*s.* each, and they were occasionally subdivided into halves and quarters; and these were again subdivided for "convenience of poorer classes." The objects ostensibly propounded as an excuse to the Government for founding this lottery, were the repair of the harbours and fortifications of the kingdom, and other public works. The Society of Antiquaries have still in their possession at Somerset House, the original scheme, as it was then printed; from which it appears that the name lottery was at that time in use.

In the year following, a lottery "for marvellous rich and beautiful armour" was conducted for three days at the same place. In 1612, King James I., "in special favour for the plantation of the English colonies in Virginia, granted a lottery to be held at the west end of St. Paul's; whereof one Thomas Sharplys, a tailor of London, had the chief prize, which was 4,000 crowns in

fair plate." In 1619, another lottery was held ostensibly for the same purpose. Charles I. projected one in 1630, to defray the expenses of conveying water to London, after the fashion of the New River. During the Commonwealth, one was held in Grocers' Hall by the committee for lands in Ireland. After the Restoration, several lotteries were started under pretence of aiding the poor adherents of the Crown, who had suffered in the Civil Wars. Gifts of plate were supposed to be made by the Crown, and thus disposed of "on the behalf of the truly loyal indigent officers." This popular scheme speedily became a patent monopoly, was farmed by various speculators, and the lotteries were drawn in the theatres. "The Royal Oak Lottery" was that which came forth with greatest éclat, and was continued to the end of the century; it was, however, unsparingly treated by the satirists of the day. In 1699, a lottery was proposed with a capital prize of a thousand pounds, which sum was to be won at the risk of one penny; for that was to be the price of each share, and only one share to win.

The South Sea Bubble was favourable to all kinds of lottery speculations; hence there were "great goes" in whole tickets, and "little goes" in their subdivisions; speculators were protected by insurance offices; and fortune-tellers were consulted about lucky numbers. Thus a writer in the *Spectator* tells us: "I know a well-meaning man that is very well pleased to risk his good fortune upon the number 1711, because it is the year of our Lord. I have been told of a certain zealous dissenter, who, being a great enemy to popery, and believing that bad men are the most fortunate in this world, will lay two to one on the number 666 against any other number; because, he says, it is the number

of the beast." Guildhall was a scene of great excitement during the time of the drawing of the prizes there; and, it is recorded, that poor medical practitioners used constantly to attend, to be ready to let blood in cases when the sudden proclaiming of the fate of tickets had an overpowering effect.

The theory of "Lucky Numbers" was credited in these days of lotteries. At the drawing, papers were put into a hollow wheel, inscribed with as many different numbers as there were shares or tickets; one of these was drawn out (usually by a Blue-coat boy, who had a holiday and a present on such occasions), and the number audibly announced; another Blue-coat boy then drew out of another wheel a paper denoting either "blank" or a "prize" for a certain sum of money; and the purchaser of that particular number was awarded a blank or a prize accordingly. With a view to lucky numbers, one man would select his own age, or the age of his wife; another would select the date of the year; another a row of odd or of even numbers. Persons who went to rest with their thoughts full of lottery tickets were very likely to dream of some one or more numbers, and such dreams had a fearful influence on the wakers on the following morning. One lady, in 1790, bought No. 17,090, because she thought it was the nearest *in sound* to 1790, which was already sold to some other applicant. On one occasion a tradesman bought four tickets, consecutive in numbers: he thought it foolish to have them so close together, and took one back to the office to be exchanged; the one thus taken back turned up a twenty thousand pounds prize!

Again, men who did not possess tickets nevertheless

lost or won by the failure or success of particular numbers, through a species of insurance which was in effect gambling. The matter was reduced almost to a mathematical science, or to an application of the theory of probabilities. Treatises and Essays, Tables and Calculations, were published for the benefit of the speculators.*

In 1714 and 1718, there were two great lotteries; for the former one a million and a half of money was subscribed. Lotteries were then usually drawn in Mercers' Hall, as represented in a fan-mount, printed in colours upon vellum. In this representation, a dignified person, in black robes, is presiding; over his head is an escutcheon of St. George's cross; above are the royal arms, with the initials of Queen Anne. Many officials are in attendance, including three clerks curiously accommodated in a pit in front of the president. There is a platform, with side-boxes conveniently arranged for gay gallants and fashionable ladies in the full costume of the period. The tickets are in the course of being drawn by Blue-coat boys. On one side is the wheel for blanks; on the other, that for prizes—the valve coverings being marked respectively B. P. These wheels, when not in use, appear to have been locked up in cases that separated into two portions when removed from the drawing apparatus, and bore the queen's initials. A precisely similar scene to that here described, is given in the contemporary engraving, by N. Parr, in six compartments, entitled *Les Divertissements de la Loterie.* It was designed by J. Marchant, drawn by H. Gravelot, and published by Ryland, Ave Maria Lane. Gambling, in private

* See Chambers's *Book of Days.*

lotteries, was so prevalent about this time, that they were suppressed by Act of Parliament.

Henry Fielding the novelist, ridiculed the public mania in a farce produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1731, the scene being laid in a lottery-office, and the action of the drama descriptive of the wiles of office-keepers, and the credulity of their victims. A whimsical pamphlet was also published about the same time, purporting to be a prospectus of "a lottery for ladies;" by which they were to obtain, as chief prize, a husband and coach-and-six, for five pounds; such being the price of each share. Sometimes lotteries were turned to purposes of public utility. In 1736, an Act was passed for building a bridge at Westminster by lottery, consisting of 125,000 tickets at 5*l.* each. This scheme was so far successful, that Parliament sanctioned others in succession until Westminster Bridge was completed.

A strange incident is related of the State Lottery, the drawing of which was finished on January 5, 1744, when No. 11,053, which came up as a prize of 100*l.*, was also, as being the last drawn ticket, declared to be entitled to 1,000*l.* more. But, the wheels having been carried from Guildhall to Whitehall, and there opened, a ticket, No. 72,148, was found in the wheel A, and being the next drawn ticket after all the prizes were drawn, was declared as entitled to the 1,000*l.*, as the last drawn ticket, which led to considerable contention.

In 1774, the brothers Adam, builders of the Adelphi Terrace and surrounding streets in the Strand, disposed of these and other premises in a lottery containing 110 prizes; the first drawn ticket entitling the holder to a prize of the value of 5,000*l.*; the last drawn, to one of 25,000*l.*

By the Act of 1753, the sum of 300,000*l.* was raised by lottery for the purchase of the collections for the commencement of the British Museum.

One particular year was marked by a singular incident: a lottery-ticket was given to a child unborn, and was drawn a prize of 1,000*l.* the day after its birth. In 1767, a lady residing in Holborn had a lottery-ticket presented to her by her husband; and on the Sunday preceding the drawing, her success was prayed for in this form: "The prayers of this congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged in a new undertaking."

Cornhill has ever been noted for its lottery-offices. The house in which Gray, the bookseller, lived, subsequently became "Pidding's Lucky Corner." It is related that Don Thomas Isturitz was one day walking near the Royal Exchange during the drawing of the lottery in 1815, and feeling an inclination to sport 20*l.*, went into the office of Martin and Co., Cornhill, where, referring to his pocket-book, he counted the number of days that had elapsed from that of his providential escape from Madrid; he found them amount to 261, and then demanded to buy *that* ticket; but it was nearly half an hour before it could be obtained, and only after a strict search amongst the lottery offices in the city. At length, a half ticket of No. 261 was procured at two o'clock; and at five it was drawn a prize of 40,000*l.*, the only one ever exhibited to that amount in England. The lucky Don lay down that night 20,000*l.* richer than he had risen. Eleven years later, on the 18th of October 1826, the last State Lottery was drawn in England, in Cooper's Hall, Basinghall Street.

Collections of valuable property have been disposed of by lottery: for Cox's jewellery, in 1774; for the Poet's Gallery of Pictures, 1798. Alderman Boydell's Shakspeare gallery of pictures by Reynolds, West, Northcote, and others, was dispersed by lottery, in 1804. The last of this class was Tomkins's Picture Lottery.

The Leverian Museum, a magnificent collection of natural history and other curiosities, formed by Sir Arthur Lever, was, in 1784, disposed of by lottery, in one prize, determined by the first drawn number in the next State Lottery, and was won by Mr. Parkinson: the collection, sold in 1806, in 7,194 lots, produced about 5,000*l.*, scarcely a tenth part of the cost of the museum.

The Pigot Diamond was permitted to be disposed of by lottery, January 2, 1801: it was afterwards sold at Christie's auction on May 10, 1802, for 9,500 guineas. The next notice of this gem, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for November 1804, states the Pigot Diamond has been purchased for a part of Madame Bonaparte's necklace. Mawe, in his *Treatise on Diamonds*, edition 1823, describes the Pigot as of great surface, both in table and girdle, but not of sufficient depth. Its weight is forty-nine carats. "This gem is valued at 40,000*l.*, and was about twenty years ago made the subject of a public lottery. It became the property of a young man, who sold it at a low price. It was again disposed of, and afterwards passed into the possession of a jeweller in the City, and is said to have been lately sold to the Pacha of Egypt for 30,000*l.* It may justly be called a diamond of the first water, and rank among the finest in Europe."

The gaining of prizes in lotteries has lured the

winners to sad reverses of fortune. At the corner of Old Street, in the City Road, are some extensive Vinegar-works, whose former proprietor, Mr. James Calvert, won the first 20,000*l.* prize ever drawn in an English lottery, and in a subsequent lottery gained 5,000*l.*; yet he died in extreme poverty, Feb. 26, 1799.

In 1809, Mr. Christopher Bartholomew died in a garret in Angel Court, Windmill Street. He had been proprietor of White Conduit House, which owed much of its celebrity to the taste he displayed in laying out the gardens. He had inherited a good fortune from his parents: the above tavern and the Angel Inn, Islington, were his freeholds; he rented 2,000*l.* per annum in the neighbourhood of Holloway, and was remarkable for having the greatest number of haystacks of any grower in the neighbourhood of London. Not content with these possessions, he fell a victim to the Lottery mania, by which he was known to lose 1,000*l.* a day. This practice soon reduced him to beggary, and for the last thirteen years of his life he subsisted on the charity of those who had known him in better days. However, in August 1807, he had a 32nd share of a 20,000*l.* prize, with which, by the advice of his friends, he purchased an annuity of 60*l.*; yet, still fatally addicted to the Lottery, he disposed even of that income, and lost his all.

The "Morocco men," so called from the red morocco pocket-books which they carried, were remarkable features in the lottery system half a century ago. They began their lives as pigeons; they closed them as rooks. They had lost their own fortunes in their youth; they lost those of others in their age. Generally educated and of bland manners, a mixture of the gentleman and

the debauchee, they easily penetrated into the society they sought to destroy. They were seen in the deepest alleys of St. Giles's, and were met in the fairest scenes of England. In the old hall of the country gentleman, in the mansion of the city merchant, in the buttery of the rural squire, in the homestead of the farmer, among the reapers as they worked on the hill side, with the peasant as he rested from his daily toil, addressing all with specious promises, and telling lies like truth, were the "Morocco men" found treading alike the finest and the foulest scenes of society. They whispered temptation to the innocent; they hinted at fraud to the novice; they lured the youthful; they excited the aged; and no place was so pure, and no spot so degraded, but, for love of 7½ per cent., did the "Morocco men" mark it with their pestilential presence. No valley was so lonely, but what it found some victim; no hill so remote, but what it offered some chance; and so enticing were their manners, that their presence was sought, and their appearance welcomed, with all the eagerness of avarice. And little were they who dealt with these persons aware of the characters with whom they trafficked. Of bland behaviour, but gross habits, the nature of their influence upon the unpolluted minds with which they had to deal may be judged from the fact, that some of the "Morocco men" ended their days at Tyburn; that transportation was the doom of others; and that the pillory was the frequent occupation of many. To such men as these were the morals of the people exposed through the lottery. Nor, if the opinion of a member of the senate can be trusted, was the lottery-office keeper much better. "I know of no class of persons in the country," said Mr. Littleton,

"excepting hangmen and informers, on whom I should be less disposed to bestow one word of commendation."*

FASHION FOR FLOWERS.

ONE of the most singular phenomena in the horticultural world is the fashion for certain flowers which suddenly comes in and gradually works itself up into a perfect "rage," or mania. The passion of the ancient Romans for roses and that of the Dutch for tulips is matter of general history, and there is no saying whether our own times may not supply similar instances of enthusiasm. During the last hundred years, however, the feeling has not taken an extreme form. We have paid 200*l.* for an orchid, but what is that in comparison to the thousands once willingly given for a single tulip? The modern fashion for any kind of flower is very fickle. At the utmost it lasts a few years, and then turns to a new favourite. About sixty years ago, auriculas, picotees, carnations and pinks were generally grown. Balsams were also greatly in vogue. About 1819, pansies were coming into fashion. The first of the red geraniums was raised about 1822, by Mr. Davy, in Chelsea, and the other geraniums became fashionable about sixteen or eighteen years ago. The red variety of the Indian azalea was brought into notice about 1825. The fuchsia is said to have been introduced by a Capt. Frith, in 1788; but there is a sentimental story connected with it which enabled Messrs. Lee, of Hammersmith, to bring the plant prominently before the public. Dahlias began to attract

* Francis's *Chronicles of the Stock Exchange.*

attention in 1821, but the fine double varieties did not come up until 1830. The scarlet verbenas were becoming general about 1836. Cape-heaths, proteas and bulbs, Australian plants, and American cactuses, all have had their day. Then came fine "leaf-plants." This phyllomania can be traced directly to Japan, where plants distinguished for their elegant or remarkable foliage have for ages been great favourites. The Dutch acquired it from the Japanese, and gradually imparted it to the Continental nations, and ultimately to ourselves. The ferns, of which about 1,000 species are cultivated in our gardens, owe part of their popularity to their elegant foliage.—*From the Athenæum.*

FLOODING OF THE THAMES TUNNEL.

THIS stupendous work had considerably advanced by May 1827, when the bed of the river being examined by a diving-bell, the soil was found to be extremely loose; and on the 18th of May, as the tide rose, the ground seemed as though it were alive. The water was pressing in at all points, and it was not long in entering. Occasional bursts of diluted silt were followed by an overwhelming flood of slush and water, which drove all before it. The men, forced out of the shield, fled towards the bottom of the shaft. The water came on in a great wave, threatening to sweep them back under the arch by its recoil against the circular wall of the shaft. The lowest flight of steps was reached, and the recoil wave surged under the men's feet. They hurried up the stairs of the shaft, and it was thought that all of them had come in, when the cry was raised, "A

rope! a rope! Save him! save him!" Some unfortunate workman had been left behind, and was seen struggling in the water. Young Brunel, seizing a rope, slid down one of the iron ties of the shaft, reached the water, passed the rope round the man's body, and he was immediately drawn up. It proved to be old Tillett, the engine-man. The roll was then called, and every man answered to his name; but the Tunnel works were, for the time, completely drowned.

On examination of the bed of the river from the diving-bell, a large hole was found extending from the centre of the Tunnel excavation to a considerable distance eastwards. Measures were taken to fill up the opening with bags of clay, laid so as to form an arch in the bed of the river immediately over the work. More bags of clay were then sunk; and after about thirty thousand cubic feet of clay had been thrown into the hole, the pumping was resumed, and the state of the work could be examined from the inside in a boat. On the 10th of November following, the Tunnel had again been so far cleared of water that young Brunel determined to give a dinner in one of the arches to about fifty friends of the undertaking; while above a hundred of the leading workmen were similarly regaled in the adjoining arch. The band of the Coldstream Guards enlivened the scene, and the proceedings went off with great *éclat*. The celebration had, however, been premature; and the young engineer had been 'hallooing before he was out of the'—water; for in two months the Thames again burst in, owing in some measure to the incautiousness of young Brunel himself, and the river held possession of the Tunnel for several years. The circumstances connected with this second flooding

are well told by Mr. Beamish, in his "Memoirs of the Brunels."

"On the morning of Saturday, the 12th of January, I came on duty at six o'clock, but was detained above-ground in writing out orders for the men, and had scarcely completed the last order, when a strange confused sound of voices seemed to issue from the shaft, and immediately the watchman rushed in, exclaiming, 'The water is in—the Tunnel is full!' My head felt as though it would burst—I rushed to the workmen's staircase; it was blocked by the men; with a crowbar I knocked in the side-door of the visitors' staircase; but I had not taken many steps down when I received Isambard Brunel in my arms. The great wave of water had thrown him to the surface, and he was providentially preserved from the fate which had already overwhelmed his companions. 'Ball! Ball!—Collins! Collins!' were the only words he could for some time utter; but the well-known voices answered not—they were for ever silent.

"In the earnest desire to make progress, some of the precautions which experience had shown to be so important were unfortunately omitted; and Isambard Brunel, calculating upon the tried skill, courage, and physical power of some of the men coming on in the morning shift (particularly Ball and Collins), ventured at high water, or while the tide was still rising, to open the ground at No. 1. According to his own account, given to me that day, upon the removal of the side-shoring the ground began to swell, and in a few moments a column of solid ground, about eight or ten inches in diameter, forced itself in. This was immediately followed by the overwhelming torrent.

Collins was forced out of the box, and all the unflinching efforts of Ball to timber the back proved unavailing. So rapid was the influx of water, that had the three not quitted the stage immediately they must have been swept off. A rush of air suddenly extinguished the gas-lights, and they were left to struggle in utter darkness. Scarcely had they proceeded twenty feet from the stage when they were thrown down by the timber, now in violent agitation, for already had the water nearly reached as high as Isambard's waist. With great difficulty he extricated his right leg from something heavy which had fallen upon it, and made his way into the east arch. There he paused for a moment to call for Ball and Collins, but, receiving no answer, and the water continuing to rise, he was compelled to consult his own safety by flight. Arrived at the shaft, he found the workmen's staircase, which opened into the east arch, crowded. The morning shift had not all come down; the night shift had not all come up; added to which, those who had succeeded in placing themselves out of danger, forgetful of their less fortunate companions, stopped and blocked up the passage. Unable to make his way into the west arch and to the visitors' staircase, which was quite clear, owing to the rapidity with which the water rose, Isambard Brunel had no alternative but to abandon himself to the tremendous wave, which, in a few seconds, bore him on its seething and angry surface to the top of the shaft. With such force, indeed, did the water rise, that it jumped over the curb at the workmen's entrance. Three men, who, finding the staircase choked, endeavoured to ascend a long ladder which lay against the shaft, were swept under the arch by the recoil of the

wave. The ladder and the lower flight of the staircase were broken to pieces. We had then to mourn the loss of Ball, Collins, Long, G. Evans, J. Cook, and Seaton. . . . Isambard Brunel was found to have received internal injury, as well as severe abrasion in the knee-joint, and was confined to his bed for months."

The funds of the Tunnel Company were by this time exhausted; and it was determined to make an appeal to the country for the means of finishing it. A subscription-list was opened, and 18,500*l.* promised; but this sum was a mere "flea-bite," and the works remained suspended. The Government, at length, consented to make a loan of 246,000*l.* for the purpose of enabling the Tunnel to be completed, and the first instalment was advanced in December 1834. The water was then pumped out of the Tunnel, and the works were recommenced, after having been at a standstill for a period of seven years. A new shield, of excellent construction, was supplied by the Messrs. Rennie, which was satisfactorily placed in position by the 1st of March 1836. But the difficulties of the undertaking were not yet entirely overcome; the river broke in again and again—three times in twenty weeks, within a distance of only twenty-six feet; but by perseverance and skill the water was ultimately mastered, and the work was at last brought to a completion, and opened to the public on the 25th of March 1843.

Thomas Hood thus humorously quizzed the Tunnel irruptions:—

> Other great speculations have been nursed,
> Till want of proceeds laid them on the shelf;
> But thy concern was at the worst,
> When it began to *liquidate* itself.
>
> *Ode to Brunel.*

BURNING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THIS vast conflagration was attended with some singular circumstances, of mysterious interest. Sir John Soane is known to have uttered a prevision of the catastrophe: speaking of certain old buildings of timber covered with plaster, which were altered in the year 1800, Soane remarked: "In such an extensive assemblage of combustible materials, should a fire happen, what would become of the Painted Chamber, the House of Commons, and Westminster Hall? Where would the progress of the fire be arrested? The want of security from fire, the narrow, gloomy, and unhealthy passages, and the insufficiency of accommodation in this building, are important objects, which call loudly for revision and speedy amendment." Sixteen years after this admonition, the conflagration took place: through the favourable direction of the wind, Soane's Parliamentary buildings, his Law Courts, and the Great Hall, were preserved; had the volumes of flame and flakes of fire been wafted towards the vast timber roof of the Hall, it must have been destroyed, with every building immediately connected with it.

On the evening of the 16th of October 1834, when the wind blew briskly from the south-west, an accidental fire broke out in the House of Lords, near Black Rod's Box. It was first discovered by the wife of a doorkeeper, who, seeing the glittering of a great light under one of the doors, suspected the cause, and communicated it to the deputy-housekeeper, by the exclamation, "Oh, good God, the House of Lords is on fire!" This was at six o'clock; but, although several persons employed about the building were

quickly drawn together by this alarm, no effectual resistance could be opposed to the progress of the flames for a considerable time, in consequence of the rapidity with which they spread through the numerous passages, lobbies, staircases, &c., which had been constructed at various periods, for the convenience of a ready communication between the two Houses, and their appertaining committee-rooms and offices. The fire continued to rage throughout the night, and was not extinguished for several days. The Houses and offices were destroyed, except the bare walls. The fire originated from two cart-loads of wooden Exchequer tallies having been burnt in the furnaces or stoves, connected with the flues passing beneath the flooring of the House of Lords becoming red-hot, and thus rapidly igniting the dry timber about them. In the afternoon, an almost suffocating heat near Black Rod's Box, where the flues came up, was noticed by a gentleman who went to see the House of Lords; he felt the heat through his boots, and the smoke was so great that he could not see the throne from the bar, or distinguish above a foot square of the tapestry, even when near it.

Vague suspicions were at first entertained that the conflagration had been caused by political incendiaries. Among the strange stories circulated in support of this notion was that of Mr. Cooper, an ironmonger, of Drury-lane, who, having gone down to Dudley, in Worcestershire, on the day of the evening on which the fire happened, had heard, as he alleged, a report of the circumstance at Dudley, (119 miles from London,) about three hours after the fire broke out. But, from an examination of that gentleman, and several other per-

sons, before the Privy Council, it was concluded that he laboured under some misconception as to the time when the news in question first reached Dudley; and that it was not actually known in that town until Friday morning, when the intelligence was communicated by means of an entry on the way-bill of a mail-coach. Nevertheless, nothing could be more direct than Mr. Cooper's evidence that he was told of the fire, as he sat at the Bush Inn, at Dudley, on Thursday night. The evidence before the Privy Council was given in a clever parody upon "The House that Jack Built," which appeared in the *Spectator* newspaper.

HUDSON, "THE RAILWAY KING."

THE career of George Hudson, ridiculously styled "the Railway King," was one of the *ignes fatui* of the Railway mania of 1844–5. He was born in a lowly house in College Street, York, in 1800; here he served his apprenticeship to a linen-draper, and subsequently carried on the business as principal, amassing considerable wealth. His fortune was next increased by a bequest from a distant relative, which sum he invested in North-Midland Railway shares.

Mr. Smiles describes Hudson as a man of some local repute when the line between Leeds and York was projected. His views as to railways were then extremely moderate, and his main object in joining the undertaking was to secure for York the advantages of the best railway communication.

"The grand test by which the shareholders judged him was the dividends that he paid; although subse-

quent events proved that these dividends were in many cases delusive; intended only 'to make things pleasant.' The policy, however, had its effect. The shares in all the lines of which he was chairman went to a premium; and then arose the temptation to create new shares in branch and extension lines, often worthless, which were issued at a premium also. Thus he shortly found himself chairman of nearly 600 miles of railways, extending from Rugby to Newcastle, and at the head of numerous new projects, by means of which paper wealth could be created, as it were, at pleasure. He held in his own hands almost the entire administrative power of the companies over which he presided: he was chairman, board, manager, and all. Mr. Hudson was voted praises, testimonials, and surplus shares, alike liberally; and scarcely a word against him could find a hearing.

"The Hudson Testimonial was a taking thing; for Mr. Hudson had it in his power to allot shares (selling at a premium) to the subscribers to his testimonial. With this fund he bought of Mr. Thomas Cubitt, for 15,000*l.*, the lofty house on the east of Albert Gate, Hyde Park. Here he lived sumptuously, and went his rounds of visits among the peerage.

"Mr. Hudson's brief reign soon drew to a close. The speculation of 1845 was followed by a sudden reaction. Shares went down faster than they had gone up: the holders of them hastened to sell in order to avoid payment of the calls; and many found themselves ruined. Then came repentance, and a sudden return to virtue. The golden calf was found to be of brass, and hurled down; Hudson's own toadies and sycophants eagerly joining in the chorus of popular indignation; and the bubbles having burst, the railway mania came to a sudden and ignominious end."

Remarkable Persons.

SIR WILLIAM PETTY AND THE LANSDOWNE FAMILY.

SIR WILLIAM PETTY is commonly described as "the founder of the house of Lansdowne," a statement which is not sufficiently exact for all readers.

The story of William Petty, from May 1623, when he was born at Romsey, in Hampshire, to the time of his interment in the Norman church of that town, in 1687, is one of those lessons of life which can scarcely be too often repeated. Aubrey, the antiquary, who was intimate with Petty, was the first to tell the tale. Petty was the son of a clothier in humble circumstances, was sent to Romsey Grammar School, and determined next to study at the University of Caen, in Normandy. Thither he sped, supporting himself by the way, with "a little stock of merchandise," as a pedlar. He returned to England, and apprenticed himself to a sea captain, who, however, "drubbed him with a rope's-end for the badness of his sight." This ill-treatment disgusted him with the navy; he took to the study of medicine, and while at Paris for that purpose became so poor as to subsist for two or three weeks entirely on walnuts; but, by help of the pedlar trade, he came back to England with money in his pocket. Here he exercised his liking for mechanics by inventing a letter-copying machine, or, as he called it, "an instrument for the art of double writing," which he patented, for seventeen years, in 1648; and this very instrument is the prototype of the manifold letter-

writers of our times. Petty likewise practised chemistry and physic; and at his lodgings in Oxford were held the first meetings to form the Royal Society. At Oxford, Petty acted as deputy to the anatomical professor there: he lodged at an apothecary's house, "because of the convenience of inspecting drugs." In 1652 Petty was appointed Physician-General to the Army in Ireland. In 1664 he undertook the survey of Ireland; and in 1666 (aided by his friend, Thomas Taylour, Esq., ancestor of the Marquis of Headfort), he had completed the measurement of two million and eight thousand acres of forfeited lands, for which, by contract, he was to receive one penny per acre. Sir William Petty is better known in our day as a writer upon trade and commerce and political arithmetic.

Sir William, however, made one unfortunate miscalculation as to the population of London. In his *Political Arithmetic*, printed in 1683, after much study of statistical returns and bills of mortality, he demonstrates that the growth of the metropolis must stop of its own accord before the year of grace 1800; at which period the population would, by his computation, have arrived at exactly 5,359,000. Nay, more, were it not for this halt, he shows that the increase would double in forty years, with a slightly accelerating increment, as he gives the amount of human beings in the City for 1840 at 10,718,880! The identical year 1800, the commencement of a truly important century, found London still enlarging: brickfields and scaffolding were invading all its outskirts, but the inhabitants, who had increased in a reasonably rapid rate, numbered only 830,000.

Among Sir W. Petty's inventions was "a double-

bottomed ship, to sail against wind and tide." He wrote on dyeing and on woollen cloth manufacture; he speculated in ironworks, lead-mines, a pilchard fishery, and timber trade; and all this time took an active part in the discussions of the Royal Society. He also built Tokenhouse Yard, Lothbury, on the site of the Earl of Arundel's house and garden: and he held property in the yard at the time of the Great Fire. His will, made in 1661, details his birth, boyhood, education, adventures, studies, attainments, and promotions in life, commencing "with three-score pounds at the age of twenty," and being in the receipt of 15,000*l.* per annum a short time before his death, at which time he was residing in the corner house on the east side of Sackville Street, Piccadilly, opposite St. James's Church. The widow of Sir William Petty was created Baroness Shelburn. He left two sons and a daughter. The eldest son succeeded to the title; but, dying without issue, it was revived in Henry, the second son, great uncle of the first Marquis of Lansdowne.

The remains of Sir William Petty rest in Romsey Church, where, on the south side of the choir, a plain slab bore the inscription, "Here Layes Sir William Petty;" but a more fitting memorial of his celebrated lineal ancestor was, in 1862, erected by the late Marquis of Lansdowne.

PRAISE-GOD BAREBONES.

In troublous times, when the worship was changed to "the Presbyterian way," lived, in the parish of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, the notable person called by the quaint and forbidding name of Mr. Praise-God

Barebones. "To say that he was a Puritan is not defining his character very accurately, for that class of men were composed of great varieties of character and principles. He was a leather-seller in Fleet Street, and possessed a house near Crane Court, known by the name of the Lock and Key: we first hear of him as preaching in a conventicle in Fetter Lane, in the year 1641, along with Mr. Green, a feltmaker. What was the subject of his discourse we do not know, but he probably held forth against the faithlessness of the King and his party, and against prelatical domination in the Church. In the year 1648 the vestry voted that all who had served the office of constable of the parish and upwards should belong to the vestry, except such as were scandalous in their lives and conversation. At the succeeding vestry meeting Mr. Praise-God Barebones is named as constable, and he afterwards appears in the following year, 1649, as common councilman. At this time the title of Saint, as applied to St. Dunstan, was dropped, being thought to savour of idolatry, and the parish is called for a few years by the name of the Parish of Dunstan's. Our friend Barebones' opinion gained strength and influence in the vestry, and we may see this indicated in the following language used in the records of that time:—In 1650, it is ordered that "six pounds shall be paid to Mr. Strong, the lecturer, for his extraordinary paynes in preaching in the afternoon."

"In 1653, Oliver Cromwell, with the well-known scene in the House of Commons, dissolved the Long Parliament, and in their stead he called a new kind of Parliament of his own, issuing summons 'for divers persons fearing God and of approved fidelity and honesty.' About 120 of them came together on July 4, 1653, and

sat continuously till December 12 in the same year. This Parliament has been called Barebones' Parliament, because this worthy parishioner of St. Dunstan's was a member of it. It has been the fashion to cry it down as an assembly of hypocritical and fanatical men, but if we look at what was attempted and passed by them, though it was afterwards repealed, we see nothing to justify such censure, but rather the contrary. They were hasty, enthusiastic, and too little acquainted with the art of legislating, but they only desired to bring about reforms, many of which we are anxiously endeavouring to achieve at present—such as reforms in law, the registration and performance of marriages at a registrar's, and such like. As Carlyle says, 'it was the first and last attempt at bringing religion heart and soul into the management of politics, and it did not fail in itself, but in not satisfying the expectations of those who set it up in order to knock it down.'

"Barebones often spoke in this Parliament, and was evidently an active member of it, although I should certainly have had a better opinion of him had he not so often been connected with sequestrations and spoliations. He seems to have been a thorough-going Puritan, but much more consistent as such than those who, as Blake and George Monk, were joined with him as members of that Parliament. It was dissolved at the end of the year 1653, and we do not hear of Barebones till 1659, when we find him appointed Comptroller of Sequestrations at a salary of 300*l.* a year. This office, however, he did not hold long, for the tide was on the turn, the word 'Saint' reappears in the registers as applied to St. Dunstan, and Charles II. was preparing to return.

"Barebones made one last effort to prevent it, and raised the feeling of the people to such a pitch of excitement that Monk, who was already planning the King's return, trembled for the success of his measures, and used all the means in his power to frustrate the opposition of the stanch republican. Nothing daunted, Barebones appeared before Parliament with a petition, desiring that no one should be admitted to any public office who should favour the return of the rule of Charles Stuart, or of any *one* person, and prayed for the passing of a law declaring that to entertain the wish for this should be a crime of high treason. But the tide had now fairly turned against Barebones, both in the Parliament and in the City, through the presence of Monk's army; and if we suppose ourselves walking down from Whitehall with Samuel Pepys on the night of the 11th of February 1660, we shall see all Fleet Street in a blaze of fire, from the bonfires lighted to celebrate the success of the soldiers in getting the better of the Parliament; there were no fewer than fourteen bonfires between Temple Bar and St. Dunstan's; and on looking into Pepys' Diary of the day after, we find that the boys of that time were like the boys of this, and had their share, and probably a large one, in the disturbance; for we read, 'The boys had last night broke Barebones's windows;' and this was repeated on the 21st, for we read in the journal of the 22nd, 'I observed this day how abominably Barebones's windows were broken last night.' And yet this was simply because our friend kept to his point and remained the same, while others altered. If he had been the troublesome and unprincipled fanatic which Hume, Clarendon, Macaulay, and others represent him to have been, he

would have been afterwards molested or turned out of the country, but he continued peaceably in St. Dunstan's, attending the vestry for a year after the Restoration, and only ceasing to be found there when vestrymen were elected by a different rule. The last occasion on which we hear of him is, when he appeared on an appeal before Mr. Justice Hale and other judges, who sat in the Hall of Clifford's Inn to hear and settle complaints as to the boundaries and rights of property destroyed by the calamitous fire of London, which had consumed his house in Crane Court." *

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE AND SARAH DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

LITTLE can be said, architecturally, of Marlborough House, notwithstanding it was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, who was employed, not because he was preferred, but that Vanbrugh might be vexed. Respecting Marlborough House, Pennant says :—"To the east of St. James's Palace, in the reign of Queen Anne, was built Marlborough House, at the expense of the public. It appears by one of the views of St. James's, published before the existence of this house, that it was built in part of the Royal Gardens, granted for that purpose by her Majesty. The present Duke [Pennant writes in 1793] added an upper story, and improved the ground floor, which originally wanted a great room. This national compliment cost no less than 40,000*l.*"

* From *The Worthies of St. Dunstan's*; an able Lecture, by the Rev. A. B. Suter.

As regards the site, Pennant's account is corroborated by other authorities, who say that the mansion of the famous John Churchill was built on ground "which had been used for keeping pheasants, guinea-hens, partridges, and other fowl, and on that piece of ground taken out of St. James's Park, then in possession of Henry Boyle, one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State." But as regards the building of the house, the Duchess of Marlborough gives an account very different from Pennant. She says: "The next grant of which, by my Lord Godolphin's means, I obtained the premises of the Queen [Anne], after the Queen Dowager's death [Catherine, Queen of Charles II.], was the ground in St. James's Park, upon which my house stands. This has been valued by my enemies at 10,000*l.*,—how justly, let any one determine who will consider that a certain rent is paid for it to the Exchequer, that the grant was at first but for fifty years, and that the building has cost between 40,000*l.* and 50,000*l.*, of which the Queen never paid one shilling, though many people have been made to believe otherwise."

The Duchess both experienced and caused great mortifications here. She used to speak of the King in the adjacent palace as her "neighbour George." The entrance to the house from Pall Mall was, as it still is, a crooked and inconvenient one. To remedy this defect, she intended to purchase some houses "in the Priory," as the locality was called, for the purpose of pulling them down and constructing a more commodious entry to the mansion; but Sir Robert Walpole, with no more dignified motive than mere spite, secured the houses and ground, and erected buildings on the

latter, which, as now, completely blocked in the front of the Duchess' mansion. She was subjected to a more temporary, but as inconvenient blockade, when the preparations for the wedding of the imperious Princess Anne and her ugly husband, the Prince of Orange, was going on. Among other preparations, a boarded gallery, through which the nuptial procession was to pass, was built up close against the Duchess' windows, completely darkening her rooms. As the boards remained there during the postponement of the ceremony, the Duchess used to look at them with the remark, "I wish the Princess would oblige me by taking away her 'orange chest!'" *

The blocked-up archway of the intended opening faces the principal entrance to the house, and serves as a sort of screen to the parlours in Pall Mall. The old buildings between Marlborough House and St. James's Palace were removed in 1748. The finest portion of Marlborough House is the vestibule, which is large and stately, and painted with the Battles of Hochstet and Blenheim, and the taking of Marshal Tallard prisoner; upon the ceiling are allegories of the Arts and Sciences.

The Great Duke of Marlborough died here in 1722, and a pompous funereal procession issued from the plain, ill-fashioned gateway. Afterwards the Duchess, in bed as usual, received the Mayor and Corporation of London, when they came to thank her for the present of a fat buck. On such occasions the rather querulous lady loved to talk of her neighbour George the King, at St. James's Palace.

Of the character of the old Duchess we find the following illustrations in a conversation which is entered

* Dr. Doran's *Queens of England—House of Hanover.*

in a diary, and printed, in the *Memoirs of Mrs. Delany*, edited by Lady Llanover:

"The conversation turned upon the famous Duchess of Marlborough: among others, one striking anecdote, that though she appeared affected in highest degree at the death of her grand-daughter, the Duchess of Bedford, she sent the day after she died for the jewels she had given her, saying 'she had *only lent them*;' the answer was that she 'had said she would never demand those jewels again except she *danced at court*;' her answer was 'then she would be —— if she would not dance at court,' &c. She behaved in the most extravagant manner, her grief notwithstanding most *violent* in *appearance*. She was found one day lying prostrate upon the ground, and a lady who went to see her (who told this to the Duchess of Portland) had like to have fallen over her, the room being dark.' The Duke of Marlborough said she was praying, and that she lay thus upon the ground, being too wicked to kneel. When her son died, who was a fine promising youth, at the university, her grief was unbounded; her vanity was wounded, the future hope of an ambitious mind was destroyed. She used by way of mortification and a mark of affliction to dress herself like a beggar, and sit with some miserable wretches in the cloisters at Westminster Abbey. The Duchess of Portland said that the Duke (her husband) had often *seen her* during this mourning of hers when he was a boy at Westminster School. She used to say that she was very certain she should go to heaven, and as her ambition went even beyond the grave, that she knew she should have one of the highest seats. Many other anecdotes were told, and the Duchess showed us some original

letters written to her grandfather, Mr. Harley, in the reign of Queen Anne, by the famous Lord Bolingbroke and the Duchess of Marlborough. Those of Lord Bolingbroke were *witty* and *impious*, and full of the most flattering encomiums, &c. Mrs. Delany said *she* remembered Lord Bolingbroke's person—that he was handsome, had a fine address, but he was a great drinker, and swore terribly. She remembered his coming once to her uncle, Sir John Stanley, at Northend, his being very drunk, and going to the greenhouse, where he threw himself upon a couch; a message arrived to say he was *waited for* at the Council; he roused himself, snatched up his green bag of paper, and flew to business."

A few of the Duchess' eccentricities and extravagancies have been put together somewhat in the humorous manner of our early story-books, as follows:

This is the woman who wrote the characters of her contemporaries with a pen dipped in gall and wormwood. This is the Duchess who gave 10,000*l.* to Mr. Pitt for his noble defence of the constitution of his country! This is the woman who said of King James II. that he had lost three kingdoms, for no other reason than that he might see his subjects dance attendance upon him in another! This is the Duchess who, in her old age, used to feign asleep after dinner, and say bitter things at table pat and appropriate, but as if she was not aware of what was going on! This is the lady who drew that beautiful distinction that it was wrong to wish Sir Robert Walpole dead, but only common justice to wish him well hanged. This is the Duchess who tumbled her thoughts out as they arose, and wrote like the wife of the great Duke of Marlborough. This

is the lady who quarrelled with a wit upon paper (Sir John Vanbrugh), and actually got the better of him in the long run; who shut out the architect of Blenheim from seeing his own edifice, and made him dangle his time away at an inn, while his friends were shown the house of the eccentric Sarah. This is the lady who laid out her money in land, in full expectation of a sponge being applied to the Government securities.

This is the Duchess who, ever proud and ever malignant, was persuaded to offer her favourite granddaughter, Lady Diana Spencer, afterwards Duchess of Bedford, to the Prince of Wales, with a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds. He accepted the proposal and the day was fixed for their being secretly married at the Duchess' Lodge, in the Great Park, at Windsor. Sir Robert Walpole got intelligence of the project, prevented it, and the secret was buried in silence.

This is the Duchess—

> The wisest fool much time has ever made—

who refused the proffered hand of the proud Duke of Somerset, for the sole and sufficient reason that no one should share her heart with the great Duke of Marlborough.

This is the woman who refused to lend to the Duchess of Buckingham the funeral car that carried her husband, because no one could deserve so great an honour. This is that "wicked woman of Marlborough," as Vanbrugh calls her, whose heart was made up, in the language of Swift, "of sordid avarice, disdainful pride, and ungovernable rage."—"A woman of little knowledge," as described by Burnet, "but of a clear apprehension and a true judgment." This is the woman

who left 1,000*l.* by will between two poets, to write the life of her illustrious husband—leaving it conditionally, however, "that no part of the said history may be in verse." This is the illustrious lady who superintended the building of Blenheim, examined contracts and tenders, talked with carpenters and masons, and thinking sevenpence-halfpenny a bushel for lime too much by a farthing, waged a war to the knife on so small a matter. This is the Duchess who felt in her old age, as many have since felt, the stern reality of Dryden's celebrated lines:

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit—
Trust on and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow 's falser than the former day,
Lies more, and when it says we shall be blest
With some new joy, cuts off what we possest.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what still remain,
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the fresh sprightly running could not give.
I 'm tir'd of waiting for this chemic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

This is the celebrated Sarah, who, at the age of eighty-four, when she was told she must either submit to be blistered or to die, exclaimed in anger, and with a start in bed, "I won't be blistered, and I won't die!"

The Duchess died, notwithstanding what she said, at Marlborough House, in 1774.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT has well observed: "The character of the imaginary traveller Gulliver, is exactly that of Dampier, or any other sturdy nautical wanderer of

the period, endowed with courage and common sense, who sailed through distant seas without losing a single English prejudice which he had brought from Portsmouth or Plymouth, and on his return gave a grave and simple narrative of what he had seen or heard in foreign countries. The character is perhaps strictly English, and can be hardly relished by a foreigner. The reflections and observations of Gulliver are never more refined or deeper than might be expected from a plain master of a merchantman, or surgeon in the Old Jewry; and there was such a reality given to his person, that one seaman is said to have sworn he knew Captain Gulliver very well, but he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhithe. (Gulliver, so Swift tells us, was long an inhabitant of the place. 'It was as true as if Mr. Gulliver had spoken it,' was a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff.) It is the contrast between the natural ease and simplicity of such a style, and the marvels which the volume contains, that forms one great charm of this memorable satire on the imperfections, follies, and vices of mankind."

The secret of the authorship of *Gulliver* was kept up by Swift by alluding to a book sent to him called *Gulliver's Travels*. "A bishop here," he adds, "said that the book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it." Arbuthnot writes him:—"Lord Scarborough, who is no inventor of stories, told us that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver, but that the printer had mistaken; that he lived in Wapping, not in Rotherhithe. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who immediately went to his map, to search for Lilliput."

It is obvious how much all this must have amused the Dean and his friends in connection with the unexampled sale of the volume.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S ECCENTRICITIES.

THERE is scarcely any public man in our history of whose manners and conversation so many particulars have been preserved, as of the Duke of Newcastle, the well-known leader in the Pelham Administration under George II. Single stories may be unfounded or exaggerated. But all the stories about him, whether told by people who were perpetually seeing him in Parliament, and attending his levées in Lincoln's Inn Fields, or by Grub Street writers who had never more than a glimpse of his star through the windows of his gilded coach, are of the same character. Horace Walpole and Smollett differed in their tastes and opinions as much as two human beings could differ. They kept quite different society. Walpole played at cards with countesses, and corresponded with ambassadors. Smollett passed his life surrounded by printers' devils and famished scribblers. Yet, Walpole's Duke and Smollett's Duke are as like as if they were both from one hand. Smollett's Newcastle runs out of his dressing-room, with his face covered with soap-suds, to embrace the Moorish envoy. Walpole's Newcastle pushes his way into the Duke of Grafton's sick-room to kiss the old nobleman's plasters. No man was so unmercifully satirised. But in truth he was himself a satire ready made. All that the art of the satirist does for other men, nature had done for him. Whatever was absurd

about him, stood out with grotesque prominence from the rest of the character. He was a living, moving, talking caricature. His gait was a shuffling trot; his utterance a rapid stutter; he was always in a hurry; he was never in time; he abounded in fulsome caresses and hysterical tears. His oratory resembled that of Justice Shallow. It was nonsense effervescent with animal spirits and impertinence. Of his ignorance many anecdotes remain, some well authenticated, some probably invented at coffee-houses, but all exquisitely characteristic:—"Oh—yes—yes—to be sure—Annapolis must be defended—troops must be sent to Annapolis—Pray where is Annapolis?"—"Cape Breton an island! wonderful!—show it me in the map. So it is, sure enough. My dear sir, you always bring us good news. I must go and tell the King that Great Britain is an island."

And this man was, during near thirty years, Secretary of State, and during near ten years, First Lord of the Treasury! His large fortune, his strong hereditary connections, his great parliamentary interest, will not alone explain this extraordinary fact. His success is a signal instance of what may be effected by a man who devotes his whole heart and soul, without reserve, to one object. He was eaten up by ambition. He was greedy after power with a greediness all his own. He was jealous of all his colleagues, and even of his own brother. Under the disguise of levity he was false beyond all example of political falsehood. All the able men of his time ridiculed him as a dunce, a driveller, a child who never knew his own mind for an hour together; and he overreached them all round.—*Lord Macaulay, on Walpole's Letters.*

CELEBRATED PHYSICIANS.

THE medical celebrities of the last century numbered several eccentric persons; in short, it would appear that *eccentricity* was a living feature in the doctors of other days. Among these seventeenth-century notabilities were—Woodward, the story of whose duel with Mead has been maliciously preserved to us by Ward, in his engraved frontispiece to his "History of the Gresham Professors,"—Dr. James Yonge, the navy-surgeon in Charles II's. time,—Addenbrooke, the founder of Addenbrooke's Hospital in Cambridge,—Arbuthnot, the beloved of Pope and Swift,—Mead, whose museum and magnificent hospitality in Ormond Street were important features of London life in the earlier half of the eighteenth century,—Bishop Atterbury's Jacobite physician, Freind, the author of "The History of Physick from the Time of Galen to the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century," whose tomb may be found in Westminster Abbey,— Sir Edward Hulse, the lover of fees,—Jurin, the mathematician,—Stukeley, the antiquary, whose proficiency in Druidical history earned for him amongst his friends the name of the "Archdruid,"—Dover, the inventor of the combination of opium and ipecacuanha known as "Dover's Powder," who began life as a buccaneer, and ended it as a London physician,—Messenger Monsey, the benevolent misanthrope and valued friend of Sir Robert Walpole, —Dr. Meyer Low Schomberg, the unscrupulous practitioner who raised himself to notoriety and lucrative practice by entertaining at "a great dinner" once a week all the young surgeons of London,—Isaac Schomberg, son of the foregoing, memorable for his contest

with the College of Physicians,—Dr. William Chambers, of Hull, whose custom it was to return to his patients a part of whatever fees they gave him,—Sir William Browne, the eccentric,—the not less eccentric Dr. Batty, lashed by Moses Mendez, Paul Whitehead, and Dr. Schomberg, in "The Battiad,"—the gentle Quaker, Fothergill, indebted to his connection with "the Friends" for his professional income of 7,000*l.* a year, and his noble garden at Upton, near Stratford, in Essex,—the veneral Heberden,—Akenside, the poet,—Brocklesby, the friend of Dr. Johnson and the benefactor of Burke,—Dr. William Hunter,—Dr. Addington, the favourite physician of George III., and father of Lord Sidmouth,—"well-dressed" Henry Revell Reynolds, the last of the "silk-coated" physicians,—Dr. Warren, who from the time of the Regency till his death in Dover Street, on the 22nd of June 1797, made 9,000*l.* per annum,—Dr. Daniel Bridges, the inventor of the Hull spermaceti candles, which at one time illuminated nearly every drawing-room in the kingdom,—the humane physician, and worldly Quaker, John Coakley Lettsom,—the half-insane Sir Richard Jebb, who told an invalid lady that "she must have a —— vitiated appetite" because she did not like boiled turnips.—*From the Athenæum.*

A QUACK OCULIST.

Sir William Read, originally a tailor or a cobbler, became progressively a mountebank and a quack doctor, and gained, in his case, the equivocal honour of knighthood from Queen Anne. He is said to have practised

by "the light of nature;" and though he could not read, he could ride in his own chariot, and treat his company with good punch out of a golden bowl. He had an uncommon share of impudence; a few scraps of Latin in his bills made the ignorant suppose him to be wonderfully learned. He did not seek his reputation in small places, but practised at that high seat of learning, Oxford: and in one of his addresses he called upon the Vice-Chancellor, University, and the City, to vouch for his cures—as, indeed, he did upon the people of the three kingdoms. Blindness vanished before him, and he even deigned to practise in other distempers; but he defied all competition as an oculist.

Queen Anne and George I. honoured Read with the care of their eyes; from which one would have thought the rulers, like the ruled, as dark intellectually as Taylor's (his brother quack) coach-horses were corporeally, of which it was said five were blind in consequence of their master having exercised his skill upon them.

Dr. Radcliffe mentions this worthy as "Read the mountebank, who has assurance enough to come to our table upstairs at Garraway's, swears he'll take his coach and six horses, his two blacks, and as many silver trumpets, against a dinner at Pontack's."

Read died at Rochester, May 24, 1715. After Queen Anne had knighted him and Dr. Hannes, there appeared the following lines:—

> The Queen, like Heav'n, shines equally on all,
> Her favours now without distinction fall:
> Great Read and slender Hannes, both knighted, show
> That none their honours shall to merit owe.
> That popish doctrine is exploded quite,
> Or Ralph* had been no duke, and Read no knight.

* Ralph, first Duke of Montague.

VOLTAIRE IN LONDON.

VOLTAIRE lodged at the sign of the White Peruke, a fashionable French perruquier's, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. In Swift's *Works* (vol. xx. of the duodecimo edition, p. 294), there is a letter to him, in English, by Voltaire, and dated from this house. The English seems a little too perfect. There is another following it which looks more authentic. But there is no doubt that Voltaire, while in England, made himself such a master of the language, as to be able to write in it with singular correctness for a foreigner. He was then young. He had been imprisoned in the Bastile for a libel; came over here, on his release; procured many subscriptions for the "Henriade;" published in English "An Essay on Epic Poetry," and remained some years, during which he became acquainted with the principal men of letters—Pope, Congreve, and Young. He is said to have talked so indecently at Pope's table (probably no more than was thought decent by the belles in France), that the good old lady, the poet's mother, was obliged to retire. Objecting, at Lord Chesterfield's table, to the allegories of Milton, Young is said to have accosted him in the well-known couplet:—

> Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
> Thou seem'st a Milton, with his Death and Sin.

But this story has been doubted. Voltaire left England with such a mass of subscriptions for his *Henriade* as laid the foundation of his fortunes, and with great admiration of English talent and genius, particularly that of Newton and Locke, which, with all his insinua-

tions against our poetry, he took warm pains to extend, and never gave up. He was fond to the last of showing he had not forgotten his English. Somebody telling him that Johnson had spoken well of his talents, he said, in English, "He is a clever fellow;" but the gentleman observing that the doctor did not think well of his religion, he added, "a superstitious dog."

During his residence in Maiden Lane, there is a story of Voltaire's having been beset, in one of his walks, by the people, who ridiculed him as a Frenchman. He got upon the steps of a door-way and harangued them in their own language in praise of English liberty and the nation; upon which, the story adds, they hailed him as a fine fellow, and carried him to his lodgings on their shoulders.—Leigh Hunt's *Town*.

A SCENE IN MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL.

THE celebrated Sir John Davies, who was of the Middle Temple—on February 12, 1597-8, while the masters of the bench and the other members of the Society were sitting quietly at dinner, came into the hall with his hat on his head, and attended by two persons armed with swords, and going up to the barristers' table, where Richard Martin was sitting, he pulled out from under his gown a cudgel, and struck him over the head repeatedly, and with so much violence that the bastinado was shivered into many pieces. Then retiring to the bottom of the hall, Davies drew one of his attendants' swords and flourished it over his head, turning his face towards Martin, and then hurrying away down the water-steps of the Temple, threw

himself into a boat. For this outrageous act, Sir John Davies was immediately disbarred and expelled the house, and deprived for ever of all authority to speak or consult in law. After nearly four years' retirement, he petitioned the bench for his restoration, which they, knowing his merits and believing in his penitence, accorded on October 30, 1601, upon his making a public submission in the hall, and asking pardon of Mr. Martin, who at once generously forgave him.

Mr. Foss cites *Archæologia*, vol. xxi. p. 107, where, in a communication from Lord Stowell, further details are given from the Middle Temple records. He then proceeds: "The offence, which is unrecorded, was probably some witty sarcasm by Martin on Davies. Both had been notorious for the lightness of their early lives; yet both lived to hold considerable stations in the world. Martin became Recorder of London and a member of Parliament; and Davies not only filled the office of Attorney-General of Ireland and Speaker of the Irish Parliament, but, having been knighted in 1607, advanced so high in reputation as to be designated in 1626 Lord Chief Justice of England on the very day of his death. He had disported himself with the Muses, and composed a long poem on the Immortality of the Soul, which he expressly dedicated to Queen Elizabeth:

> To that dear Majesty, which in the North,
> Doth, like another Sun, in glory rise;
> Which standeth fixed, yet spreads her heavenly worth,
> Loadstone to hearts, and loadstar to all eyes!

NAT LEE'S MADNESS.

ACCORDING to Oldys, it was "in returning from the Bear and Harrow in Butcher Row, through Clare Market, to his lodgings in Duke Street, that Lee, the dramatic poet, overladen with wine, fell down (on the ground, as some say—according to others, on a bulk), and was killed, or stifled in the snow. He was buried in the parish church of St. Clement Danes, aged about thirty-five years." "He was a very handsome as well as ingenious man," says Oldys, "but given to debauchery, which necessitated a milk diet. When some of his university comrades visited him, he fell to drinking out of all measure, which, flying up into his head, caused his face to break out into those carbuncles which were afterwards observed there; and also touched his brain, occasioning that madness so much lamented in so rare a genius. Tom Brown says, he wrote, while he was in Bedlam, a play of twenty-five acts; and Mr. Bowman tells me that, going once to visit him there, Lee showed him a scene, 'in which,' says he, 'I have done a miracle for you.' 'What's that?' said Bowman. 'I have made you a good priest.'"

Oldys mentions another of his mad sayings, but does not tell us with whom it passed:

> I've seen an unscrewed spider spin a thought,
> And walk away upon the wings of angels!

"What say you to that, doctor?" "Ah, marry, Mr. Lee, that's superfine indeed. The thought of a winged spider may catch sublime readers of poetry sooner than his web, but it will need a commentary in prose to render it intelligible to the vulgar."

Lee's madness does not appear to have been melancholy, otherwise these anecdotes would not bear repeating. There are various stories of the origin of it; but, most probably, he had an over-sanguine constitution, which he exasperated by intemperance. Though he died so young, the author of *A Satyr on the Poets* gives us to understand that he was corpulent.

> Pembroke loved tragedy, and did provide
> For the butchers' dogs, and for the whole Bank-side:
> The bear was fed; but dedicating Lee
> Was thought to have a greater paunch than he.

This Pembroke, who loved a bear-garden, was the seventh earl of that title. His daughter married the son of Jefferies. Lee, on a visit to the earl at Wilton, is said to have drunk so hard, that "the butler feared he would empty the cellar." The madness of Lee is almost visible in his swelling and overladen dramas; in which, however, there is a good deal of true poetic fire, and a vein of tenderness that makes us heartily pity the author.—Leigh Hunt's *Town.*

DIRTY DICK, OF LEADENHALL STREET.

EARLY in the present century there was living in Leadenhall Street an eccentric person named Nathaniel Bentley, who, by reason of his disregard for appearances, obtained the unenviable name of "Dirty Dick." He kept a large emporium for all sorts of wares: the number of the house was 46, now divided into two tenements. Bentley's shop was one of the

curiosities of the town, whither strangers flocked "less to buy than to stare," and it was usually confessed,

> Though the dirt was so frightful,
> The dirty man's manners were truly delightful.

In his early days he was called "the Beau of Leadenhall Street," and might be seen at public places of resort, dressed as a man of fashion. He not only spoke French and Italian fluently, but, as the rhyme implies, his demeanour was that of a polished gentleman. Whence the cause of his decadence into dirt? As the story goes, our young tradesman had made proposals of marriage to the daughter of a wealthy citizen, and had been accepted; but the lady died suddenly, and Bentley's hopes were wrecked. Time passed on, and our fashionable beau became the inveterate enemy of soap and towels; and hence "Dirty Dick." His house was equally neglected. That wonderful room, whose inside no mortal might brag to have viewed, and the circumstances in which it became so, are described in "The Dirty Old Man, a Lay of Leadenhall," by William Allingham, who notes that the verses accord with the accepted accounts of the man and his house:—

> That room—forty years since folks settled and deck'd it,
> The luncheon's prepared, and the guests are expected;
> The handsome young host he is gallant and gay,
> For his love and her friends will be with him to-day.
>
> With solid and dainty the table is drest,
> The wine beams its brightest, the flowers bloom their best;
> Yet the host need not smile, and no guests will appear,
> For his sweetheart is dead, as he shortly shall hear.
>
> Full forty years since, turned the key in that door;
> 'Tis a room deaf and dumb 'mid the city's uproar.

Cup and platter are mask'd in thick layers of dust;
The flow'rs fall'n to powder, the wines swath'd in crust;
A nosegay was laid before one special chair,
And the faded blue ribbon that bound it lies there.

In February 1804, Bentley finally quitted his warehouse in Leadenhall Street, in which for forty years he had conducted business, among cobwebs and dust. He then took a house in Jewry Street, Aldgate, where he lived for three years; but his landlord refusing to renew the lease, he removed to Leonard Street, Shoreditch, taking with him a stock of spoiled goods, to the amount of 10,000*l*. Here he was robbed of a considerable sum by a woman with whom he was imprudent enough to associate in his old age. To divert his mind, after this misfortune, he travelled for a time until he reached Haddington, in Scotland. Almost penniless, and suffering severely from ill-health, he took up his abode at the Crown Inn, where he died about the close of the year 1809, and was buried in the churchyard of that town.

THE CROSSING SWEEPER.

THE Rev. Samuel Bache, Minister of the New Meeting House, Birmingham, received the following very remarkable story from a venerable friend, one of the principal members of his congregation, some five-and-twenty years since.

The late Mr. Simcox, of Harbourne, near Birmingham, who was largely engaged in the nail trade, in one of his visits to London, on business, was suddenly overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, from which he sought shelter under an archway: the rain continued for a long time with unabated violence, and he

was, consequently, obliged to remain in his place of shelter. He was soon agreeably surprised by the opening of the door of a handsome house opposite, and a footman approaching with an umbrella, with his master's compliments, and that he had observed the gentleman standing so long under the archway, that he feared he might take cold, and therefore would be glad if he would come and take shelter in his house—an invitation which Mr. Simcox gladly accepted. He was ushered into a drawing-room, where the master of the house was sitting, and he received from him a very friendly welcome.

Scarcely, however, had Mr. Simcox set eyes on his host, than he was struck with a vague remembrance of having seen him before; but where, or under what circumstances, he was altogether unable to call to mind. His inquiring glances at last conveyed to his host what was passing in his mind. "You seem, sir," said he, "to look at me as though you had seen me before." Mr. Simcox acknowledged that his host was right in his conjectures, but confessed his entire inability to recall the occasion. "You are right, sir," said the old gentleman; "and if you will pledge your word as a man of honour to keep my secret, and not to disclose to anyone what I am now going to tell you until you have seen the notice of my death in the London papers, I have no objection to remind you where and how you have known me."

"In St. James's Park, near Spring Gardens, you may pass every day an old man, who sweeps a crossing there, and whose begging is attended by this strange peculiarity—that whatever be the amount of the alms bestowed on him, he will retain only a halfpenny, and

scrupulously return to the donor all the rest. Such an unusual proceeding naturally excites the curiosity of those who hear of it; and anyone who has himself made the experiment, when he happens to be walking by with a friend, is almost sure to say to him, 'Do you see that old fellow there? He is the strangest beggar you ever saw in your life. If you give him sixpence, he will be sure to give you fivepence-halfpenny back again.' Of course, his friend makes the experiment, which turns out as predicted; and as crowds of people are constantly passing, there are numbers of persons every day who make the same trial; and thus the old man gets many a halfpenny from the curiosity of the passers by, in addition to what he obtains from their compassion."

"I, sir," continued the old gentleman, "am that beggar. Many years ago, I first hit upon the expedient for the relief of my then pressing necessities; for I was at that time utterly destitute; but finding the scheme answer beyond my expectations, I was induced to carry it on until I had at last, with the aid of profitable investment, realised a handsome fortune, enabling me to live in the comfort in which you find me this day. And now, sir, such is the force of habit, that, though I am no longer under any necessity for continuing this plan, I find myself quite unable to give it up; and, accordingly, every morning I leave home, apparently for business purposes, and go to a room, where I put on my old beggar's clothes, and continue sweeping my crossing in the park till a certain hour in the afternoon, when I go back to my room, resume my usual dress, and return home in time for dinner, as you see me this day."

Mr. Simcox, as a gentleman and a man of honour, scrupulously fulfilled his pledge; but having seen in the London papers the announcement of the beggar's death, he then communicated this strange story. The name of this eccentric person is not known; but the incidents are recollected by more than one narrator. (See *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. ix.)

The produce of a street crossing in London is sometimes considerable. At an inquest held on the body of a crossing sweeper, who had died suddenly, Mr. Wakley, the coroner, said that the sweeper of a crossing sold his interest in it for 40*l.* A juror observed that crossings were freehold, by which many proprietors amassed, in former days, sums of 500*l.*, 1,000*l.*, 4,000*l.* Another juror alluded to the sweeper of the crossing at Bridge Street, Blackfriars, who bequeathed a large sum to Miss Waithman (daughter of the alderman) in gratitude for her benevolence in giving him his dinner every Sunday; and another gentleman said that the sweeper of a crossing near Hyde Park bequeathed 1,000*l.* to a gentleman who was in the habit of giving him 6*d.* whenever he passed his crossing.

A MOCK PRINCE.

WHEN the anti-slavery agitation was at fever-heat, in 1815, there came to London one Prince Sanders, a complete negro, who was said to be an agent from Christophe, King of Hayti, and who had obtained access to, and the patronage of, the Duke of Sussex, Mr. Wilberforce, and other persons of note. This was a passport even to Freemasons and to fashionable

society. The "Prince" became popular, was lionised in the metropolis, lived in a gay style, told artists and authors that he was commissioned by "his royal master" to engage several of both classes to emigrate and settle in Hayti, where the King would confer fortune and fame on them. Some were tempted to send specimens of their respective works. John Britton became one of Mr. "Prince" Sanders's dupes, by confiding to his *friendly* charge fine-paper copies of three volumes, valued at 25*l*. Of these he never heard more; but found that his new friend, in whom he had no suspicion of roguery, continued to visit and be visited by several distinguished persons, from the West-end of London. He resided in the vicinity of Tavistock Square, and one night assembled, at a *soirée*, a large party of nobles, gentry, and ladies, amongst whom were the Duke of Sussex, Mr. Wilberforce, and other personages of rank. Before he quitted London, he published an octavo volume, with his portrait engraved by Charles Turner. Its title is: "By Authority. Haytian Papers: A Collection of the very Interesting Proclamations, and other Official Documents; together with some Account of the Rise, Progress, and Present State of the Kingdom of Hayti. With a Preface by Prince Sanders, Esq., Agent for the Haytian Government. London: Printed for W. Reed, 17 Fleet Street." 8vo. 1816. This volume is a curiosity. Its editor seems to have imposed on several other persons besides the careful John Britton, who, in his *Autobiography*, quotes the above story from Dr. Dibdin.

AN ERRANT JOURNALIST.

On Christmas Day, 1831, there died in the metropolis a poor, misguided journalist, whose mad career, presenting one of the most lamentable instances of lost genius on record, is thus narrated in the *Athenæum*:—

John Mitford was a cousin of Miss Mitford, the pourtrayer of country life, and of Dr. Mitford, the historian of Greece, and possessed talent which might have added increased lustre to the name he bore. Born at Mitford Castle, in Northumberland, his spirit turned, as so many untamed spirits do, to the sea, and he fought under Hood and Nelson. But quitting the navy, he attached himself to the newspaper press in various capacities, and afterwards edited the *Scourge*, the *Bon Ton Gazette*, the *Quizzical Gazette* (a penny publication), &c. But his habits plunged him to the neck in poverty. Whilst editing the *Bon Ton Gazette*, Elliot, the proprietor, had to keep him in a sort of cellar, with a candle and a bottle of gin (which was constantly being replenished), and a piece of old carpeting for his coverlid at night—yet he would stealthily creep out in search of gin unless his shoes were taken away from him. He wrote the songs "The King is a true British Sailor," and "Johnny Newcome in the Navy." The publisher of the latter allowed him a shilling a day while he was writing it. The money was expended after his own manner—twopence in bread and cheese and an onion, and the rest in gin, and he had nothing to pay for the grass and nettles in Bayswater fields that formed his bed at night. A compassionate Samaritan on one occasion gave him a pair of Wellington boots; but they were speedily

converted into gin, which he at once sat down to drink out. The man who had bought them soon afterwards returned, and jeeringly told him that he had just pawned them for fifteen shillings. "Ah!" said Mitford, with a self-gratulatory shrug, "but you went out in the cold to do it." For several years this poor, idle, straying, wilful, clever sot lived by his wits, and slept three nights in the week in the open air, when he could not muster threepence for a filthy bed in St. Giles's. He died of course perfectly destitute, leaving a wife and family, who had been taken care of by his near relative, Lord Redesdale, and his poor emaciated body was buried by Mr. Green, of Will's Coffee House, Lincoln's Inn Fields, who had, in early days, been a shipmate of the unfortunate fellow.

DEATH OF FLAXMAN, THE SCULPTOR.

DURING the year 1826, Flaxman's health declined; but his suffering was little, nor did he abstain from making sketches, and enjoying the company of his friends. The winter had set in; and as he was never a very early mover, a stranger found him rising one morning when he called about nine o'clock. "Sir," said the visitor, presenting a book as he spoke, "this work was sent to me by an Italian artist, to present to you, and at the same time to apologise for its extraordinary dedication. In truth, sir, it was so generally thought throughout Italy that you were dead, that my friend determined to show the world how much he esteemed your genius, and, having his book ready for publication, he has inscribed it '*Al Ombra di Flaxman.*' No sooner

was the book published than the story of your death was contradicted, and the author, affected by his mistake, which, nevertheless, he rejoices at, begs you will accept his work and his apology." Flaxman smiled, accepted the volume with unaffected modesty, and mentioned the circumstance as curious to his own family and some of his friends.

This singular occurrence happened on Saturday, the 2nd of December: the great sculptor was well and cheerful;—next day he went to church—felt himself suddenly affected with cold—refused all medicine—went to bed—and when he rose on Monday, assured his sister that he was well enough to receive some friends, whom he had invited to dinner. When these guests came, they were touched with the change in his looks; but he assumed cheerfulness, presided at table, tasted wine with the ladies, said something pleasing to all, and they went away without any apprehension that they were to see him no more. An inflammation of the lungs was the result of the cold which affected him on Sunday. The disorder spread with fatal rapidity: he refused to go to bed, saying—"When I lie, I cannot breathe," and sat in a cushioned chair, attended by his sister, and the sister of his wife. All attempts to arrest the deadly malady were in vain; and on Thursday morning, December the 7th, 1826, he passed, without a struggle, from a world of which he had long been the ornament.

The public gave little encouragement to Flaxman and Banks, but showered its patronage on two much inferior sculptors, Bacon and Chantrey. As to Flaxman, the greatest sculptor of his day, the neglect which he experienced is something inconceivable. Canova,

who was well acquainted with his exquisite illustrations of Dante, &c., could hardly believe that a man of such genius was not an object of admiration among his countrymen; and, in allusion to their insensibility to Flaxman's merits and to their patronage of inferior artists, he said to some of the English at Rome, "You see with your ears!"

DEATH OF NEWTON, THE PAINTER.

NEWTON died insane. In the asylum, at Chelsea, where he was placed, his conversation was, for the most part, rational, but he always muttered something sufficiently flighty to show the state of his mind. At one time, his friend had some hope, from his having taken up his pencil, which he had long laid aside. Dr. Sutherland considered this a favourable symptom. Leslie thus describes his visit to him in October 1834: "He showed me many pencil sketches, some begun in oil. The subject of the oil sketch was the widow of Lord Strafford showing her cousin's father's portrait. He told me that Lord Strafford was not executed, but had vanished from the scaffold, and was still living; that he was the same person as Lorenzo de' Medici, who had appeared in the world many times in different characters. With the exception of this flight, his conversation was rational." Among the sketches which he showed to Leslie was one of "A child marching through a garden of flowers, fancying himself a soldier, and saluting the flowers:" this, Newton said, was himself, and what he did when a child. All the materials required for drawing and painting were placed in his room; but he never again sketched or painted. He died in August

1835. A few days before his death his mind seemed somewhat restored, though Mr. Leslie did not hear that it ever was entirely so. During the rapid consumption that ended his life, he read only the Bible and Prayer-book; and when he became too weak to read, they were read to him by an attendant. The day before he died, he desired to hear the funeral service, saying, "It will soon be read over me." He listened with great attention, and remarked that it was "very fine."

CHARLES LAMB AT THE PLAY.

LAMB, the best theatrical critic of his time, has left these delightful playgoing recollections: "At the north end of Cross Court," says our charming essayist, "there yet stands (as a playgoer of sixty may remember) a portal of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to a humble use, serving at present as an entrance to a printing-office. This old doorway was the identical pit entrance to old Drury—Garrick's Drury—all of it that is left. I never pass it without shaking some forty years from off my shoulders, recurring to the evening when I passed through it to see my *first play*. The afternoon had been wet, and the condition of our going (the elder folks and myself) was that the rain should cease. With what a beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired cessation! I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it.

* * * * * * * *

In those days were pit orders. Beshrew the uncom-

fortable manager who established them! With one of these we went. I remember waiting at the door—not that which is left, but between that and an inner door, in shelter. Oh, when shall I be such an expectant again!—with the cry of nonpareils, an indispensable accompaniment in those days. As far as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the theatrical fruiteresses was, '*chase* some oranges, *chase* some nonpareils, *chase* a bill of the play:' chase pro chuse. But when we got in and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed—the breathless anticipations I endured! I had seen something like it in the plate prefixed to *Troilus and Cressida*, in Rowe's Shakspeare—the tent scene with Diomede; and a sight of that plate can always bring back, in a measure, the feeling of that evening. The boxes, at that time full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit; and the pilasters, reaching down, were adorned with a glittering substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed) resembling—a homely fancy—but I judged it to be sugar-candy—yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy! The orchestra lights at length arose, those 'fair Auroras!' Once the bell sounded. It was to ring out yet once again; and, incapable of the anticipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap. It rang the second time. The curtain drew up—I was not past six years old—and the play was *Artaxerxes*.

"I had dabbled a little in the *Universal History*—the ancient part of it—and here was the court of Persia. It was being admitted to a sight of the past.

I took no proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import; but I heard the word Darius, and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princes, passed before me—I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time, and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshipper. I was awestruck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has ever since visited me but in dreams. Harlequin's invasion followed; where, I remember, the transformation of the magistrates into reverend beldames seemed to me a piece of grave historic justice, and the tailor carrying his own head to be as sober a verity as the legend of St. Denys.

"The next play to which I was taken, was the *Lady of the Manor*, of which, with the exception of some scenery, very faint traces are left in my memory. It was followed by a pantomine called *Lun's Ghost*—a satiric touch, I apprehend, upon Rich, not long since dead—but to my apprehension (too sincere for satire) Lun was as remote a piece of antiquity as Lud—the father of a line of harlequins—transmitting his dagger of lath (the wooden sceptre) through countless ages. I saw the primeval Motley come from his silent tomb in a ghastly vest of white patch-work, like the apparition of a dead rainbow. So harlequins (thought I) look when they are dead.

"My third play followed in quick succession. It was *The Way of the World*. I think I must have sat at it as grave as a judge; for, I remember, the hysteric affectations of good Lady Wishfort affected me like some solemn tragic passion. *Robinson Crusoe* followed,

in which Crusoe, Man Friday, and the Parrot were as good and authentic as in the story. The clownery and pantaloonery of these pantomines have clean passed out of my head. I believe I no more laughed at them, than at the same age I should have been disposed to laugh at the grotesque gothic heads (seeming to me then replete with devout meaning) that gape and grin, in stone, around the inside of the old round church (my church) of the Templars.

"I saw these plays in the season of 1781–2, when I was from six to seven years old. After the intervention of six or seven years (for at school all playgoing was inhibited) I again entered the doors of a theatre. That old Artaxerxes' evening had never done ringing in my fancy. I expected the same feelings to come again with the same occasion. But we differ from ourselves less at sixty and sixteen, than the latter does from six. In that interval what had I not lost! At the first period I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all—

Was nourished I could not tell how.

I had left the temple a devotee, and was returned a rationalist. The same things were there materially; but the emblem, the reverence was gone! The green curtain was no longer a veil drawn between two worlds, the unfolding of which was to bring back past ages, to present a 'royal ghost,' but a certain quantity of green baize, which was to separate the audience for a given time from certain of their fellow-men who were to come forward and pretend those parts. The lights—the orchestra lights—came up, a clumsy machinery. The first ring, and the second ring, was now but a trick of

the prompter's bell, which had been like the note of the cuckoo, a phantom of a voice, no hand seen or guessed at, which ministered to its warning. The actors were men and women painted. I thought the fault was in them; but it was in myself, and the alteration which those many centuries—of six short twelvemonths—had wrought in me. Perhaps it was fortunate for me that the play of the evening was but an indifferent comedy, as it gave me time to crop some unreasonable expectations, which might have interfered with the genuine emotions with which I was soon after enabled to enter upon the first appearance, to me, of Mrs. Siddons in Isabella. Comparison and retrospection soon yielded to the present attraction of the scene; and the theatre became to me, *upon a new stock*, the most delightful of recreations."

"CORNER MEMORY THOMPSON."

In February 1843, there died, at the age of 86, this remarkable person, whose eccentric success had become matter of public interest. John Thompson was a native of St. Giles's, where his father was a greengrocer: the boy, on carrying a salad to the house of an undertaker in the neighbourhood, attracted attention by his ready and active manner, and the undertaker took him as errand boy; then he became assistant, and next married his master's daughter, and thus obtained property. This was his *start* in life, and enabled him to commence business as an auctioneer and brewer's valuer, by which he amassed great wealth. As he advanced in life, he sought retirement, and on a spot just below Hampstead Church, built for himself, without plan or order, "Frognal Priory," an assemblage of

grotesque structures, but without any right of road to it, which he had to purchase at a great price. Thence, Thompson often went to town in his chariot, to collect curiosities for Frognal Priory, and these, for a time, he would show to any person who rang at his gate. He was designated "Corner Memory" from his having, for a bet, drawn a plan of St. Giles's parish from memory, at three sittings, specifying every coach-turning, stable-yard, and public pump, and likewise the *corner shop* of every street. He possessed a most mechanical memory; for he would, by reading a newspaper overnight, repeat the whole of it next morning. He gained some notoriety by presenting to the Queen a carved bedstead, reputed once to have belonged to Cardinal Wolsey; with this he sent home some other ancient furniture, and the whole is now in an apartment of Windsor Castle.

DEVILLE, THE PHRENOLOGIST.

In 1817 a Mr. Deville, a lamp-manufacturer of London, was a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers. He had been originally a pot-boy, then a journeyman plasterer, and afterwards kept a shop for the sale of plaster figures, which he cast. He had risen to a respectable position simply by the force of his natural powers. Mr. Bryan Donkin, a civil engineer, was an early auditor of Gall at Vienna, and subsequently a friend of Spurzheim. He was also, like Mr. Deville, a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers; and when, in 1817, he with others determined to make a collection of casts as records of phrenological facts,

Mr. Deville was applied to for his assistance, which he rendered as a matter of business for three or four years. In 1821 he became interested in phrenology, and began to form a collection of casts on his own account. Already, in 1826, Spurzheim said it was finer than any he had seen elsewhere. At Mr. Deville's death, in 1846, this collection consisted of about 5,450 pieces; of these 3,000 were crania of animals, and the remainder (2,450) illustrations of human phrenology. There were 200 human crania, and 300 casts of crania; amongst the latter, those which Baron Cuvier permitted Mr. Deville to take from all the authenticated human skulls in the Museum of Comparative Anatomy of Paris. Mr. Deville was a practical observer, and possessed the large number of 1,500 casts of heads taken by himself from persons while living. Amongst these were 50 casts of persons remarkably devoted to religion; 40 of distinguished painters, sculptors, architects, &c.; 30 of eminent navigators and travellers; 80 of poets, authors, and writers; 70 of musicians, amateurs, and composers of music; 25 of pugilists; 150 of criminals; 120 pathological casts illustrative of insanity, &c. Perhaps the most interesting of all are 170 casts which illustrate the changes caused in the cranial conformation of from 60 to 70 individuals by age, special devotion to one pursuit, and the like. Mr. Deville's account of some of these has been published.

The above account of the Strand phrenologist appears in the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

MONK LEWIS.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, commonly called *Monk* Lewis, from his once popular romance of that name, was a good-hearted man, and, like too many of that fraternity, a disagreeable one—verbose, disputatious, and paradoxical. His *Monk* and *Castle Spectre* elevated him into fame; and he continued to write ghost-stories till, following as he did in the wake of Mrs. Radcliffe, he quite overstocked the market. Lewis visited his estates in Jamaica, and came back perfectly negro-bitten. He promulgated a new code of laws in the island, for the government of his sable subjects; one may serve for a specimen. "Any slave who commits murder shall have his head shaved, and be confined three days and nights in a dark room." Upon occasion of printing these parodies, *Monk* Lewis said to Lady Holland, "Many of them are very fair, but mine is not at all like; they have made me write burlesque, which I never do." "You don't know your own talent," answered the lady.

Lewis aptly described himself, as to externals, in the verses affixed to his *Monk*, as having

> A graceless form and dwarfish stature.

He had, moreover, large grey eyes, thick features, and an inexpressive countenance. In talking, he had a disagreeable habit of drawing the forefinger of his right hand across his right eyelid. He affected, in conversation, a sort of dandified, drawling tone: young Harlowe, the artist, did the same. A foreigner who had but a slight knowledge of the English language, might have concluded, from their cadences, that they

were little better than fools—"just a born goose," as Terry the actor used to say. Lewis died on his passage homeward from Jamaica, owing to a dose of James's powders injudiciously administered by "his own mere motion." He wrote various plays, with various success: he had admirable notions of dramatic construction, but the goodness of his scenes and incidents was marred by the badness of his dialogue.* Lord Byron laments his loss in this odd couplet:—

> I would give a sugar-cane,
> Monk Lewis, were he back again.

THE PENALTIES OF AVARICE.

POSSESSION naturally brings apprehension as to the power of retaining it. There were periods in the career of Rothschild, the millionaire, when his gigantic capital seemed likely to be scattered to the four quarters of the globe. He had also other sources of apprehension. Threats of murder were not unfrequent. On one occasion he was waited on by a stranger, who informed him that a plot had been formed to take his life; that the loans which he had made Austria, and his connection with Governments adverse to the liberties of Europe, marked him for assassination; and that the mode by which he was to lose his life was arranged. But though Rothschild smiled outwardly at those and similar threats, they said who knew him best, that his mind was always troubled by these remembrances, and that they haunted him at moments when he would willingly have forgotten them. Occasionally his fears

* Note to the *Rejected Addresses*, edit. 1861.

took a ludicrous form. Two tall moustachioed men were once shown into his counting-house. Mr. Rothschild bowed; the visitors bowed; and their hands wandered first in one pocket and then in another. To the anxious eye of the millionaire, they assumed the form of persons searching for deadly weapons. No time seemed allowed for thought; a ledger, without a moment's warning, was hurled at the intruders; and in a paroxysm of fear he called for assistance to drive out two customers, who were only feeling in their pockets for letters of introduction. There is no doubt that he dreaded assassination greatly. "You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild," said a gentleman who was sharing the hospitality of his splendid home, as he glanced at the superb apartments of the mansion. "Happy—I happy!" was the reply. "What! happy, when just as you are going to dine, you have a letter placed in your hand, saying, 'If you do not send 500*l.* I will blow your brains out?' Happy—I happy!" And the fact that he frequently slept with loaded pistols by his side is an indirect evidence of a constant excitement on the subject.*

The late Nathan Meyer Rothschild was the most famous foreign exchange broker in London. "He never hesitated for a moment in fixing a rate, either as a drawer or purchaser of a foreign bill of exchange on any part of the world; and his memory was so retentive that, notwithstanding the multifarious transactions in which he was engaged on every foreign post-day on the Royal Exchange, he never took a note of them; but on his return to his office could dictate to his clerks the whole of the bargains he had made, with the

* *Characters of the Stock Exchange.*

various rates of exchange, and the names of the several parties with whom he had dealt, with the most perfect exactness." Nevertheless, this Hebrew Mammon could scarcely write his own name; and was, moreover, a man of the coarsest habits in general society.

COLERIDGE'S OPIUM-EATING.

ONE of the most melancholy facts in the history of Coleridge is his indulgence in the use of opium. This he continued for a length of time, until it began to weaken and obscure his vigorous and brilliant intellect, before his friend Cottle became aware that he used it.

In 1814, Cottle wrote to him a very faithful letter, full of dissuasives against the habit; and in Coleridge's reply occur the following affecting passages:—

"For ten years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger staring, but the consciousness of my guilt worse—far worse than all. I have prayed, with drops of agony on my brow; trembling not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. 'I gave thee so many talents, what hast thou done with them?'

"Secondly, overwhelmed as I am with a sense of my direful infirmity, I have never attempted to disguise or conceal the cause. On the contrary, not only to friends have I stated the whole case with tears, and the very bitterness of shame, but in two instances I have warned young men, mere acquaintances, who had spoken of taking laudanum, of the direful consequences, by an awful exposition of its tremendous effects on myself.

"Thirdly, though before God I cannot lift up my eyelids, and only do not despair of His mercy, because to despair would be adding crime to crime, yet to my fellow-men I may say, that I was seduced into the accursed habit ignorantly. I had been almost bed-ridden for many months, with swellings in my knees. In a medical journal, I unhappily met with an account of a cure performed in a similar case, or what appeared to me so, by rubbing in laudanum, at the same time taking a given dose internally. It acted like a charm—like a miracle! I recovered the use of my limbs, of my appetite, of my spirits, and this continued for near a fortnight. At length the unusual stimulus subsided, the complaint returned, the supposed remedy was recurred to; but I cannot go through the dreary history.

"Suffice it to say, that effects were produced which acted on me by terror and cowardice, of pain and sudden death, not—so help me God—by any temptation of pleasure, or expectation, or desire of exciting pleasurable sensations. On the very contrary, Mrs. Morgan and her sister will bear witness so far as to say that the longer I abstained, the higher my spirits, the keener my enjoyments, till the moment, the direful moment arrived, when my pulse began to fluctuate, my heart to palpitate, and such falling down, as it were, of my whole frame, such intolerable restlessness, and incipient bewilderment, that in the last of my several attempts to abandon the dire poison, I exclaimed in agony, which I now repeat in seriousness and solemnity, 'I am too poor to hazard this.' Had I but a few hundred pounds—but two hundred pounds—half to send Mrs. Coleridge, and half to place myself in a private madhouse, where

I could procure nothing but what a physician thought proper, and where a medical attendant could be constantly with me for two or three months (in less than that time life or death would be determined), then there might be hope. Now there is none! You bid me rouse myself: go bid a man, paralytic in both arms, to rub them briskly together, and that will cure him. 'Alas!' he would reply, 'that I cannot move my arms is my complaint and my misery.'"

Writing to another friend, a short time after, he says, "Conceive a poor miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him. In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have. I used to think the text in St. James, that 'he who offends in one point offends in all,' very harsh; but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of opium, what crime have I not made myself guilty of? Ingratitude to my Maker, and to my benefactors injustice, *and unnatural cruelty to my poor children*, self-contempt for my repeated promise, breach, nay, too often, actual falsehood."

It is interesting to know that Coleridge afterwards broke away from this dreadful habit, and that his life was lengthened out some twenty years longer.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S LAST LECTURE.

At the Royal Academy, in Trafalgar Square, is a relic of considerable interest in connection with the history of the foundation. Such is the chair in which, nearly a century since, Sir Joshua Reynolds took his seat as the first President of the Royal Academy of Arts, at their first place of meeting, in Pall Mall. It will be recollected that Reynolds reigned paramount at the Academy until the feud through Fuseli being elected Academician over Bonomi, in whose behalf the President had been over-zealous. Sir Joshua then quitted the chair deeply offended, and wrote a cold but courteous farewell. The Academy endeavoured to soothe him; and the King, through Sir William Chambers, conveyed the Royal wish that Sir Joshua would continue president. He relented, and resumed the chair, but only to resign it with more kindly feeling, after an occupation altogether of twenty-one years. He last appeared in the Academy on Dec. 10, 1790. During his lecture a great crash was heard, and the company, fearing that the building was about to come down, rushed towards the door. Sir Joshua, however, sat silent and unmoved in his chair. The floor, which had only sunk a little, was soon supported, and the company resumed their seats, and the President recommenced his discourse with perfect composure. He afterwards remarked that, if the floor had fallen, the whole company must have been killed, and the arts in Britain, as a consequence, thrown back two hundred years. Sir Joshua concluded his discourse with these emphatic words. Speaking of Michael Angelo, he said:—"I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of

such sensations as *he* intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this academy and from this place might be the name of —Michael Angelo." As Sir Joshua left the chair, Burke went up to him and said,

> The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
> So charming left his voice, that he awhile
> Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.

The chair has been disused for the last few years, and is now preserved at the Academy with reverential care as a relic.

ECCENTRICITIES OF COBBETT.

WILLIAM COBBETT, the celebrated political writer, as the reader may probably remember, was a self-taught man of great natural abilities, who—from excess of self-esteem, defect of sympathy out of the pale of his own sphere, and a want of that scholarly "discipline of humanity," of which such men stand particularly in need—went from one extreme in politics to another with anything but misgiving; injured the support which he otherwise gave to Reform, by a long course of obloquy and exaggeration; brought his courage, and even his principles into question, by retreats before his opponents, and apparent compromises with Government; and ended a life of indomitable industry, by obtaining the reputation rather of a powerful and amusing than estimable or lasting writer. Readers of his *Political Register* will not easily forget how he lorded it over

public men, as if they knew nothing and he knew everything; or what letters he addressed to them, in a style beyond the unceremonious—such as those to the Bishop of London, beginning "Bishop," and to Sir Robert Peel, whom he addressed as "Peel's-Bill-Peel," and saluted simply by his surname:—

"To Peel's-Bill-Peel.

"Peel," &c.

Hazlitt said of him, that, had everything been done as he desired, in Church and State, he would have differed with it all next day, out of the pure pleasure of opposition.

Cobbett's worst propensity was to exult over the fallen. His implied curses of the hapless George the Third, who had nothing to do with the fine and imprisonment which produced them, are too shocking to be repeated. He crowed unmercifully over the suicide of Lord Castlereagh; and, ridiculously as ungenerously pronounced Walter Scott, during his decline, and after the bankruptcy which he laboured so heroically to avert, to have been nothing but a "humbug!"

When in the commencement of his literary career, and elated with the *noise* which he had created in the United States, Cobbett wrote to his father in the following manner:—

"Dear Father,—When you used to set me off to work in the morning, dressed in my blue smock-frock and woollen spatterdashes, with my bag of bread and cheese, and a bottle of small-beer, swung over my shoulder on the little crook that my old godfather, Boxall, gave me, little did you imagine that I should one day become so great a man as to have my picture

stuck in the windows, and have four whole books published about me in the course of one week. Thus begins a letter which I wrote to my father yesterday morning, and which, if it reaches him, will make the old man drink an extraordinary pot of ale to my health. Heaven bless him! I think I see him now, by his old-fashioned fireside, reading the letter to his neighbours. 'Ay, ay,' says he, '*Will* will stand his ground wherever he goes.' And so I will, father."

It will be recollected that, for many years, each number of Cobbett's *Political Register* bore upon its first page the figure of a *gridiron*. The history of this remarkable emblem is that in his *Register*, dated at Long Island, on the 24th September 1819, Cobbett wrote the well-known prophecy on Peel's Cash-payment Bill of that year as follows:—

"This Bill was grounded on concurred reports of both Houses. It was passed by unanimous votes of both Houses. It was, at the close of the session, a subject of high eulogium in the Speaker's speech to the Regent, and in the Regent's speech to the two Houses. Now, then, I, William Cobbett, assert that to carry this Bill into effect is impossible; and I say that, if this Bill be carried into full effect, I will give Castlereagh leave to lay me on a gridiron, and broil me alive, while Sidmouth may stir the coals, and Canning stand by and laugh at my groans."

On the hoisting of the gridiron in triumph, he wrote and published the fulfilment of his prophecy by the following statement:—

"Peel's Bill, together with the laws about small notes, which last were in force when Peel's Bill was passed—these laws, all taken together, if they had gone into

effect, would have put an end to all small notes on the first day of May 1823; but, to precede this blowing up of the whole of the funding system, an Act was passed, in the month of July 1822, to prevent these laws, and especially that part of Peel's Bill which put an end to small Bank of England notes from going into full effect. Thus the system received a respite, but thus did the Parliament fulfil the above prophecy of September 1819."

It was Mr. Cobbett's intention to have placed as a sign a large gridiron over the door of his publishing-office in Fleet Street. For this purpose he had made an iron gridiron of dimensions sufficient for him to have lain thereon; he was six feet high; and the gridiron was gilt, and we remember to have seen it displayed in the office-window in Fleet Street. It has been asserted that the sign was actually placed over the entrance-door, May 1, 1823; but Mr. Paul Cobbett states "there never was any gridiron put up, though often threatened to be. But a *bonâ fide* very large gridiron was actually made ready for publication when required, and probably it is now to be seen (where I saw it about six years ago) on the gable-end of a building in the occupation of the successor of Mr. Tucker, candle-manufacturer, an old neighbour of ours at Kensington."*

Mr. Cobbett will be remembered by his *English* and *French Grammars*, *Cottage Economy*, *Rural Rides*, *Poor Man's Friend*; *Legacy to Labourers*, a comedy, *Surplus Population and the Poor-law Bill*, which was acted by his own labourers, in a barn; *A Legacy to Parsons* (*A Legacy to Lords*, left behind him in MS.,

* *Letter from Mr. Paul Cobbett*, in Mr. J. H. Wilson's *privately printed Catalogue*.

which is promised publication), and other works. He was invariably a very early riser, and must have been continually employed in writing and compiling his *Political Register*, which he extended to eighty-seven volumes; in addition to the many other useful, entertaining, and instructive books he has written.

At the back of his house at Kensington, nearly opposite the New Vestry Hall, in ground now devoted to other purposes, and also at a farm which he possessed at the same time, not far off (at Barn Elm), Cobbett cultivated his Indian corn, his American forest-trees, his pigs, poultry, and butchers' meat—all which he pronounced to be the best that was ever beheld: but the aristocratic suburb did not prove a congenial soil; and he quitted it, a bankrupt. He appears, nevertheless, to have succeeded, upon the whole, in the worldly point of view, and ultimately made his way into Parliament—a triumph, however, which was probably the death of him, owing to the late hours and bad air for which he exchanged his farming habits of life. At all events, he did not survive it long.

ECCENTRICITIES OF LORD BYRON.

MR. ROGERS, in his *Table Talk*, writes:—"Neither Moore nor myself had ever seen Byron, when it was settled that he should dine at my house to meet Moore; nor was he known by sight to Campbell, who, happening to call upon me that morning, consented to join the party. I thought it best that I alone should be in the drawing-room when Byron entered it; and Moore and Campbell accordingly withdrew. Soon after his arrival they returned, and I introduced them

to him severally, naming them as Adam named the beasts. When we sat down to dinner, I asked Byron if he would take soup? 'No; he never took soup.'—Would he take some fish? 'No; he never took fish.'—Presently, I asked if he would eat some mutton? 'No; he never ate mutton.'—I then asked if he would take a glass of wine? 'No; he never tasted wine.'—It was now necessary to inquire what he *did* eat and drink; and the answer was,—'Nothing but hard biscuits and soda-water.' Unfortunately, neither hard biscuits nor soda-water were at hand; and he dined upon potatoes bruised down on his plate and drenched with vinegar. My guests stayed till very late, discussing the merits of Walter Scott and Joanna Baillie. Some days after, meeting Hobhouse, I said to him,—'How long will Lord Byron persevere in his present diet?' He replied,—'Just as long as you continue to notice it.' I did not then know what I now know to be a fact,—that Byron, after leaving my house, had gone to a club in St. James's Street and eaten a hearty meat supper.

. . Byron had prodigious facility of composition. He was fond of suppers, and used often to sup at my house and eat heartily (for he had then given up the hard biscuit and soda-water diet); after going home he would throw off sixty or eighty verses, which he would send to press next morning. . . . In those days, at least, Byron had no readiness of reply in conversation. If you happened to let fall any observation which offended him, he would say nothing at the time, but the offence would lie rankling in his mind, and, perhaps, a fortnight after, he would suddenly come out with some very cutting remarks upon you, giving them as his deliberate opinions, the results of his experience of your character."

HOW ROBERT BLOOMFIELD WROTE HIS "FARMER'S BOY" IN THE HEART OF LONDON.

THIS true poet of nature was born in 1766, at a small village in Suffolk: his father died in the same year, leaving his widow five other children besides Robert. To obtain a maintenance, she opened a school, and taught her own children the elements of reading along with those of her neighbours. Besides this education, Bloomfield was taught to write for two or three months at a school in the town of Ixworth. At the age of eleven he went to work upon his uncle's farm, receiving only his board for his labour. In his fifteenth year he removed to London, to join his two brothers in making shoes, in a garret in Bell Alley, Coleman Street. At this time he read about as many hours every week as boys generally spend in play. He next wrote a few verses, which were printed in the *London Magazine*; and he was observed to read with much avidity a copy of Thomson's *Seasons*, which first inspired Bloomfield with the thought of composing a long poem, such as the *Farmer's Boy*, the idea being favoured by a visit of two months to his native district, where he had often held the plough, driven a team, and tended sheep. He returned to London and shoemaking; but some years elapsed before he produced his *Farmer's Boy*, which he composed while he sat at work in his garret in Bell Alley, with six or seven other workmen; and nearly 600 lines were completed before Bloomfield committed a line to paper. The poem was published in 1800, was translated into French and Italian, and partly into Latin; 26,000 copies were sold in three years; and it was the dearest of the lowly-born poet's

gratifications, when his book was printed, to present a copy of it to his mother, to whom he then had it in his power, for the first time, to pay a visit, after twelve years' absence from his native village.

DR. DIBDIN, THE BIBLIOMANIAC.

In Hornton Street, Kensington, for some years, lived Thomas Frognall Dibdin, the lively bibliomaniac; for, in the big books which he wrote, he mixed up with antiquarianism many passages amusing for the reader's animal spirits and enjoyment. The Doctor travelled much on the Continent, in his favourite pursuit of visiting libraries, when he dined with the monks and others who possessed them, and made a feast-day of it with the gaiety of his company. When he assembled his friends over a new publication, or for the purpose of inspecting old books, the meeting was what he delighted to call a "symposium;" that is to say, they ate as well as drank, and were very merry over old books, old words, and what they persuaded themselves was old wine. There would have been a great deal of reason in it all if the books had been worth as much inside as out; but in a question between the finest of writers, in plain calf, and one of the fourth or fifth rate, old and rare, and bound by Charles Lewis, the old gentleman would have carried it hollow. He would even have been read with the greater devotion. However, the mania was harmless, and helped to maintain a proper curiosity into past ages. Tom (for though a Reverend, and a Doctor, we can hardly think of him seriously) was a good-natured fellow, not very dignified in any respect; but he had the rare merit of being candid. A moderate

sum of money was bequeathed him by Douce; and he said he thought he deserved it, from the "respectful attention" he had always paid to that not very agreeable gentleman. Tom was by no means ill-looking; yet he tells us, that being in company, when he was young, with an elderly gentleman who knew his father, and the gentleman being asked by somebody whether the son resembled him: "Not at all," was the answer; "Captain Dibdin was a fine-looking fellow." This same father was the real glory of Tom; for Captain Dibdin was no less a person than the "Tom Bowling" of the famous sea-song:—

> Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
> The darling of our crew.

Captain Thomas Dibdin was the brother of Charles Dibdin, the songster of seamen; and an admirable songster was Charles, and a fine fellow in every respect was the brother thus fondly recorded by him. "No more," continues the song — for the reader will not grudge us the pleasure of calling it to mind—

> No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
> For death hath broach'd him too.
>
> His form was of the manliest beauty,
> His heart was kind and soft;
> Faithful below he did his duty,
> But now he's gone aloft.

Dr. Dibdin was thus the nephew of a man of genius, and the son of one of the best specimens of an Englishman. His memory may be content.

The Doctor relates an anecdote of the house opposite him, which he considers equal to any "romance of real life." This comes of the antiquarian habit of speaking

in superlatives, and expressing amazement at every little thing. As the circumstance, however, is complete of its kind, and the kind, though not so rare, we suspect, as may be imagined, is not one of every-day occurrence, it may be worth repeating:—A handsome widow, it seems, in the prime of life, but in reduced circumstances, and with a family of several children, had been left in possession of the house, and desired to let it. A retired merchant of sixty, who was looking out for a house in Kensington, came to see it. He fell in love with the widow, paid his addresses to her on the spot, in a respectful version of the old question put to the fair showers of such houses:—"Are you, my dear, to be let with the lodgings?"—and, after a courtship of six months, was wedded to the extemporaneous object of his affections at Kensington Church, the Doctor himself joyfully officiating as clergyman; for the parties were amiable; the bridegroom was a collector of books; and the books were accompanied by a cellar-full of burgundy and champagne.*

SAMUEL ROGERS, THE BANKER POET.

A FEW days after the death of Mr. Rogers, in 1855, there appeared the following interesting record of him from the practised pen of Mr. Robert Carruthers, who long enjoyed the friendship of the distinguished poet and patron of artists and men of letters.

It is not our intention to speak of the poetry of Mr. Rogers. In noticing it some time since we characterised it generally as presenting a classic and graceful

* From a sketch in *All the Year Round*. Dr. Dibdin was a high connoisseur in wines as well as in books.

beauty; with no slovenly or obscure lines; with fine cabinet pictures of soft and mellow lustre, and occasionally with trains of thought and association that awaken or recall tender and heroic feelings. Now that personal interest in a living poet is withdrawn, and kindness and respect towards him are of no avail, it may be questioned whether Rogers's poetry will maintain any prominent place in our literature. He will always be esteemed one of the purest disciples of the old classic school of Pope and Dryden—and to turn to him from the mystic ravings, tortures, and Red Indian chants of some modern poets, is like emerging from the wards of an hospital to fresh air and sunshine; but he wants vital interest, passion, and strength, for universal popularity. He had not what Gray terms the "golden keys" that can unlock the gates of joy or horror, or open the "sacred source of sympathetic tears."

It is as a man of taste and letters, as a patron of artists and authors, and as the friend of almost every illustrious man that has graced our annals for the last half century and more, that Mr. Rogers has of late years challenged public attention. He was a link between the days of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds, and the present time. He had rambled over St. Anne's Hill with Fox and Grattan. Sheridan addressed to him the last letter he ever wrote, begging for pecuniary assistance, that the blanket on which he was dying might not be torn from his bed by bailiffs; and Rogers answered the call with a remittance of 200*l.* No man had so many books dedicated to him. Byron inscribed to him his "Giaour," in token of "admiration of his genius, respect for his character, and gratitude

for his friendship." Moore was no less laudatory, and Moore owed substantial favours to the old poet. By his mediation his quarrel with Byron was adjusted, and when Moore fell into difficulties the liberal hand of Rogers was opened. His benefactions in this way were almost of daily occurrence. "There is a happy and enviable poet!" said Thomas Campbell one day on leaving Rogers's house; "he has some four or five thousand pounds a year, and he gives away fifteen hundred in charity." And next to relieving the distress of authors and others, it was the delight of Mr. Rogers to reconcile differences and bring together men who might otherwise never meet. At his celebrated breakfast-parties persons of almost all classes and pursuits were found. He made the morning meal famous as a literary rallying-point; and during the London season there was scarcely a day in which from four to six persons were not assembled at the hospitable board in St. James's Place. There discussion as to books or pictures, anecdotes of the great of old, some racy sayings of Sheridan, Erskine, or Horne Tooke, some apt quotation or fine passage read aloud, some incident of foreign travel recounted—all flowed on without restraint, and charmed the hours till mid-day. Byron has described the scene of these meetings: —

"Rogers is silent, and, it is said, severe. When he does talk he talks well; and, on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his house, his drawing-room, his library, you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor.

But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh, the jarrings his disposition must have encountered through life!"

Byron's sensitiveness coloured all he saw with his own feeling. There was none of this misery resulting from Rogers's taste. He enjoyed life—had money, fame, honour, love, and troops of friends. His recipe for long life was "temperance, the bath, flesh-brush, and *don't fret.*" But his house was really a magazine of marvels—the saloon of the Muses!—and its opening view on the garden and lawn of the Green Park in itself a picture. Paintings by Titian, Guido, Rubens, Claude, Raphael, and English artists, covered the walls. Every school, Italian and Spanish, had its representative, and not the least prized were the native landscapes of Wilson and Gainsborough, and the "Strawberry Girl" and "Puck" of Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the hall were Greek sculptures, busts, and vases, with endless articles of virtu. The library had its rare and choice editions—a drawing by Raphael, an original bust of Pope by Roubiliac, antique gems and cameos, and many precious manuscripts. Two of these he lately presented to the British Museum—Milton's agreement with his bookseller for the copyright of "Paradise Lost" (for which he gave a hundred guineas), and Dryden's contract with his publisher, Jacob Tonson. The whole arrangement of these rooms bespoke consummate taste and carelessness of cost. The chimney-piece of the drawing-room was of Carrara marble, sculptured with bas-reliefs and miniature statues by Flaxman; and the panels of a small library displayed the "Seven Ages of Man," painted by Stothard. To comprehend how so much was done by

one less than a noble, we must recollect Rogers's *bank*, his exquisite taste, and his long life. He had written Journals of Conversations with Fox, Erskine, Horne Tooke, and the Duke of Wellington (some of which we have seen), and these can scarcely fail to be both interesting and valuable.

The severity of remark alluded to by Byron as characteristic of his friend, was displayed in a certain quaint shrewdness and sarcasm with which his conversation abounded, though rarely taking an offensive form. He could pay compliments as pointed as his sarcasm. Moore has recorded the pleasure he derived from one of Rogers's remarks—"What a lucky fellow you are! Surely you must have been born with a rose on your lips and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed." These and many other sayings, pleasant and severe, will now be remembered. But higher associations, even apart from his genius, will be associated with the name of Samuel Rogers. His generosity and taste—his readiness to oblige and serve, or to encourage and reward the humblest labourer in the literary vineyard—his devotion to all intellectual and liberal pursuits—the jealousy with which he guarded the dignity and rights of literature—the example of a straight path and spotless life extended to more than ninety-two years;—these are honours and distinctions which will "gather round his tomb," and outlast his monument.

A LONDON RECLUSE.

SECLUSION in a vast metropolis like London—that maelstrom of human affairs—is an anomalous state of

existence, which is often set down by unthinking persons as madness; or at least, not sanity:

Thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Nevertheless, this phase of life has been enjoyed by persons of a reflective turn of mind, without being associated with selfishness, or caring nothing for the outside world, but loving,

through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

In one of the fine houses of the Adelphi—No. 1, in Adam Street, the house in which lived Dr. Vicessimus Knox, the "British Essayist"—there died, in September 1863, a recluse of the better class, both as regards station and intellect, and whose sympathies were with the world, though he was, as it were, shut out from its stir. Such was Mr. George Blamire, son of Dr. Blamire, of Carlisle, a gentleman possessed of considerable property, and formerly a barrister. Mr. Blamire had, for nearly twenty years, lived in Adam Street, in almost total seclusion; no person, under any pretence whatever, being allowed to enter the three rooms in his occupation on the first floor. His meals were prepared by his housekeeper, and were left on a tray at the door of the ante-room and then taken in by the deceased; and although many times in a state of ill-health, he refused to have medical aid, but used to have sent in from a chemist's a quantity of different medicines. All communications to him were received in the same way as his meals, and for more than twelve months he never left the house. He is stated to have been a person of considerable ability, and, although

very eccentric in his habits, of perfectly sound mind, and capable of managing his property, which consisted among others of large estates in Cumberland and Cardiff. Death, in such seclusion, must have come with twofold awe. It appears that Mr. Blamire's housekeeper went up, as usual, with his dinner, but received no reply at the door, and although she frequently called him, she did not again see him alive. In two days, becoming alarmed, she made a communication to the police, and the door was broken open. The floor of the ante-room was strewn with newspapers, writings, &c., chairs, table, and other articles of furniture. The left-hand room (which is some 40ft. in length and looking over the Thames) presented even a more extraordinary appearance. At one end was a chimney-glass some twelve feet in height, covered with dust and cobwebs. The furniture, of very handsome description, was in an equally dusty state, while the dust lay on everything to nearly an inch in thickness. The floor was strewn with trunks, papers, and books of science and law of much value. There were also three large bags filled with new boots; several silver spoons lay upon the sideboards; and packages of candles, clothing, &c., were heaped up in the utmost confusion. Near the doorway was a painting of the Crucifixion, about 12ft. by 4ft., said to be of great value. In the right-hand room, furniture, books, paintings, &c., were piled together in dirt and disorder. The deceased was found lying back in an arm-chair quite dead and in a rapid state of decomposition, having no doubt been dead several days. He was dressed, but in a very dirty state, and by his side lay the remains of some food. There was neither bed nor bedding; the deceased is stated for twenty

years to have slept in the same chair. In other parts of the room were scraps of bread, bottles of wine, and medicine. Upon a further search, 7*l.* 17*s.* in a bag, a gold and silver watch, twenty-six silver articles, and other valuables, were found; while upon the floor were scattered thirty keys. Dr. Alfred Harvey afterwards examined the body and made a *post-mortem* examination, from which it was shown that death had resulted from exhaustion, from low fever accelerated by neglect; the verdict returned by the coroner's jury. The deceased was a bachelor, and had no near relatives; but he was said to have been very charitable and honourable.

Mr. Blamire appears also to have adopted a somewhat eccentric course with his wine cellars. Upon the death of his father, Dr. Blamire, in 1834, a large quantity of the doctor's choice wines and spirits was walled up in a vault beneath a public court in Carlisle. Ten years later, at the suggestion of a friend, the vault was opened for the purpose of substituting stone for wooden bins, but was again walled up, and so remained until it was opened for the purposes of sale in February 1865. Another portion of the wines had been stored in the chamber of a friend's house at which Mr. Blamire was accustomed to stay when visiting Carlisle.

The wines fetched extraordinary prices: six dozen of port, described as "the finest and most perfect 1820," 35*l.* per dozen; 27*l.*, 16*l.*, 13*l.* 10*s.*, and 10*l.* 10*s.* Some East Indian Sherry brought 18*l.* 15*s.* per dozen.

The spirits were equally remarkable for their history and the prices they fetched. They were thus

described:—"From authentic records it can be certified that part of the rum was bottled in 1720; it was re-corked in 1826, and was thus upwards of 144 years old. Several lots of the rum 144 years old were bought at 26*s.* and 27*s.* a bottle, and for one lot 60*s.* a bottle was paid; 13 magnums of rum sold for 62*s.* 6*d.* each; six bottles of old whisky 19*s.* The whole stock realized above 1,700*l.*

PHILIP ASTLEY, THE RIDER.

THE originator of the Amphitheatre, near Westminster Bridge, and which we to this day call "Astley's," was Philip Astley, born at Newcastle-under-Lyne, in 1742. He came to London with his father, who was a cabinet-maker, and worked with him at his business, till 1759, when he enlisted in the 15th, or Elliot's own Light Horse. Astley was a man of great muscular power, about six feet in height, and was of imposing appearance. He was also an expert horseman, and was one of the rough-riders, teacher, and breaker, of the regiment. After seven years' service, he obtained his discharge, and then made equestrianism his profession. His General gave him a charger as a mark of esteem; and with this horse, and another which he purchased in Smithfield, Astley commenced his performances in an open piece of ground in St. George's Fields, through which the New Cut ran, and to which the Halfpenny Hatch led. The price of admission to the space within the railing of the ride was sixpence. Astley himself, described as the handsomest man in England, was the chief performer, assisted by a drum, two fifes, and a clown by the name of Porter; at first, it was an open

area, transparencies, paintings, fireworks, slack-rope, vaulting, Egyptian pyramids, tricks on chairs, tumbling, &c. were subsequently added. In the course of time, Astley hired part of a large timber-yard; he first inclosed it circularly with boarding, and erected seats for spectators, and a pent-house roof, to protect them from the rain. Here he exhibited in a rope-ring, with the sky for a covering; he performed in the morning. In the evening he exhibited a "learned horse," with *Ombres Chinoises*, sleight-of-hand, &c., in a large room in Piccadilly; and his profits enabled him to lend his landlord, the timber-merchant, 200*l.*—the whole of the yard, and the timber in it, being mortgaged to Astley as security. The borrower left England upon receiving the money, and was never after heard of.

The lender, in due time, sold the timber, and with the money, increased by 60*l.*, the produce of a diamond-ring which he found at the foot of Westminster Bridge, and which was never advertised by the loser, Astley, in 1780, erected a roofed building, with a commodious auditory, which he opened as the *Amphitheatre Riding House*; by successive enlargement of which he built upon the whole extent of the ground in his possession. The performances were given at night. But Astley had a powerful competitor. Charles Hughes, another clever equestrian, had already inclosed a ride, in the open fields, near the present Stangate Street, and joined Charles Dibdin, the naval song-writer, in a scheme for uniting dramatic entertainments with equestrian feats; and hence arose, in St. George's Fields, the Royal Circus. To compete with this opposition, Astley added a stage and scenery to his riding circle, and opened with entertainments similar to those at the

Circus; but not being duly licensed, he was indicted, and imprisoned. He, however, obtained both his release and a licence through Lord Chancellor Thurlow, to whose daughter he taught riding. He then enlarged his theatre as the *Royal Grove*, from the interior being painted to resemble a grove; but he subsequently changed the name to the *Amphitheatre of Arts*. Here we find Horace Walpole among the spectators: and in one of his previous *Letters* is a reference to Astley riding on three elephants at once, an obscurity which we cannot clear up. In the above year, Walpole writes to Lord Strafford:—"London, at this time of the year (September), is as nauseous a drug as any in an apothecary's shop. I could find nothing at all to do, and so went to Astley's, which, indeed, was much beyond my expectation. I do not wonder any longer that Darius was chosen King by the instructions he gave to his horse; nor that Caligula made his Consul. Astley can make his dance minuets and hornpipes. But I shall not have even Astley now: Her Majesty the Queen of France, who has as much taste as Caligula, has sent for the whole of the *dramatis personæ* to Paris." Here Astley built a theatre. Walpole, alluding to air-balloons, which then occupied "senators, philosophers, ladies, everybody," says:—"I doubt it has put young Astley's nose out of joint, who went to Paris lately under their Queen's protection, and expected to be Prime Minister, though he only ventured his neck by dancing a minuet on three horses at full gallop, and really in that attitude has as much grace as Apollo Belvedere." During the Revolution, Astley's theatre was seized, and made into barracks; but the property was restored to him during

the Consulate of Buonaparte, and it is said that a rental was paid for all the time it had been kept from him.

On August 17, 1794, during Astley's absence on the Continent, the Amphitheatre and nineteen adjoining houses were destroyed by fire. Astley immediately came over to England, rebuilt his theatre, and opened it on Easter Monday, 1795, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and proved very successful. On September 2, 1803, this theatre (very little insured), was also burnt while Astley was in Paris; the mother of Mrs. Astley, jun., perished in the flames.

> Base Buonapartè, fill'd with deadly ire,
> Sets, one by one, our playhouses on fire.
> Some years ago he pounced with deadly glee on
> The Opera House, then burnt down the Pantheon;
> Nay, still unsated, in a coat of flames,
> Next at Millbank he cross'd the River Thames;
> Thy hatch, O Halfpenny! pass'd in a trice,
> Boil'd some black pitch, and burnt down Astley's twice.
>
> *Rejected Addresses.*

In plain English, the Halfpenny hatch, then a footway through fields; but now, as the same bards sing elsewhere—

> St. George's fields are fields no more,
> The trowel supersedes the plough;
> Swamps, huge and inundate of yore,
> Are changed to civic villas now.

This was said or sung in 1812.

Astley then leased the property to his son, John; and he continued lessee during the remainder of the life of his father, who went to Paris, to dispose of the amphitheatre he had built there. He died there, October 14, 1814, aged 72, and was buried in the

cemetery of Père la Chaise. On October 19, 1821, his son went to Paris for his health: he died in the same house, chamber, and bed, where his father breathed his last.

Philip Astley altogether *built nineteen theatres*, including an amphitheatre in Peter Street, Dublin, for which he obtained a patent from the Irish Parliament; but at its expiry, he parted with the property. The last theatre erected by Astley was the Olympic Pavilion, in Wych Street, Strand, upon part of the site of Craven House. It was principally built with the timbers of *La Ville de Paris*, the ship in which William IV. had served as midshipman; the materials having been given to Astley, with a chandelier, by King George III.: the theatre was opened with horsemanship, September 18, 1806. Astley sold the property to Elliston, whose proprietorship of the Olympic was the most successful portion of his enterprising life. This theatre was destroyed by fire *within an hour*, March 29, 1849: it was rebuilt in the same year, and opened December 26.

Astley appears also to have built his Amphitheatre with bad materials; for, on June 8, 1841, it was burnt *within two hours*, from its being principally constructed with old ship-timber. The fire arose from ignited wadding, such as caused the destruction of the old Globe Theatre in 1613, and Covent Garden Theatre in 1808. The proprietor of Astley's Theatre at the time of the fire was Andrew Ducrow, born at the Nag's Head, Borough, in 1793, when his father, Peter Ducrow, a native of Bruges, was "The Flemish Hercules" at Astley's. Andrew Ducrow died in 1842, of mental derangement and paralysis, produced by the catastrophe of the burning of his theatre in the previous year.

Astley gave annually a new wherry, to be rowed for on the Thames. Dr. Johnson, in Boswell's Life, has this odd reference to Astley, showing him by comparison to have been a great attraction in his day: "Whitfield never drew as much attention as a mountebank does: he did not draw attention by doing better than others, but by doing what was strange. Were Astley to preach a sermon standing upon his head or a horse's back, he would collect a multitude to hear him; but no wise man would say he had made a better sermon for that."

Astley greatly improved his art. William Stokes, an equestrian of the 17th century, boasted, in his book called the "Vaulting Master," &c., printed at Oxford, in 1652, that he had reduced "vaulting to a method." In this volume are several plates illustrating different specimens of his practice, which consisted chiefly in leaping over one or more horses, or upon them, sometimes seating himself in the saddle, and sometimes standing upon the same. "All these feats," says Strutt, "are now [1801] performed at Astley's, with many additional acquirements; and the horses gallop round the ride, while the actor is going through his manœuvres: on the contrary, the horses belonging to our vaulter remained at rest during the whole time of his exhibition."

THE "O. P. RIOT."

THE history in little of the "O. P. Riot" is as follows: The newly-built Covent Garden Theatre opened on the 18th Sept. 1809, when a cry of "Old Prices" (afterwards diminished to O. P.) burst out from every

part of the house. This continued and increased in violence till the 23rd, when rattles, drums, whistles, and cat calls having completely drowned the voices of the actors, Mr. Kemble, the stage-manager, came forward and said that a committee of gentlemen had undertaken to examine the finances of the concern, and that until they were prepared with their report the theatre would continue closed. "Name them!" was shouted from all sides. The names were declared, viz. Sir Charles Price, the Solicitor-General, the Recorder of London, the Governor of the Bank, and Mr. Angerstein. "All shareholders!" bawled a wag from the gallery. In a few days the theatre reopened: the public paid no attention to the report of the referees, and the tumult was renewed for several weeks with even increased violence. The proprietors now sent in hired bruisers, to *mill* the refractory into subjection. This irritated most of their former friends, and, amongst the rest, the annotator, who accordingly wrote the song of "Heigh-ho, says Kemble," which was caught up by the ballad-singers, and sung under Mr. Kemble's house-windows in Great Russell Street. A dinner was given at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, to celebrate the victory obtained by W. Clifford in his action against Brandon, the box-keeper, for assaulting him for wearing the letters O. P. in his hat.

At this dinner Mr. Kemble attended, and matters were compromised by allowing the advanced price (seven shillings) to the boxes. A former riot of a similar sort occurred at the same theatre in the year 1792, when the price to the boxes was raised from five shillings to six. That tumult, however, only lasted three nights.*

* Note to *Rejected Addresses*, edit. 1861.

CHARLES MATHEWS, THE ELDER.

LEIGH HUNT, in the quarto volume which he wrote upon "Lord Byron, and some of his Contemporaries," gives the following sketch of Mathews, the comedian:—"I had the pleasure of seeing him and his wife at their table; and I thought that while Time, with unusual courtesy, had spared the sweet countenance of the one, he had given more force and interest to that of the other in the very ploughing of it up. Strong lines have been cut, and the face has stood them well. I have seldom been more surprised than in coming close to Mr. Mathews on this occasion, and in seeing the bust that he has in his gallery of his friend Mr. Liston. Some of these comic actors, like comic writers, are as unfarcical as can be imagined in their interior. The taste for humour comes to them by the force of contrast. The last time I had seen Mr. Mathews, his face appeared to me insignificant to what it was then. On the former occasion he looked like an irritable indoor pet: on the latter, he seemed to have been grappling with the world, and to have got vigour by it. His face had looked out upon the Atlantic, and said to the old waves, 'Buffet on; I have seen trouble as well as you.' The paralytic affection, or whatever it was, that twisted his mouth when young, had formerly appeared to be master of his face, and given it a character of indecision and alarm. It now seemed a minor thing; a twist in a piece of old oak.

"The reasons why Mr. Mathews' imitations are still better in private than in public are, that he is more at his ease personally, more secure of his audience ('fit though few'), and able to interest them with traits of

private character, which could not be introduced on the stage. Thus, he gives to persons who he thinks will take it rightly, a picture of the manners and conversation of Sir Walter Scott, highly creditable to that celebrated person, and calculated to add regard to admiration. At Sydenham he used to give us a dialogue among the actors, each of whom found fault with another for some defect or excess of his own — Kemble objecting to stiffness, Munden to grimace, and so on. His representation of Incledon was extraordinary; his nose seemed actually to become aquiline. It is a pity I cannot put upon paper, as represented by Mr. Mathews, the singular gabblings of that actor, the lax and sailor-like twist of mind, with which everything hung upon him; and his profane pieties in quoting the Bible; for which, and swearing, he seemed to have an equal reverence.

"One morning, after stopping all night, I was getting up to breakfast, when I heard the noise of a little boy having his face washed. Our host was a merry bachelor, and to the rosiness of a priest might, for aught I knew, have added the paternity; but I had never heard of it, and still less expected to find a child in his house. More obvious and obstreperous proofs, however, of the existence of a boy with a dirty face could not have been met with. You heard the child crying and objecting; then the woman remonstrating; then the cries of the child were snubbed and swallowed up in the hard towel; and, at intervals, out came his voice bubbling and deploring, and was again swallowed up. At breakfast, the child being pitied, I ventured to speak about it, and was laughing and sympathising in perfect good faith, when Mr. Mathews came in, and I found that the little urchin was he."

Miscellaneous.

JACK CADE IN SOUTHWARK.

THE late Mr. Corner, the painstaking antiquary, of Southwark, was thoroughly acquainted with the history of this very interesting portion of our metropolis; and, among his many valuable contributions to its illustration was a paper upon the ancient inns of the district, several of which remain to this day.

The White Hart is one of the inns mentioned by Stow; but it possesses a still earlier celebrity, having been the head-quarters of Jack Cade and his rebel rout during their brief possession of London, in the year 1450, when Henry VI. was king. And it has been immortalised by Shakspeare, in the Second Part of his play of *King Henry VI.*, when a messenger enters in haste, and announces to the king:—

> "The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!
> Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
> Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house;
> And calls your grace usurper, openly,
> And vows to crown himself in Westminster."

And, again, another messenger enters, and says:—

> "Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge:
> The citizens fly and forsake their houses."

Jack Cade afterwards thus addresses his followers:—"And you, base peasants, do you believe him? Will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword, therefore, broke through London gates that you should leave me at the White

Hart in Southwark?"—Shakspeare's *Henry VI.*, Part II., act iv., scenes 4 and 8.

Cade entered London from Blackheath, through the Borough; and towards evening he retired to The White Hart, in Southwark. He continued there for some days, entering the city in the morning, and returning to Southwark at night; but at last, his followers committing some riot in the city, when they would have entered they found the bridge-gate shut against them; whereupon a battle ensued between them and the citizens, which lasted all day, and ended, at the approach of night, by a cessation of arms till the morrow; but during the night a proclamation of pardon, which was published in the Borough, induced the great body of Cade's followers to desert him, and he was obliged to fly, and endeavour to conceal himself in Sussex; where he was soon afterwards slain by Alexander Iden, at Hothfield.

There is a contemporary account of some of Cade's doings in Southwark, in a letter to John Paston, Esq., from J. Payne, servant to Sir John Fastolf, who was sent by his master from his house in Horselydown to the rebels' camp at Blackheath, to obtain the articles of their demands; and Payne, being taken by the rebels, was about to be beheaded, but his life was spared on the intercession of Robert Poynings, Esq., (of Southwark, who was engaged in the rebellion, and is mentioned as having been carver and chief doer for Cade,) and Payne was sent back to Southwark to array himself, under a promise to return to the rebels. On returning home, he counselled his master, Sir John Fastolf, to send away the soldiers and munitions of war, which he had provided for the defence of his house at Horsely-

down; which he did, and went with his men to the Tower. Payne was seized, and taken before Cade at The White Hart, who ordered him to be despoiled of his array; and he seems to have lost all that he had; and they would have smitten off his head, but Poynings again saved his life; and he (Payne) says: "I was up till at night that the battle was at London-bridge [8th July, as the historians have it; but, by a note in one of the Paston letters, Cade fled on the 22nd June from Blackheath,] and then at night the captain put me out into the battle at the bridge, and there I was wounded and hurt near unto death, and there I was six hours in the battle, and might never come out thereof."

The *Chronicle of the Grey Friars* (one of the publications of the Camden Society) records another deed of violence committed by Cade and his followers at this place.

"At the Whyt Harte in Southwarke, one Haway-dyne, of Sent Martyns, was beheddyd."—*Chron. of Grey Friars*, p. 19.

The White Hart, as now existing, is not the same building that afforded quarters to Jack Cade; for, in 1669, the back part of the old inn was accidentally burnt down, and the inn was wholly destroyed by the great fire which happened in Southwark in 1676.

The Records of the Court of Judicature inform us that John Collett, Esq., was then the owner of the property, and Robert Taynton, executor of . . . . . was the tenant.

The White Hart appears, however, to have been rebuilt upon the model of the older edifice, and still realizes the descriptions which we read of the ancient

inns, consisting of one or more open courts or yards, surrounded with open galleries, and which were frequently used as temporary theatres, for acting plays and dramatic performances in the olden time.

Mr. Dickens, in one of his earliest productions, the *Pickwick Papers*, has given us an admirable description of the Borough inns, and of The White Hart in particular.

SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE IN THE BLACKFRIARS.

THE most important fact relating to the town property of Shakspeare is that first pointed out by Mr. Halliwell, in his 8vo. Life of the Poet: viz. that the house purchased by him of Henry Walker, March 10, 1612–13, and the counterpart of the conveyance of which is preserved in the Guildhall Library, with Shakspeare's signature attached, and which is described there as "abutting upon a streete leading doume to Pudle Wharfe (Blackfriers) in the east part right against the Kinges Majesties Wardrobe," is still identified, or rather sheltered, in the churchyard of St. Andrew's there. The *very house* was, most probably, destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666; but the house stands on its proper spot; and until within these few years, it had been tenanted by the Robinson family, to whom Shakspeare leased it. Close behind this house, in Great Carter Lane, stood the Old Bell Inn, mentioned in a letter addressed to Shakspeare; and the poet was probably often in this house, the site of which was noted, after the destruction of the original building, by a richly-sculptured *bell*, dated 1687.

"This is the most important document ever submitted to the public connected with Shakspeare: it was probably one of his last acts previously to his final abandonment of the metropolis. The most diligent antiquaries have been unable to discover when the bard first left London to settle in his native town, but Malone has pointed out in his *Inquiry* (page 215) that in the year 1596 he resided in Southwark, near the Bear-garden; and Mr. Collier, in his *Life of Alleyn* (pages 90–92) has proved by 'a brief noat taken out of the poore's booke' and delivered to Henslowe, as churchwarden, on the 6th of April 1609, that Shakspeare then occupied a good house in the liberty of the Clink; as he is there assessed in the weekly payment of 6*d.*, no one but Henslowe, Alleyn, Collins, and Barrett being so highly rated: he must, however, have given it up before the date of this instrument, as he is here designated as 'William Shakspeare, of Stratforde-upon-Avon in the Countie of Warwick, Gentleman.' It appears also very probable that at this period our great dramatist wound up all his theatrical speculations, and that Alleyn became the purchaser of his interest in the Blackfriars; as Mr. Collier has discovered a paper in the handwriting of Alleyn (page 105,) bearing date April 1612, in which he enumerates various sums of 'money paid by me E. A. for the Blackfryers' amounting in all to 599*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, 'which,' says Mr. Collier, 'would be equal to nearly 3,000*l.* of our present money.'

"The situation and boundaries of this tenement are fully described in the deed; and the interest is greatly enhanced by a detail of places in its immediate vicinity, and a list of persons who had rented that and the adjacent property, as follow:—'All that dwelling-house

or tenement with the appurtenances situate and being within the Precinct Circuit and Compasse of the late blackffryers, London, sometymes in the tenure of James Gardyner Esquior and since that in the tenure of John ffortescue gent. and now or late being in the tenure or occupacon of one William Ireland or of his Assignee or Assignes; abutting upon a streete leading downe to Pudle wharffe on the east part, right against the Kings Maiesties Wardrobe; part of wch said Tenement is erected over a great gate leading to a Capitall Mesuage wch sometyme was in the tenure of William Blackwell Esquior, deceased, and since that in the tenure or occupacon of the right Honorable Henry, now Earle of Northumberland. And also all that plot of ground on the West side of the said Tenement wch was lately inclosed with boords on two sides thereof by Ann Bacon, Widowe, soe farre and in such sorte as the same was inclosed by the said Ann Bacon and not otherwise, and being on the thirde side inclosed with an olde Brick wall; which said plott of ground was some tyme purcell and taken out of a great peece of ground lately used for a garden and also the soyle whereupon the said tenement standeth, and also the said Brick wall and boords wch doe inclose the said plott of grounde, which said Dwelling house or tenement and other the premisses above by theis pnts menconed to be bargayned and soulde the said Henry Walker late purchased and had to him his heires and assignes for ever of Mathie Bacon of Graies Inne in the countie of Middx. gentleman by indenture bearing date the fifteenth day of October in the yeare of our Lord God one thowsand six hundred and fower.' These parcels correspond precisely with those of a mortgage deed hereafter mentioned.

"It is remarkable that the indenture is stated at the commencement to be 'Betweene Henry Walker Citizein and Minstrell of London of the one partie, and William Shakspeare of Stratforde Upon Avon in the countie of Warwick, Gentleman, William Johnson, citizein and vintener of London, John Jackson, and John Hemyng, of London, Gentleman, of thother ptie,' and that the property was conveyed to all four, 'theire heires and assignees for ever,' but that Shakspeare himself is declared to have paid the consideration money, amounting to 140*l.* It concludes by declaring that hereafter the premises, with all fines and recoveries, shall 'bee esteemed, adjudged and taken to bee to th' onlie and proper use and behoofe of the said William Shakspeare his heires and assignees for ever, and to none other use intent or purpose,' while all the usual covenants for a clear title, quiet possession, and further assurances are exclusively in favour of Shakspeare alone. There can be no doubt, therefore, that Shakspeare was the sole purchaser, and he accordingly bequeaths in his will to his daughter, Susannah Hall, 'all that messuage or tente with thapp'tennes lyeing and being in the blackfryers in London nere the Wardrobe,' —evidently the same house."

PRISONERS IN THE TOWER.

UPWARDS of one thousand prisoners have been confined in the chambers and cells of the Tower at one time. Among the celebrated persons imprisoned here were: A. D. 1100. Ralph Flambard, the militant Bishop of

Durham. 1296. Balliol, King of Scotland, and Scottish chieftains. 1307. Lady Badlesmere, for refusing the queen of Edward II. lodging in her castle of Leeds, Kent. 1347. Charles of Blois, and the twelve citizens of Calais with the governor. 1386. Geoffrey Chaucer, said to have here written his *Testament of Love.* (Chaucer was appointed clerk of the works, July 13, 1389, 13th Richard II.) 1415. The Duke of Orleans, father of Louis XII., composed here a volume of English poems, which contains the earliest view of the Tower. 1534. John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; and Sir Thomas More. 1540. Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. 1547. The Duke of Norfolk and his son, the poet Earl of Surrey. 1553. Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley. Latimer was also a prisoner here from 1541 to 1547. 1554. Sir Thomas Wyatt. 1562. The Earl of Southampton, the friend of Shakspeare. 1605. Guy Fawkes and his fellow-conspirators. 1622. Lord Chancellor Bacon, "a broken reed;" Sir Edward Coke, a close prisoner. 1613. Sir Thomas Overbury, supposed to have been poisoned by his gaoler. 1616. The Countess of Somerset,* for Overbury's murder. 1626. "Mr. Moor was sent to the Tower for speaking (in Parliament) out of season; and Sir William Widdrington and Sir Robert Price for bringing in candles against the desire of the House." (*Dwarris, on Statutes,* p. 83.) 1628. Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham; Sir John Elliot, second imprisonment; John Selden. 1641. Thomas Wentworth, Earl of

* The Countess of Somerset's "only child, born in the Tower during her imprisonment, and named Anne, after the name of the Queen, in the hopes thereby of propitiating her Majesty, was afterwards married to the Duke of Bedford, and was the mother of William Lord Russell."—*Amos.*

Strafford; Archbishop Laud, and Bishop Hall. 1648. The pious Jeremy Taylor. 1651. Sir William Davenant, whose life was saved by Milton and Whitelocke. 1656. Lucy Barlow, mother of the Duke of Monmouth: she was liberated by Oliver Cromwell. 1661. Harrington, who wrote the *Oceana*. 1679. Viscount Stafford, beheaded 1680. 1679. Samuel Pepys, the diarist, suspected of connection with the Popish Plot; liberated on bail for 30,000*l*. 1681. The Earl of Shaftesbury. 1683. William Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney. 1685. James Duke of Monmouth. 1688 (the Revolution). The infamous Lord Jeffreys; William Penn, for street preaching; the Seven Bishops. 1692. The great Duke of Marlborough. 1712. Sir Robert Walpole, for receiving bribes. 1715. Harley, Earl of Oxford; the Earls of Derwentwater and Nithsdale. 1717. William Shippen, "downright Shippen." 1722. Bishop Atterbury and the Earl of Orrery. 1746. Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat. 1760. Earl Ferrers, hanged for murder. 1762. John Wilkes; no charge specified. 1780. Lord George Gordon (Riots). 1794. John Horne Tooke, Hardy, Thelwall, Holcroft, and others. The Tower still remains the prison to which political offenders are committed by Parliament.

THE ANCIENT WATCH AND WARD.

In ancient times an armed force was employed for the protection of fortified towns, and for the purpose of giving notice of the approach of friend or enemy. This armed watch was continued in after-times as a local guard, when the necessity for soldiery became

unnecessary, on account of the more civilized state of the community. Cities, towns, and boroughs, according to the number of their respective inhabitants, were bound to maintain a certain number of men for watch by night, and for ward by day; hence the division of London and other places into *wards*, of which the alderman was more especially the magistrate. The watch had power to search out all improper, or even suspected persons, and to keep them in custody till the following day.

The first notice we hear of a nightly watch in the City of London, is in the year 1263, during the disputes between King Henry III. and the citizens. During this troublesome time, a strong guard was kept in the City, and by night a party of horse, supported by some infantry, incessantly patrolled the streets. However, the citizens of London disgraced themselves in this service. We read in the *Chronicles of the Mayors and Sheriffs*, that, about 1262, "the citizens kept watch and ward, riding by night through the City with horse and arms; though among them a countless multitude of persons obtruded themselves; some evil-minded among whom, under pretext of searching for aliens, broke open many houses belonging to other persons, and carried off such goods as were there to be found. To restrain the evil designs of these persons, the watches on horseback were therefore put an end to, and watch was kept by the respective wards, each person keeping himself well armed within his own ward."

In 1509, at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII., that monarch made his entry into the City in state, and was received by the citizens with great pomp

and pageantry. The watch, which had in those days become a large and well-constituted body, were paraded before him; and the King was so pleased that he returned shortly afterwards to the City, accompanied by his Queen and the principal nobility, when the procession was repeated, and afterwards it was continued every Midsummer-night.

The march was begun by the City music, followed by the Lord Mayor's officers in parti-coloured liveries; the sword-bearer on horseback, in bright armour, preceded the Lord Mayor, mounted on a stately horse, richly trapped, attended by a giant and two pages on horseback, three pageants, morris-dancers, and footmen; next came the sheriffs, preceded by their officers, and attended by their giants, pages, pageants, and morris-dancers; then marched a great body of demi-lances, in bright armour, on stately horses; next followed a body of carabineers, in white fustian coats, with a symbol of the City arms on their backs and breasts; then marched a division of archers, with their bows bent, and shafts of arrows by their sides; next followed a party of pikemen in their corslets and helmets; after whom marched a column of halberdiers in their corslets and helmets, and the march was closed by a great party of billmen, with helmets and aprons of mail, and the whole body, consisting of about two thousand men, had between every division a certain number of musicians, who were answered in their proper places by the like number of drums, with standards and ensigns, as veteran troops.

This nocturnal march was illuminated by 940 cressets, 200 whereof were defrayed at the City expense, 500 at that of the companies, and 240 by the City

constables. When on usual duty, two men were appointed to each cresset, one to carry it, and "another to beare a bag with light and to serve it; so that the poor men pertaining to the cressets, taking wages, besides that every one had a straw-hat; with a badge painted, and his breakfast in the morning, amounted in number to almost 2,000." An old poet thus notices these cressets:—

> . . . . Let nothing that 's magnifical,
> Or that may tend to London's graceful state,
> Be unperformed, as showes and solemn feasts,
> Watches in armour, triumphs, cresset lights,
> Bonfires, bells, and peals of ordnance,
> And pleasure.

The cressets here mentioned were a sort of iron pan, containing burning pitch, or other combustibles, carried at the end of a long pole; they appear to have been employed in many of the pageants of the citizens.

The yearly pageant of the watch on Midsummer-night was discontinued, by desire of the King, in 1539, on account of its greater expense to the City, but it was again set on foot in 1548, during the mayoralty of Sir Thomas Gresham; in about twenty years after, this marching watch and its procession were entirely remodelled, and a standing watch, much more useful and less expensive, appointed in its stead.

In addition to these safeguards, Stow tells us there belonged to each ward "*a bellman*, who, especially in the long nights, went through the streets and lanes ringing a bell, and saluting his masters and mistresses with some rhymes suitable to the festivals and seasons of the year, at the same time bidding them to look to their lights." This latter custom is said to have originated in the reign of Queen Mary, January 1556, and to

have been first practised in Cordwainer Street, by Alderman Draper. The duty of the bellman appears to have been the seeing that the lanterns which the citizens were bound to provide for lighting the streets were duly hung out before their doors, and his habitual cry was "Hang out your lanterns!" "Look to your lanterns!" A woodcut of one of these worthies is prefixed to a ballad in the Roxburgh Collection.

In the *Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson, the Merry Londoner*, 1606, we read, that "When the order of hanging out lanterne and candlelight first of all was brought up, the bedell of the warde where Maister Hobson dwelt, in a darke evening, crieing up and down, 'Hang out your lanternes!' 'Hang out your lanternes!' using no other wordes, Maister Hobson tobke an emptie lanterne, and, according to the bedell's call, hung it out. This flout by the Lord Mayor was taken in ill part, and for the same offence Hobson was sent to the Counter; but being released the next night following, thinking to amend his call, the bedell cried out with a loud voice, 'Hang out your lanternes and candles!' Maister Hobson thereupon hung out a lanterne and candle unlighted, as the bedell again commanded; whereupon he was again sent to the Counter; but the next night, the bedell, being better advised, cryed 'Hang out your lanterne and candlelight!' which Maister Hobson at last did, to his great commendation, which cry of lanterne and candlelight is in right manner used to this day."

Defoe has left us the following sketch of the City watch in 1714: "All the streets are extremely well guarded by watches, or guards, who carry no other arms about them than clubs, or great staffs; for, as

this is a country of drinking, which often makes mankind fool-hardy, firearms would be of dangerous consequence, if used here, as they are in the more southern countries. The watchmen are generally so civil as to lead a strayed stranger to his lodgings with his lanthorn; and if he prove mutinous, but not outrageous, they only carry him to their round-house, where he passes the night at a small expense, till the fumes of his wine are evaporated; but for vagrant rogues they are very useful in carrying them immediately to prison; and thus they keep the peace of the City."

Sometimes bequests were made for the lighting. Thus, John Wardall, by will dated 29th August 1656, gave to the Grocers' Company a tenement called the White Bear, in Walbrook, to the intent that they should yearly, within thirty days after Michaelmas, pay to the churchwardens of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, 4*l.* to provide a good and sufficient iron and glass lantern, with a candle, for the direction of passengers to go with more security to and from the waterside, all night long, to be fixed at the north-east corner of the parish church of St. Botolph, from the feast-day of St. Bartholomew to Lady-day; out of which sum 1*l.* was to be paid to the sexton for taking care of the lantern. This annuity is now applied to the support of a lamp in the place prescribed, which is lighted with gas. John Cooke, by will dated 12th September 1662, gave to the churchwardens, &c. of St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, 76*l.* to be laid out to the most profit and advantage, for various uses; and amongst them for the maintenance of a lantern and candle, to be eight in the pound at least, to be kept and hanged out at the corner of St. Michael's Lane, next Thames Street, from Michaelmas to Lady-

day, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock at night, until the hours of four or five in the morning, for affording light to passengers going through Thames Street or St. Michael's Lane.

ROBBING THE ROYAL TREASURY.

THE Chapel of the Pyx, at Westminster, or its immediately adjoining building, was in old time a Royal Treasury, once the scene of a glorious haul by way of the robbery of about two millions of our money by certain folks, amongst whom the Abbot and forty of his monks fell under suspicion and were sent to the Tower. This money (100,000*l.*) had been laid up for the Scotch wars by Edward I. Mr. Gilbert Scott, the eminent architect, on one occasion found under the hinges of a door giving access to a portion of this building, "some pieces of white leather," which Mr. Quekett declared to be human skin, originally, no doubt, as was the case elsewhere, the personal property of certain thieves, and stretched over the entire door as a terror for the future. Such it did not prove, for one Richard de Podelicote, sacrist of Westminster, and the Keeper of the Palace, with some friends of theirs, broke into the King's strong box and spoiled him to their hearts' content. The King, who was not a man to be trifled with, sent writ after writ from his Scottish camp at Linlithgow, and soon the evil was out. Here is part of Podelicote's confession:—

"He was a travelling merchant for wool, cheese, and butter, and was arrested in Flanders for the King's debts in Bruges, and there were taken from him 14*l.* 17*s.*, for which he sued in the King's Court at West-

minster at the beginning of August, in the thirty-first year, and then he saw the condition of the refectory of the Abbey, and saw the servants bringing in and out silver cups and spoons and mazers. So he thought how he might obtain some of those goods, as he was so poor on account of his loss in Flanders, and so he spied about all the parts of the Abbey. And on the day when the King left the place for Barnes, on the following night, as he had spied out, he found a ladder at a house, which was near the gate of the Palace towards the Abbey, and put that ladder to a window of the chapter-house, which he opened and closed by a cord; and he entered by this cord, and thence he went to the door of the refectory, and found it closed with a lock, and he opened it with his knife and entered, and there he found six silver hanaps, in an ambry, behind the door, and more than thirty silver spoons in another ambry, and the mazer hanaps under a bench near together; and he carried them all away, and closed the door after him without shutting the lock. Having spent the proceeds by Christmas, he thought how he could rob the King's treasury. And as he knew the ways of the Abbey, and where the treasury was, and how he could get there, he began to set about the robbery eight days before Christmas, with the tools which he provided for it, *viz.*, two 'tarrers,' great and small knives, and other small 'engines' of iron, and so was about the breaking open during the night hours of eight days before Christmas to the quinzain of Easter, when he first had entry on the night of a Wednesday, the eve of St. Mark (April 24); and all the day of St. Mark he stayed in there and arranged what he would carry away, which he did the night after, and the night

after that, and the remainder he carried away with him out of the gate behind the church of St. Margaret, and put it at the foot of the wall beyond the gate, covering it with earth, and there were there pitchers, cups with feet and covers. And also he put a great pitcher with stones and a cup in a certain tomb. Besides he put three pouches full of jewels and vessels, of which one was 'hanaps' entire and in pieces. In another a great crucifix and jewels, a case of silver with gold spoons. In the third, 'hanaps,' nine dishes and saucers, and an image of our Lady in silver-gilt, and two little pitchers of silver. Besides he took to the ditch by the mews a pot and a cup of silver. Also he took with him spoons, saucers, spice dishes of silver, a cup, rings, brooches, stones, crowns, girdles, and other jewels which were afterwards found with him. And he says that what he took out of the treasury he took at once out of the gate near St. Margaret's Church, and left nothing behind within it."

The affair was evidently got up between the parties above named; and an extraordinary instance of their cunning and foresight is shown by the cemetery (the cloister-garth, that is) having been sown with hemp in the previous spring, so that it should grow high enough by the time of the robbery to hide treasures in, "that the misdeed might be unknown." What punishment was inflicted on the robbers is unknown. When Mr. Scott came upon the skin above mentioned, he also made entry upon a forgotten store of records, dating from about *temp.* Henry III. to Henry VIII., the depository of which some zealous canon had turned into a wine-cellar about sixty or seventy years back. A number of little boxes of poplar were amongst

the shamefully treated heap; each containing one or more deeds with seals attached, all relating to the affairs of private individuals, interesting from their early dates, extending, as far as has been ascertained, from the time of Henry III. to that of Edward III. They are as fresh as when new, beautifully written, and the seals often very good. Fragments of encaustic tiles, of beautiful patterns, were found in the same place, the glaze on which was so fresh as to lead to the belief that they had never been trodden on. In making entry to this place, which led from the cloisters to the entrance to the dormitory, now the library, Mr. Scott found "the sill of the doorway worn deeply with the feet of the monks, and more so on one side than the other, showing that one leaf only of the folding-doors was used."—From the *Athenæum* review of *Gleanings of Westminster Abbey*, by G. G. Scott, F.S.A.

MIGRATION OF CITIZENS WESTWARD.

THE Mayoralty of Sir Francis Gresham Moon, 1854–5, was distinguished by its hospitalities, which were conducted with fitting splendour, and loyal citizenship; and especially by many a graceful recognition of the claims of art, and literature, and antiquarian lore, at the festive board of the Mansion House. Upon one of these occasions, the Lord Mayor entertained the Noriomagians, an antiquarian and social club, and the office-bearers of the Society of Antiquaries to meet them. After dinner, some short papers were read, including one by Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper

Office, which presents some curious illustrations of the state of society in the reign of James I., and is as follows:—

"Distinguished as our host has been in his presidency of the first city of modern times, it occurred to me," said Mr. Lemon, "that a note of the abodes of some few of the celebrated personages who passed their lives in quietude and retirement in those parts of London where commercial activity now reigns paramount, would not be unacceptable.

"The migration of the citizens westward is a very curious and interesting problem, which I hope some day to see fully worked out by abler hands than mine. Within the compass of two centuries, a race of men have wholly disappeared from the City as inhabitants. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, numbers of the nobility and gentry possessed houses and estates in the City, in which they permanently dwelt—not for the purposes of traffic or commerce, but as independent gentlemen residing in the pleasantest localities they could select. While on the one side the Tower was a royal residence, and on the other, Bridewell was a favourite resort of royalty, and the gorgeous tilts and tournaments of Smithfield were pageants of the utmost attraction, it cannot be wondered at that spots in Cheapside and Cornhill, in the fair lanes leading to the river, and on the banks of the river itself, were eagerly sought for by the followers of the court and the votaries of pleasure.

"In arranging the noble collection of State archives under my charge, I have occasionally made a note of the residences of some of the most celebrated characters of the Elizabethan period, and I confine myself to the

notice of a few only on the present occasion. Previous to Elizabeth I find that,

"In 1548, John Lisle, Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, resided in Ely Place, and at the same time Sir Anthony St. Leger, Lord Deputy of Ireland, had his abode in Southwark, at Chamberlain's Wharf in Tooley Street, formerly called from him 'St. Leger's Wharf.'

"In 1549, Sir Edward Wootton had a house in Warwick Lane.

"In 1552, Sir Philip Hoby, at the Tower.

"In 1556, Sir Roger Cholmeley lived in the Old Bailey; and in 1558, Sir Francis Englefield, then Secretary of State, rusticated in the pleasant paths of Whitefriars.

"Coming now to the time of Elizabeth, in the first year of her reign, John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, resided at London Stone itself, so of course he must have been a thorough Londoner.

"In 1559, Frances, the celebrated Duchess of Suffolk, lived at the Charter House.

"In 1567, Richard Bertie, ancestor of the Earls of Lindsey, lived in elegant style on his estates in the Minories and the Barbican; and in 1568, the learned John Jewell, Bishop of Salisbury, resided in St. Lawrence Lane. I doubt if the smallest bishop that now exists, even Sodor and Man, would voluntarily prefer living in that locality.

"In 1570, Sir Thomas Gresham had Gresham House, and there, very properly, as a citizen, he carried on his immense mercantile transactions, as well as his diplomatic agencies.

"In 1571, Lady Eleanor Pelham is found in the

Minories; Sir Ralph Sadleir, the Ambassador, in Howard Place; and Margaret, Countess of Lennox, the mother of Lord Darnley, at Islington and Hackney.

"The Lord Chief Justice Catlyn, in 1572, was fashionable enough to take up his abode in St. Bartholomew's the Great; and in 1576, I find that Sir Walter Mildmay, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was his next neighbour in the same place. In that same year, Lady Mary Sydney lived at St. Paul's Wharf, Sir Richard Baker in St. John's Zachary, Sir George Peckham at St. Sepulchre's, and Dame Elizabeth Leigh at St. Olave's Jury.

"In 1579, a serious affray took place in Fleet Street, between Mr. Edmond Wyndham and Lord Rich, when Wyndham, being nearly overpowered by his assailants, found refuge in the house of the French Ambassador, in Salisbury Court."

Mr. Lemon then proceeded to say: "I will not trouble you with more details of this nature, but proceed at once to read a document singularly illustrative of them, and highly important as to the jurisdiction of the City in relation to the curious localities of the Black and the White Friars. It appears to be a claim made by the resident inhabitants there, for a confirmation or grant of exclusive privileges, and to relieve themselves from the troublesome interference of the Lord Mayor and his officers, whose presence, no doubt, was on many occasions personally inconvenient."

We have not space to reprint these documents entire; but may state that they are "A Note of Liberties as to the Inhabitants of the late dissolved Houses of the Blacke and White Friers do claime to have exempte from the Cittie of London;" and a petition to "Her

Highness," for the well government of the precincts, including "the names of all such persons, as well honourable as worshipfull, inhabiting within the said precinctes, or neere adjoyninge to the same, of which it maie please Her Highness to make choice of commissioners." In this list are the names of—

Inprimis—The Earl of Lincoln, L. Admirall of England; the Bishop of Wigorne; the Lord Cobham; the Lord Cheynie; the Lord Laware; the Lord Russell; the Lord Clinton; Sir Ambrose Jermyn; Sir Nicholas Poynes; Sir Thomas Gerrarde; Sir Wm. Morgan; the Lord Buckhurst; the Lord Chief Justice of England; the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; the Master of the Rolles; the Queene's Sollicitour; Mr. Tho. Fanshawe; Peter Osborne; Mr. Powle, of the Chancery.

"There is no date to this curious and interesting paper, but from the signatures attached to it, and the appearance of the handwriting, it must have been as nearly as possible about the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or about the year 1581. What immediate effect this memorial had does not appear; but it is quite certain that both the precincts of the Black and White Friars enjoyed exclusive, and even dangerous privileges, for nearly two centuries afterwards. According to Maitland, the inhabitants of the Black Friars not only imagined, but exercised, a right, independent of the jurisdiction of the City of London, until the year 1735, when it was terminated by an action brought by the City in the Court of King's Bench, and the jury returned a verdict in favour of the City. The exclusive privileges of the White Friars precinct grew to be so dangerous, that they were determined by Act of Parliment in 1696.

"It seemed to me this slight but authentic notice of a curious little republic—an *imperium in imperio*—might be interesting as a scene of bygone time, and might

even lead us to regret that such scenes were gone for ever. What delight it might be, even now, if a portion of the citizens could enjoy such a pleasant retreat, free from troublesome Lord Mayors and their more troublesome officers, to have their own exclusive pump, to light up their own lanterns, to dwell where incontinent persons dare not show their naughty wicked heads, or to indulge in the excitement of a cart exhibition, if any such were unwise or unlucky enough to be caught. But all our pleasures are gradually disappearing before the march of reform and the flight of the rail. Hanging is difficult, and even unfashionable.

"I will not detain you any longer. The state of society here indicated continued in London throughout the reign of James I.

"How the glorious fire of London broke out, and how, thereupon, everybody that could, migrated westward; and how streets arose and markets were planned; and how the Lord Mayor opposed all the buildings he could; and how, by main force, he demolished the stairs at the New Hungerford Market; and how he got a sharp rap of the knuckles from the Privy Council for so doing; and how he was obliged to submit, and build them up again:—behold, it is all written in manuscript, in a very large book, from which, some day or other, if I ever have an opportunity, I shall make it more at large appear unto your lordship."

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